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SIR LEWIS MORRIS

(See Living English Poets, page 16)

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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

JAN., 1901

Cost of Elections

With the settlement of the Presidential election there occurred an immediate activity in business, not alone on the stock market, but in hundreds of industries which throughout the early autumn had been almost paralyzed by the periodic political upheaval. It is not alone a possible change of political control which causes this business apathy, as may be seen by a consideration of the cost in time and money of a popular election. For nearly six months the attention of the people is engrossed in thoughts of politics, to the neglect of business. In addition large contracts are held up pending the decision which the people are to render, and enormous sums of money are utilized in the working up of the claims of rival candidates, all of which become a drain upon the resources of the people. The situation is outlined in the following afterthoughts which appeared in the Boston Herald:

One reason for the enormous expenditures in behalf of the party in power is gratitude for favors received, and that other livelier gratitude for favors expected. But for the known and recognized service done by Congress to certain class interests, party committees would never presume to ask the beneficiaries of such legislation for the great sums they demand as a compensation. Ever since protective tariffs were devised, it has been the custom to bleed the beneficiaries of them for all they could be made to yield up for campaign purposes. The man whom the party, not for advantage of the public revenue, but for "protection," has enabled to make \$100,000 a year out of the American consumers by preventing a fair competition, may be safely "struck" for \$10,000 to \$20,000 once in four years, and is esteemed a churl if he refuses it. But in these days manufacturers are not the only class enriched by special consideration in their behalf. The National Republican Committee this year can raise a million dollars as easily as, not many de-

CADES ago, it could raise \$100,000 for campaign expenditures; perhaps more easily than it could raise \$10,000 in 1860. Being able to raise vast sums, it does it, and gives no account of them. The working of this demoralizing system of buying party favor and protection is shown clearly in a place like New York, where the same persons and corporations will contribute heavily to the National Republican Committee, and with equal readiness and generosity will contribute to the success of Tammany in a municipal campaign. Principles and high public concern have nothing to do with it. The money is paid to secure private opportunities and gains. There is no more patriotism or public spirit in the business than Jay Gould displayed when he declared that he was a Republican in Republican counties and a Democrat in Democratic counties. Contributions to campaign funds are no longer esteemed by a large class of business men as money given to advance a public cause or doctrine, but as money due or advanced on a business account.

One effect of this condition of things is that party committees have lost all sense of modesty in demanding money, and all sense of economy in expending it. The year of a Presidential election is a fat one for hosts of professional politicians. They live in clover during the campaign, and often for long terms afterward. Nothing is too good for them. Headquarters are hired in the most expensive locations, and made exceedingly comfortable. Expenses are paid or taken lavishly. Numberless orators make a handsome income for the time being. Special cars and special trains are provided with munificence. Personal accounts are settled without auditing. Party newspapers are edited without cost to their owners. Thousands of good party men, in a multitude of occupations, get nice jobs. The rule is, make hay while the sun shines. It was not long ago that the country was startled by the unwitting publication of evidence that a national bank solicited a share of treasury business on the naive plea that it had contributed liberally to the party campaign fund. It was not rebuked nor scorned. It got what it asked for. There can be no doubt that a large part of the money that has been poured

NOTE:—Through an error the article by Henry Norman, on page 725 of the December number of Current Literature, "Aboard the Siberian Express" was not credited, as it should have been, to Scribner's Magazine, where it originally appeared.

into the Republican party's chest since last June would have gone into the Democratic party's chest had there been more expectation of the success of the Democratic party. A minority party can hope for pecuniary support only from those who believe in its principles, and are willing to make sacrifices in their behalf. Those who give in order that they may receive again in twofold, or tenfold, or twentyfold recompense, and those whose gifts are intended as the basis of claims, have little compassion on a party that is unlikely to win. But extravagance in one party begets extravagance in the other. The chances are that, if the minority party came to power, it would follow the example set, and itself devise ways to put the wealth of the nation under obligation, so as to draw upon it for extending its lease of authority. The whole matter deserves the earnest consideration of good citizens.

Great Fortunes

Apropos of trusts and great estates, a writer in the New York Press commends to public thought the saying attributed to Mr. P. A. B. Widener, that "no one need worry about the trusts; the people will have all the stock within a few generations." The remark contains the essence of what many believe will be the future of the enormous fortunes gathered in the present generation. Such fortunes it is thought must and will be dissipated, just as the great landed properties of the past have slowly passed from the hands of single individuals into those of small owners. To quote the article referred to:

Where are the great landlords of one hundred years ago between whom was parceled out the best acres of the State of New York—the Van Rensselaers, Livingstons, Schuylers, Morrisises, Macombs? Vanished in the smoke of the anti-rent war nigh sixty years since or living on the returns of some urban fragment of their vast holdings. Where are the bankers and "merchant princes" of a somewhat later day whose seats lined the banks of the Hudson and the shores of Staten Island? In one after another of successive panics the "great old houses" went down. Their places know them not, and no trace of their remains is found outside of the pages of Philip Hone's diary. In a free society man may bequeath wealth, but unless he may also bequeath unto the latest generation the brains to preserve wealth he may not provide for the perpetuation of wealth. Where wealth has remained for generations in the same families it has not been a free society. It has been one in which the power of acquiring wealth by those who have it not has been systematically, in some cases severely, repressed. The chateaux of the French

noblesse passed for centuries from sire to son, not because of laws forbidding their alienation, but because of the existence of a social and political system which prevented the growth of any class of owners save those who held them. The priests had all the learning. The guilds had all the handicraft. The peasant was a beast of burden who, it was carefully provided, if we follow Felix Gras, should not be kept quite as well as the siegneur's beasts of the chase—his horses and hounds. Had there been a free school at every crossroad, a savings bank in every town and in all the land the opportunity for men to follow what vocations they chose, there would have been no need of expropriation to break up the great estates which ruined monarchical France as surely as they ruined imperial Rome. They would have been partitioned by natural processes, or at least they would have passed to new hands, as has been the case with the lands of England. There is a country whose aristocracy is the most stable in mass and fluctuating in constituents in the world, because of its constant renewal from the ranks of the new rich, that socially despised and industrially invaluable class product of political and industrial freedom.

The great American estates of the future seem likely to be not in lands, but in shares in great business ventures. The great corporations will doubtless remain for as far as mortal sight can see. But the ownership of their bonds and stocks will change far more rapidly than has that of land in England or in this State, where land was originally held in great estates, according to the English system. The heir of a manor needs know only enough to collect his rents. The heir of a group of iron mills must know enough to conduct a great business in the face of a competition which makes fractions of cents count into millions of dollars, and which consequently makes any large miscalculation spell ruin for the great estate. No heir can be born with such a knowledge and few with the capacity to acquire it. The result will be the withdrawal of the names now connected with great industrial ventures by voluntary or involuntary processes. If young Billion is wise he will put his trust patrimony in Government bonds or New York City real estate. If he is unwise he will keep on till his hypothecated stock goes the same way that young 'Squire Squanderfield's mortgaged acres used to go. The "trusts" will be managed and in great part owned by those few men whom each generation supplies with capacity to manage them.

The lands which have been ruined by great estates have demanded no such capacity from their owners. Nor have they been peopled by citizens equipped by education, environment and opportunity for the struggle for wealth.

Automobiles of To-day

It is generally thought that the automobile is on the threshold of a development not unlike that which has taken place in the bicycle industry during the past ten years. The greatest interest and curiosity was manifested by the public in the automobile show in New York. The place was crowded from beginning to end of the display and every novelty was examined with the keenest possible interest, showing that there is a potential demand for a practical and safe machine if the price is reasonable. The types shown included three modes of power production—steam, electricity and gasoline, all of which were shown in various modifications. Without venturing an opinion upon the comparative merits of the systems, we quote the following from the *Electrical Engineer*, whose editors are experts in matters of practical science:

It seems fair to say that the greatest promise of future usefulness is to-day held out by two types of automobile—those operated by electricity and those using steam as a motive power. The latter class have important advantages of radius of operation and lightness of construction, but with this is coupled the very serious disadvantage of complex construction, disagreeable exhaust and perhaps certain legal restrictions as to operation. The electric vehicle, on the other hand, is exceedingly simple and perfect in its regulation and docile in its habits, but its radius of operation is small and its weight and cost are at present necessarily high. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it has made for itself a place and will doubtless hold it in the future as against all competitors. This place is for city use for whatever purpose an automobile is required, whether it be for pleasure-driving in the park or for the transportation of merchandise and packages. The electro-mobile possesses all of the requirements that are desirable in a machine for use on paved streets and within a limited area and with these are coupled none of the disadvantages inherent in the steam-driven machine. When it comes to a question of touring or of long-distance operation over country roads, then it must be admitted that the steam automobile is much more valuable. The gasoline vehicle will probably continue to be used on the race track, but present indications do not seem to point to its extended use either as an instrument of pleasure or as an accessory of business. It has certain faults which apparently nothing can remedy, among these being danger, bad odor and jerky and unpleasant movement.

It has been claimed over and over again that whenever the conditions absolutely require a new invention the invention is forthcoming. Never be-

fore in the history of the electric arts has there been a more insistent demand for anything than there is now for a storage battery of higher capacity per unit of weight; to put it in other words, the light storage battery is urgently needed. It seems curious that the only substance known in all the vast range of elements and compounds which our chemists study, available for building storage batteries, is lead, which combines with excessive weight a weak and unstable mechanical character.

The Man of the Next Century

President Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, considers the engineer to be the man of the coming century. Of the two hundred thousand students entering our colleges this year, a larger proportion than ever will turn to applied sciences and the profession of engineering, and he confidently predicts that the opportunities before them are such as the world has never seen. To quote from his interesting apostrophe to young engineers in the *Staturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia:

This is the day of the trained man. In competition with him the untrained man, or the poorly trained man, cannot maintain himself. Do not be afraid of too much theory. Never yet was good practice which was not preceded by and based upon good theory. Let your theoretical training be broad and deep. It is your only sure foundation for the best work. The engineer, however, is one who is not only scientifically trained to do things, but who does them. Therefore, do not expect to be made into an engineer in the school. Engineers are not made in schools, notwithstanding diplomas.

The real engineer is he who uses his training in accordance with the rules of common-sense, and it sometimes happens that the engineer in title is not the engineer in fact. I recall such an instance in the experience of a Western railroad. A bridge had been washed away and it was necessary to replace it with a temporary structure. The chief engineer and his staff were ordered in hot haste to the place, a drafting-room was established in the near-by station, and the scene became one of great activity. Two days later came the general manager to add more pressure to the already tense situation. Alighting from his private car he encountered the master bridge builder. The latter was a type evolved by the railroad situation of the last generation—heavy handed, hard of head, with some knowledge of books and a vast experience. "John," said the manager, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?" "Colonel," said the old man (the engineer student will

learn early in his career that the general manager of a railroad never ranks lower than colonel)—“Colonel, I don’t know whether the engineer has got the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up, and the trains are passing over it.”

As to opportunity, the next quarter-century promises a physical development such as no generation has ever known. Upon our mainland a vast area of desert land is to blossom under the engineer’s touch, canals are to be built, cities are to be lighted, problems of sanitation are to be wrought out. Furthermore, during the past two years a whole series of new problems has been presented to the American engineer. There has come to us most unexpectedly the control of islands of the far East. Here and upon the adjoining continent of Asia the next decades are to see an industrial development which will be epoch-making. In all this progress, whether in the islands of the sea or within that ancient empire ripe for the development which is sure to come, the engineer—the trained engineer—is to play a role such as he has never yet had the opportunity to assume since commerce began. Our own West was conquered in the strength of an untrained virile energy. The far East—old in her wisdom—is to be conquered, and can only be won by the aid of the most versatile, the most efficient, the most perfect training. He who is to subdue it will go forth, not as did the Argonaut of ’49, with pick and shovel, but with textbook and steam engine and dynamo. This man is the engineer. The twentieth century is his.

Martial Music

Foreign nations appreciate perhaps better than we do in America the value of martial as well as of popular music. For some years the army has recognized the power of music in warfare, but it has hardly yet assumed the prominence given to it in times of peace also, by nearly all the larger nations of Europe. Speaking upon the subject the Kansas City Star prints the editorial which follows, in which will be found a suggestion for the appropriation of certain airs by regiments which will help to recall the heroic deeds with which they have been connected. Speaking of present customs, the writer says:

At retreat the bands play “The Star-Spangled Banner,” which has been declared the national hymn. During the music all soldiers not under arms are required to rise, uncover and stand at attention. This regulation is to be supplemented by the recent order of General Miles, which says: “Good martial music contributes immeasurably to the contentment and welfare of troops, and inspires in them a valiant and patriotic spirit which is most essential; hence, it will be encouraged, especially

vocal music, which will include the singing of national anthems and patriotic hymns and songs. The playing of a national or patriotic air as a part of a medley is prohibited.” The use of martial music which General Miles speaks of has, of course, often been commented on. The British, Russian, Austrian, French and German armies all have their national hymns. But the soldiers of the Queen go further than this. Among the British troops many regiments have their own tune, which has been associated for years with the regimental organization. The bands of the Highland regiments play “The Highland Laddie” on parade. “The British Grenadiers” is the march of the Grenadier Guards. The Norfolk regiment has appropriated “Rule Britannia!” while several bodies of horse use what Kipling called the “Cavalry Canter of Bonnie Dundee.” “God Save the Queen” is, of course, the hymn of the Empire. The advantages resulting from the use of such regimental airs are obvious. They contribute to the esprit de corps of the organization just as a noble history does. Recruits who join the Seventh Cavalry do not forget Custer and the battle of the Little Big Horn; the Twenty-second Infantry remembers Santiago, where Colonel Wikoff fell. Members of famous regiments take pride in their past and find in it an incentive to live up to their traditions. A piece of music which they felt was their own property would stimulate this regimental pride. Especially would this be the case if the air were associated with some notable past service of the organization. The Civil War was productive of martial music, and the inspiring effect on weary troops of “Rally Round the Flag, Boys,” “John Brown’s Body,” “Marching Through Georgia,” and “The Star-Spangled Banner” was frequently commented on during the struggle. Few of the regiments, however, have as yet appropriated tunes as distinctively their own. The Seventh Cavalry always has “Garryowen” on parade. This has been the custom since its band played it when the regiment under Custer attacked the Indians on the Wichita thirty-two years ago. The Second Cavalry has a quickstep of its own. These are the only regiments, it is believed, to be so equipped. The events of the last two years have given especial opportunities for regimental band masters to devise appropriate airs. Marches based on Spanish music would be suitable for several of the regiments that distinguished themselves at Santiago. The Sixth Cavalry and the Ninth and Fourteenth Infantry might find something that would suggest the music of China. Other troops which have seen service in the Philippines have had opportunities to pick up Oriental airs on which attractive marches might be founded. General Miles has appropriately forbidden the playing of

patriotic tunes in medleys. It would be worth while for him to take steps for the encouragement of regimental airs.

Tolstoi and the Church

The recent excommunication of Count Tolstoi from the Greek Church has doubtless caused little surprise, unless it was for the fact that the event was so long delayed. It has occasioned, however, a review of his teachings and beliefs, which are instructive and interesting. What follows we take from an article in the New York Tribune:

It must be remembered that a cast iron orthodoxy and a hidebound conservatism are the supreme characteristics of the Greek Church. A changeless belief expressed in changeless forms is the norm of its life. It cares nothing for passing gusts of opinion, and just as little for the great movements and tendencies of thought that leave an ineffaceable mark on other faiths more responsive to the times. That in a civilization engendered by such a religion should have appeared a religious unbeliever and a social iconoclast like Tolstoi is a striking proof of the fact that even under the most favorable conditions the Church cannot prevent dissent. So long as men are permitted to think, and do think, even in the Eastern Church, a nonconformist will here and there arise, and if for any reason it is inexpedient to turn him over to the secular arm for punishment, the Church must be content with the spiritual discipline of excommunication. In the case of Tolstoi, however, it is only fair to say that he has no grievance against the Church. In his latest novel, "Resurrection," as, indeed, in nearly all his writings, he has contemptuously denied all the fundamental beliefs not merely of the Eastern Church, but of Christianity in general. It is doubtless true that he reverences Christ, or his conception of Christ; but he never tires of heaping scorn and contempt upon Christianity, which, in his opinion, is a complete denial of the fundamental teachings of Christ. In his book entitled "My Religion" he gives to the world a sort of religious autobiography. He was born and baptized in the Greek Church, but in spite of the most careful religious training he had abandoned all belief in anything by the time he was eighteen. "For thirty years," he declares, "I was a Nihilist—not a revolutionary Socialist, but a man who believed in nothing." It seemed to him that the whole world was a huge blunder, and he himself no less so. There was no Fatherhood of God and no Brotherhood of Man. A blind fate was responsible for the existence of man, and apparently this fate took an almost demoniacal delight in making his environment as wretched and hopeless as possible.

But in the course of time Tolstoi experienced a mental and spiritual reaction, and in a characteristically curious and unique way. Noting the fact that fate or nature had made man's life the antithesis of reason, he began to ask himself if he might not be wrong in bringing the niverse before the bar of reason. He answered this question by deciding that a thing might be contrary to reason and yet right and true. That being so, it was obviously wrong for him to reject the Christian faith because it was contrary to reason. And so he became formally reconciled again to the Church. But the reconciliation never amounted to much. It was made with reservations on the part of Tolstoi that robbed it of much of its value. He accepted the Church's system, its outward ordinances, much as a Socialist might accept and recognize a natural government—for reasons of necessity. But he made no pretence of accepting the dogmas of the Church, though its officers, for reasons of policy, amiably shut their eyes to his contumacy. He accepted Christ, not as God, but as the author of a supremely wise and good system of morals. This world to Tolstoi was the main thing; the belief in immortality seemed largely a speculation. On such terms as these the Russian reformer strove for a time to make his peace with the Church. But it could not be. He is to be excommunicated at last. And from his point of view the anathema of such a body as the Greek Church will be the best possible evidence that he has stood up for righteousness and truth.

Practical Forestry

Forestry was almost an unknown science in this country twenty years ago, but the subject has been dwelt upon by certain enthusiasts until it has finally received recognition from the Government in the appointment of a National Forester, connected with the Department of Agriculture. Two years ago this forester offered assistance to private owners who wished to introduce a system of forest management, and such assistance has now been asked for upon land aggregating over two millions of acres. In this way forestry as a science has been introduced upon Mr. George Vanderbilt's estate at Biltmore, in North Carolina, and upon the estates of William C. Whitney, Dr. Seward Webb and others in the Adirondack region. The National Government itself is doing all this work for private estates, however, and not upon the great reservations of land which it owns, and which ought to be placed under the care of trained experts. Progress, however, has been rapidly made and in due time our national reservations will undoubtedly be proper exponents of the art. The New York Evening Post, which has been

one of the oldest advocates of scientific forest preservation in this country, says of this interesting topic:

Ten years ago scientific forest management in this country seemed at least a generation away. Those in a position to know most about it considered that it offered a young man little promise of a career, or even of a living. It was not that the importance of the interests involved was unrecognized, but that the obstacles to be overcome were too great. These were both economic and scientific. On the economic side there were the vast supplies of virgin timber, offering the lumberman more than he could use, and the unwillingness of capital to engage in an enterprise which promised so small a return. To the average American the tying up of money in an investment, the benefits of which would accrue not to him, but to his estate, seemed a good deal like giving it away; nor was it by any means sure that taxes and the interest-charge would not mount a good deal faster than pines and oaks, leaving the final balance on the wrong side, after all. On the scientific side there was the entire absence of all the necessary data. The question of how to get the largest return from a given tract is a very complex one. To answer it, the forester must be able to calculate how much lumber can be cut, both in any given year and during a term of years. This implies the ability to forecast the future of the forest, and to tell how many and how big trees, and of what kinds, will be standing to the acre at any time. Soil, situation, and climate must be taken into both natural and artificial selection. Altogether it seemed unreasonable to expect that forest management would be introduced in America except slowly and in response to changed conditions.

Strikes From the Home Side When a great strike, like the one in the hard-coal region is in progress, few stop to think of any but the general questions involved. When settled the memory of it fades away quickly in the public mind, and the net result is thought to be a temporary adjustment of a difference of opinion upon wages, or hours, or some such impersonal thing. Here is a picture of the strike painted by some word-painter in the Age of Steel, which shows in few words some of the less thought of characteristics of these industrial upheavels, which cannot be too widely pondered by the public at large:—

The street side of a strike is not the home side. In one there is all the fervency of public excitement with the usual spectacular accompaniments; on the other we have conditions of hardship and suffering,

that are none the less pathetic, for being obscure and commonplace. The frost is on the under side of the leaf, but it bites just the same. Houses with their fronts off where labor eats and sleeps—for domestic happiness has had its paradise—would disclose conditions that have no need of foot-lights to make them blood-curdlers. Men dependent on wages for sustenance and comfort, realize the cider is missing when the keg is dry. Idleness means debt, and debt is a mortgage on future prosperity. It is a case of time and money going over the dam. The man who has hitherto paid his rent and store bills, and had enough and to spare, finds himself dependent on what can be gotten on a promise to pay. The grocer at the corner deals out bread and bacon with some justifiable concern as to when a bright dollar will find its way into his cash box. At present he sees but a skinny child, a lean and haggard-faced mother, and a once stalwart toiler leaning like a consumptive Ajax on a lamp post or a telegraph pole, to find the support he now lacks in his spine. The empty coal hod and the clock that goes to the pawnshop, the milk man that stops no more at the door, the rent collector who threatens ejectment, and the constable, the father, brother or son, that packs his valise and wanders hither and thither for work and bread, the sick that need the doctor, and the child that finds no milk in a withered breast—these and other things that make life a valley of dry bones, are what is left of many a strike when the paint is washed off. Look before you leap should be a motto in every labor lodge and in every counting room. A slate and pencil and a little figuring would avert many an industrial trouble. This ought to be a practice on both sides of the question. It is a fact that cannot be challenged, that some strikes are provoked with the deliberate design of making profits by a temporary stoppage of business, and it is also true that the lust for notoriety on the part of mercenary agitators is sometimes a cause of strikes. Meanwhile the rank and file follow the bag of peas into the slaughter house. It would be sheer nonsense to suppose that the constituency of a labor organization is a make-up of incurable malcontents. It is not so. Intelligence grades in a lodge as it does in a legislature. Some are wiser than their fellows, but sound common sense is pretty well divided. Nor is it to be overlooked that men who are content to endure hunger and poverty for what they rightly or wrongly hold as a justifiable cause for a "walk-out," are of the same fibre as those who have built up the liberties of the world. There is granite as well as mud in the great industrial quarry, and the more profound the pity that blind leadership and designing men should impose on confidence and manhood.

The Cutting of the Cameo*

BY CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.

The large majority of important cameos, both antique and modern, are cut upon banded onyx, a stone particularly well fitted for this kind of work, and more suitable than any other for showing to advantage a design in relief in one color on a flat background of another. The onyx is extremely hard and takes a beautiful polish; agate and other forms of silica are also used for cameos as well as most of the well-known precious stones, except the diamond, in which, although intaglios have often been cut in it, as far as I know a cameo never has.

Onyxes are now found in Brazil, and in India, chiefly at Cambay, and among the hills of Malwa; they are also found in the shingles of the Indus and the Nile. The manner of the formation of an onyx is very curious: it is due to the gradual infiltration of water charged with silicious particles into hollows in trap-rock. This infiltration takes place under varying conditions of temperature and circumstance, so that the silica is frequently deposited in two distinct forms, side by side. One of these forms is amorphous, translucent; the other crystalline and transparent. Curiously enough, the transparent layer appears far more solid than the translucent one; this effect is due to the fact that it appears white as snow does, by reason of the innumerable reflections of the white rays of light from the facets of numbers of microscopic crystals, each of which is quite transparent.

The onyx, again, owes much of its beauty to the remarkable porosity of its amorphous layers, which possess the rare power of absorbing certain foreign substances, and being beautifully colored by them in various tints. Onyxes are said to be now scarce, but up to the present they have not by themselves been considered as precious stones, their value—except in exceptional cases—being directly proportionate to the quality of the work upon them.

Layers of onyx invariably follow the inner contours of the hollow in which they are formed, as they are deposited from their outer circumference inwards; so that cameo-cutters have always had to face the great initial difficulty of having to modify their design in such a way as to make the best use of colored strata, which they often find running in a direction not entirely consonant with their own wishes. When the

hollow in which an onyx was formed was cylindrical in shape, the resulting stone was often used to make a cup or vase with great effect; such stones, with concentric circles of white and color, when they were small, were also frequently made into eyes for statues, workers in this curious art being known in Rome as "*fabri ocularii*." The same cutting of onyx eyes was also made use of for finger rings, when the stones were quite small; the gold setting of these eyes is often made to represent the eyelids, and generally to carry out the idea, but they are cumbersome, and must have been uncomfortably heavy to wear.

The usual natural color of an onyx is a pale gray, banded with white layers. If, when the stone was forming, there was any trace of a metallic oxide in the water of infiltration, the pale gray, or amorphous, layer or layers would most probably acquire a tinge of color. The commonest oxide to occur in these cases has been that of iron, the result being that the gray onyx has become yellowish or reddish. When this has occurred, the stone is called a sardonyx. But the possibility of artificially causing amorphous strata of an already formed gray onyx to absorb metallic oxides was discovered at an early date by Indian, Burmese and Arabian lapidaries. Pliny acknowledges that in his time it was well known that the ancients improved the color of their gems by heating them in honey.

If a gray, translucent piece of onyx is steeped in oil, honey, or sugar and water, it will absorb some of the liquid, and if subsequently strongly heated, or boiled in sulphuric acid, carbon will be deposited within the stone, thereby causing it to appear dark—even black. All *nicolos* are said to have been produced in some such way as this, many experts declaring that such a stone is not found naturally. The white layers of an onyx are not permeated by any solution; they are crystalline and non-absorbent, so they remain white under nearly all the artificial coloring processes. The crystalline layers are themselves sometimes slightly thickened by heat or strong acid, and they can be superficially reddened a little by painting over with a solution of iron in aquafortis, but in either case the effect is slight and a doubtful improvement. Nitric acid will remove such rust stains on white onyx, and will also very markedly pale a *nicolo* or a sardonyx. No doubt in these cases the acid absorbs the carbon or the iron oxide inside the stone.

*From the Portfolio—Monographs on Artistic Subjects—Seeley & Co. (London.) \$2.00.

A similar process to that used in the case of *nicolos* is used to produce *sardonyx*, with the difference that, instead of oil or honey, the stone is soaked in *pernitrate* of iron. Both these processes are really the same as such colored stones undergo when in a state of nature, the only difference being that the favorable conditions are supplied more rapidly by artificial means than they would have been if nature had been left unaided. Also, it would be impossible to say exactly what particular proportion of metal coloring was contained in any special stone without destroying it; but, nevertheless, it is supposed that, by long experience, the *Oberstein* chemists are so skilled that they know to a nicety what proportion of chemicals are required to produce given shades of color. Heat alone will often *red*den and improve the color of an *onyx*, especially the kind known as *brown Brazilian chalcedony*.

There are numerous other colors which can be artificially given to the porous layers of *onyx*, but none of them has been so much used as the black and the red. No doubt the reason for this is that both these colors have been, to a large extent, found as natural productions, and so they would be the most esteemed, as well as the least likely to be suspected of artificiality.

If a *cameo* showed a white design upon a blue background, it would be safe to say that it was most probably artificial, for, although there is no reason to consider such a naturally colored stone to be an impossibility, no such specimens have yet been found.

Blue color in *chalcedony* can be produced by soaking in iron, as in the case of the *sards*, but, instead of heat or sulphuric acid, the *onyx* must then be treated with *ferrocyanide* of potassium, which practically deposits *Prussian blue* in the pores of the stone; the color, however, soon fades. Green is more troublesome to manage, but it can be produced by soaking the *chalcedony* in a solution of *nitrate* of nickel. A stone which is too deep a red can be made paler by the application of *hydrochloric acid*. The best-known varieties of the *onyx* stone are the *carnelian-onyx*, the *blood-stone-onyx*, the *jasper-onyx*, and the *sard-onyx*. *Sard* itself is more translucent than *carnelian*, which is always a little clouded. Red *carnelian* in large pieces is almost invariably artificially colored.

At *Oberstein*, in *Oldenburg*, there have been for many years extensive manufactories for the preparation of *onyxes* for gem-cutters and engravers. These stones were found in great quantities in the neighborhood of this town, and the works were originally established for the cutting and preparing of the native stones; but of late

years the natural supply has considerably diminished, so that the greater part of the work now done at *Oldenburg* consists of the cutting, straining, and polishing of rough *onyxes* sent there for that purpose from all parts of the world, wherever they may be found—most of them now, I believe, from *Brazil* or *India*. As a rule the *onyx* is not a large stone, but sometimes large pieces are found among antiques; the largest examples are at *Paris* and *Vienna*, but *Dr. Billing* says that slabs of true *onyx* exist as long as eighteen inches. Modern gem-cutters have half their work done for them, unlike their ancient predecessors, who had laboriously to get their pieces of *onyx* in order themselves before they could begin to engrave upon them. *Agate* often nearly resembles *onyx*; it is found in larger pieces, but the layers are neither so true in color or so marked in shape. There is a *cameo* cut in *agate*, a foot and a half long, at *Rome*.

There is always great interest attached to the inquiry as to what tools and methods of working were used in ancient times by exponents of the small technical arts. To a certain extent most of these arts can be executed by very simple means, but such proceedings usually involve a high degree of skill, immense patience, and a large expenditure of time. Modern appliances have enormously increased the ease with which most of the technical processes of such arts can be executed, but with this greater ease and quickness of production a greater absence of true art feeling goes unfortunately hand in hand.

An ancient *cameo-worker* may well be imagined looking at a piece of *onyx* with some degree of dismay, at the almost impenetrable block that he would have to fashion roughly into shape, before he could commence his art-work upon it. He would realize that this rough work would cost him as much time and trouble as the subsequent carving of the design itself, with the added annoyance that his labor expended upon it would never be appreciated. The ancient *Assyrian* and *Egyptian* makers of cylinders and *scarabæi* chose the softest stones available, in order that they might be more easy to cut. Early carvings of this kind are often found in such materials as *steatite*, *syenite*, or *serpentine*, and these can be easily cut with flint or *obsidian* flakes, or even with hard-metal chisels or gouges. The use of soft stones for small carvings is a characteristic of an early stage of the art, and, when harder stones are found used in any quantities, it is probable that either some more powerful process—such as the use of a drill—had been invented, or, at all events, that the cutting power of *corundum*, *emery*, or even *diamond* itself, had been discovered.

The highly convex form both of the Egyptian scarabs and the bossed gems which immediately succeeded them, were convenient to make by filing down larger pieces. The engraving on the flat bases of such stones was, no doubt, done by a fine-cutting stone point, possibly flint. Herodotus mentions arrows headed "with a stone brought to a point, the same sort by which they (the Ethiopians) engrave their seals." Both Theophrastus and Pliny mention naxium, or emery, as being the best material known for polishing marble or for rubbing down gems. There are many varieties of corundum, a species of mineral which comes next to the diamond in hardness. It is really a crystallized alumina, and in the form of emery is a very powerful cutting agent, and will polish even a diamond. Actual points of diamond may have been used at an earlier date than is usually assigned to them; the possibility of splintering this stone easily by a hammer into small useful points may have been known to the workers in flint at an early date, and many antique cameos and intaglios show fine-cut lines which appear as if they were done with a diamond point; undoubtedly they could have been more easily done by that means than by any other. The invention of the wheel for cutting gems was probably introduced from the East, but it does not appear to be known whether it was brought forward as an original idea, or whether it simply came into being by a natural process. A drill, worked either by hand or by a string and bow, is indeed one of the earliest inventions of mankind, and the primitive drill required only a simple adaptation to render it effective for cutting hard stones instead of producing fire from soft wood.

The different methods which have been used for cutting hard stones can best be traced by a microscopic examination of the surfaces of antique intaglios; for, although such surfaces were usually highly polished, and consequently many of the cutting marks became erased, still a great many signs are left which are sufficient to show whether the cutting has been done by means of a splinter of diamond or something analogous, or by a drill working small circles one after the other. Work marks of this kind are seen with more difficulty in a cameo, because it was easier to polish, and is therefore more worn away in this process. Construction marks often show clearly on the back of a gem, as here the same trouble has not been taken to erase them. Of course, if the cameo is a small bust or figure cut in the round for the purpose of affixing to a cuirass or dress of any kind, this remark no longer applies, as such carvings were often as highly finished at the back as they were on the front, the reason being that a

greater brilliancy and play of color could be produced by hollowing out the stone at the back in some agreement with the contours of the front, and these remarkable hollowings are not infrequent. These stones are also curiously pierced at the back, for facility of attachment to any substance.

The backs of antique cameos are often left rounded and roughly cut, but they have always been polished, and this condition of the back, irregular, but polished, is one mark of an antique, because in Renaissance and in modern times, when the preparation of the rough stone was, and is, done by "another" workman, the backs are naturally well cut, flat, and finished. This parceling out of the work, which is, indeed, the fatal blot in most of the small technical art of to-day, presupposes a great increase in the efficiency of the tools used. Although the state of the back of any particular gem may, to a great extent, be studied as an index to its age, it is not to be supposed that a clever cinque-cento forger could not easily have imitated the ancient manner; but, as a matter of fact, he did not think of it, but expended his great skill only on the face of his cameo.

A close examination of ancient gems—both cameo and intaglio—will show that several of them have been laboriously scratched out with a hard point, and others cut or filed away by means of some small round-headed instrument. This last appearance is, doubtless, due to the use of a drill, worked at first by hand, and subsequently, very likely, by a string and bow. By the use of such a drill, much more powerfully mounted with a treadle, gems were cut during the Renaissance and in modern times. If the drill used is small enough, an intaglio or cameo can be cut and finished by its aid alone, and numbers have been so made, but as a rule the finishing touches in all cases are more effectively and surely given by the diamond point.

A modern lapidary has a very powerful instrument in his delicate lathe fitted with strong treadle. He possesses a large assortment of tiny saws and points of iron, some fine, some broadly ended, like knitting-needles. These are made to revolve very rapidly by means of the treadle, the stone being fixed by wax to a wooden handle and held in the hand of the artist, who applies it to the cutting point as he may wish. The introduction of this instrument considerably altered the conditions under which cameos were made. The circular saws made it easy to cut off large flat pieces, and accordingly, in Renaissance work, large margins are often found; the ancients found much trouble in cutting away large pieces, so, as a

rule, their margins are very narrow, the design coming near up to the edge of the stone.

Iron points or saws, however, would not by themselves touch the surface of a piece of chalcodony, however quickly they might revolve, so it is necessary to increase their cutting qualities by some further device: this is found in the addition of oil and diamond dust.

The power of the iron points when used with diamond dust and oil is increased to an extraordinary degree, and the harder the stone is that has to be cut the better, because it presses the minute particles of diamond into the iron point to such a degree that this point very quickly becomes, as it were, a diamond file, and when it has reached this state it reacts on the hard stone and cuts it away rapidly. A cameo-cutter will begin, on his already prepared slab of onyx, by cutting away all the superfluous upper layers, down to the background layer, with his circular saw; then he will mass the design out by means of the largest points possible, gradually getting to the finer work with finer points, until at last he ceases using the lathe, and goes over the whole of his work very carefully with finishing touches with a diamond point.

The polishing of a cameo is a very important and difficult process. Such a gem must be very highly polished, and yet it must show very fine detail. Polishing tends to destroy detail, so it becomes necessary to go on finishing and polishing, again and again, for a long time, until at last single lines like hairs have to be polished one by one. A very skilful cameo-cutter will not, therefore, quite finish his work before he begins the polishing, but will leave the final delicate lines to be cut newly on the polished surface and again polished themselves.

The process of polishing is done in a similar way to that of cutting, in the same lathe, but with different tools and accessories. The stone is cemented as before on the end of a stick, and moved about in contact with the revolving point as found necessary. The points used for polishing are no longer of iron, but are made of some softer material, such as wood, lead, ivory, or copper, and instead of oil and diamond dust they are usually fed with oil mixed with one or other of the usual polishing powders, the choice of which depends upon the hardness of the substance to be polished: tripoli (powdered flint), rotten stone (powdered alumina), crocus (oxide of iron), rouge (oxide of copper), or putty powder (oxide of tin). For very hard stones, however, diamond dust and oil may be still necessary.

Unfortunately the repolishing of antique gems has been largely done both during the Renais-

sance and in modern times, with the inevitable result that to an expert the stone is spoilt. A fine antique cameo, finished and polished by a great artist, will certainly not bear a subsequent polishing without losing much of that finished detail which distinguishes a first-rate gem from one of an inferior kind. But to the ordinary observer, no doubt, such a repolished gem would appear much improved and for commercial reasons the process has been very largely practiced. I see no reason, however, for objecting to judicious repolishing of a flat background; the harm is done when the raised sculpture is meddled with.

To set against this disastrous repolishing of antique gems may be mentioned the artificial scratching of modern forgeries to make them look old. It must be admitted that a modern skilful workman can copy any cameo, old or new, with such perfection that it would be impossible for any one but an expert to say which was the original and which was the copy. But a gem copied to-day from an old model would naturally be in a fine state of polish, and to counteract this it was discovered by some ingenious Italian workman of the last century, that if he gave his brilliantly polished gems to turkeys and made them swallow them, the trituration of the gizzards of the birds gave to the stone the exact signs of wear which were wanting.

The small lathe working with a treadle, and cutting hard stones by means of iron points fed with oil and emery or diamond, is the most powerful cutting instrument known, and it would only be used for very hard stones. All quartz stones would be most easily cut by it, and jewels also, but it would be unnecessary for cutting anything like a shell cameo. Such work is best done by means of small steel scrapers or engraving tools, made in such shape as may suit the fancy of the operator or the exigencies of his design. The polishing of such pieces can also be well done by a polisher's wheel fitted with buff. Wherever a large background is to be cleared, however, the small circular saw will slice off large pieces with less difficulty than any other instrument.

The oil and diamond dust used on iron points for cutting cameos do not prevent the workman from seeing how his work progresses because they are both so transparent. In some ways cameo-cutting is easier than intaglio work, because, in the case of the latter, impressions for comparison have constantly to be made while the work is in progress, as the object is to make a fine impression; but the cameo, only being made for the sake of its own beauty, which should not be microscopic, the artist can quite well judge of the progress of his work by the eye alone.

The Dramas of M. Rostand*

It is surely possible to expect many precious things still of an art which has so lately blossomed into work so experimental in purpose, so classic in treatment, so flexible, so vivid, so full-fed, as the brilliant group of plays we owe to M. Edmond Rostand. And it matters little, considered from the point of view of the wealth of the contemporary drama, that we should quote the works of a foreigner, a Frenchman; since it is surely one of the divine attributes of art that what enriches one enriches all. When M. Rostand, not content with the ordinary problems and difficulties of stage-craft, deliberately assumes the additional burden of expressing himself exclusively in rhymed verse, he adopts a literary attitude toward the drama and exhibits a force of literary passion for the purities of form which is noticeable even in France. For him as for Gautier:

... l'œuvre sort plus belle
D'une forme au travail
Rebelle,
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail; . . .

and his work—which is ours, a part of our intellectual capital, exactly in proportion to our capacity for enjoying it—may well serve to illustrate what is really the pressing question, “la question du jour,” of the ambitious modern playwright—How far, under actual conditions of theatrical production, does the literary quality make or mar the fortunes of the contemporary play?

M. Rostand has given us *Les Romanesques*, a comedy in three acts, produced at the Comédie Française in 1894, and crowned by the French Academy; a four-act play, *La Princesse Lointaine*, which appeared at the Renaissance Theatre, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle, in 1895; *La Samaritaine* in April of 1897, also produced by the same actress, and described as *An Evangel*, in three tableaux; *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a heroic comedy in five acts, which also appeared in 1897, at the Porte Saint-Martin; and *L'Aiglon*, a drama written in no less than six acts, treating of the life and death of the young Duc de Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon I.

Of *Les Romanesques*, M. Jules Lemaitre says: “I do not tell you that the subject of this comedy is new at all points, but its execution appears to me remarkable. This is brilliant stuff; all sparkling with wit, and, in places, glowing with a large and easy sense of gaiety. It is not to be confounded with the pretty little play, the elaborate

little stage jewel of slender value. . . . There is already the large grasp of craft-mastery in *Les Romanesques*.” And further on the wittiest and most authoritative of dramatic critics comments on the analogy in lovely lightness of treatment between M. Rostand's little piece and the classic *A quoi rêvent les jeunes filles?* of Alfred de Musset. “But Rostand,” he goes on to say, “conveys an impression of frank lightheartedness and plastic grace—a thing become rare among us where Beauty seems more and more the inseparable companion of Sadness.” And it is, indeed, this very deliverance from all modern morbidity, this return to a clearer atmosphere and an antique joyousness, which gives Rostand's work an indisputable distinction of its own. Emotion without regret;—a gallant acceptance of life with all its possibilities and without many of its more harassing questions—that is the keynote of his work. But the refusal to investigate these questions comes from choice and not from insensibility. It is this spirit of delight in exquisite and precise form, this happy play with charming words and images, and gay, and fleeting, and delicate sensation, which differentiates *Les Romanesques* from the thousand and one “poudré” plays of the French repertory. “The time of the play is immaterial,” says the author in his stage directions, “provided the costumes be pretty”; and the little lovers, delighted and absorbed in their own fantastic elusive likeness to Romeo and Juliet, live through one endless summer day—under the old trees of an old park, where an old wall symbolizes the old obstacles old fathers place before young love—with the spontaneous grace and fleeting troubles of the Golden Age. This is the land of pure romance; the land bordered by the green and rustling Forest of Arden, and stretching to the seaports of Bohemia. The story we are asked to follow dates from the first careless pair of lovers, and was acted by the first careful parent. But if you would have an example of how ingeniously M. Rostand can weave and complicate the simple threads of the simplest situation, consider for one moment his joyous invention of *Straforel*—that swaggering and full-blown predecessor of the picturesque *Cyrano*. Resourceful; unscrupulous; largely conversant with men, women, and things; at home in the world which he reverences and exploits; extravagant, magnificent, and at his wit's end for his day's earnings; vain; gross; indulgent; vital;—*Straforel*, by the cunning of his author's art, is set upon his feet and stalks about fairyland

*Edinburgh Review.

with as assured a tread as Poincarré or bully Bardolph among the Kentish lanes. Indeed, in breadth and ease of treatment *Straforel* is, perhaps, the most Shakespearian of M. Rostand's figures; while, as an acting part, the rôle is well-nigh actor-proof.

M. Rostand's verse is of a consistent and really amazing flexibility. We know of nothing like it. In his hands the old, classic, buckrammed alexandrine of Corneille or Racine has become fluent, epigrammatic, and supple as the most fluid prose. It is not too much to say that he delights in difficulty; he plays with technical problems, and invents complications only to solve them with a light heart. For scene after scene he limits his actors' "lines" to speeches of two, three, half a dozen, words. He breaks his verse into fragments, which he polishes until they scintillate like diamond dust; until it requires an effort of the hearer's memory to realize that this flashing, hurrying sword-play of dialogue is yet submitted to all the stringent rules and conditions of poetic composition. Never since Victor Hugo wrote *Les Misérables* has the French language given us such an example of astonishing abundance of words, of wit, of dexterity, and of richness of epithet. It is well-nigh a debauch of epithet. As the French say, "*Ca coule de source*." It would be almost impossible to conceive anything more apparently easy and untrammelled, or to find anything which, on examination, showed more evidence of a scrupulous art. Compare, for instance, the living torrents, the waterfalls, the singing brooks, and swirling millraces of Rostand's agile and clear-cut verse to the large, lazy wash of the Earthly Paradise! Yet it is precisely in this exuberant mastery of his material, in this richness of invention, in the extraordinary vision that he has of the remotest dramatic possibilities of any incident, that his danger lies.

It is worth noting that M. Rostand's mind finds all its rich material without once touching the "passionnel" themes of the ordinary French drama. He is vivid, emotional, impassioned, without an allusion to, or a glance at, the peculiar side of literature and manner we are complacently agreed to label as French. Indeed, it may be questioned if there were more than two genuinely successful new plays running upon the London stage last season which would not have suffered on this point in comparison with M. Rostand's collected work. "Art," says Goethe in his famous definition, "Art is a liberation." In this case the passion for art would seem to have delivered a very modern Parisian from much which still excites a contented laugh, among his grosser, less literary neighbors.

It was impossible that at his age—M. Rostand, is barely thirty—and after a solid, palpable, financial success which even dwarfs the imposing "re-

turns" of a Sign of the Cross or a *Trilby*—the creator of *Cyrano* should escape many pointed reminders of the fallibility of human genius. France is not a country where literature can often compete with trade, or even lead to a very serious banking account. M. Rostand has not lacked for candid critics. They reproach him with being abundant—superabundant, they call it; of at times losing sense and grasp of the body of his dramatic action in the multiplicity, the ingeniousness of its turns and twists and windings. This is undoubtedly the threatening fault of his quality; it is only fair to remember this; but it is wise to remind ourselves that the quality is there as well as the fault. For, in an age of careful and systematic intellectual husbandry, we are perhaps a little apt to forget how much was condoned to an ancient sinner because she had loved—much. Certainly, to look at the mere enumeration of the persons of the play in a drama like *Cyrano*, to recount the famous "fifty-eight speaking parts," and to reperuse the catalogue of the author's stage directions—"citizens, marquises, pastrycooks, poets, cadets, Gascons, comedians, fiddlers, pages, children, Spanish soldiers, spectators, female spectators, actresses, burghers' wives, fine ladies, nuns—and the crowd," may well give one a tingling sense of intellectual richness and adventure. And observe that these characters, even the smallest of them, are there for a purpose; are created and responsible. At his best, M. Rostand gives us to a singular degree the sensation of that capacity to see and handle a crowd which only belongs to the highest type of creative vision.

Balzac, George Sand, Dumas the elder, our own Dickens, had each much of this same joyful and imposing play of the liberal imagination. Dickens' genius again more closely resembles that of M. Rostand in his scrupulous and instinctive avoidance of even the technically immoral, and all the outlawed complications of life. It is a coincidence which we would insist upon since it materially adds to our perplexed recognition of M. Rostand's comparative failure upon the English boards. Here, at last, is "pure" literary art with a vengeance—art as clear-eyed and unsuggestive of hidden ugliness as a schoolboy's vision of existence; and yet deliberate, and serious, and highly polished art. Here is no lack of romantic and daring action. The delight in life, and in the adventure of life, has never been more fully, more beautifully expressed. Here, too, is an unquestioned mastery of pure stage-craft; the scenic gift; the theatrical judgment. Here are brave and intricate plots, joyous encounters, characters magnanimous and witty, chivalric and picturesque, and sympathetic.

Friedrich Max Müller

Considerable diversity of opinion existing as to the position of Max Müller amongst the scholars of the world, we give in the following pages several points of view.

What Max Müller Accomplished

With the death of Friedrich Max Müller, in October, 1900, one of the most notable personages of the academic world passed from the stage of history. We say "stage" advisedly, for Max Müller's career was in more senses than one histrionic, in the best sense of that word, and there was hardly a moment of his life that he did not stand prominently and conspicuously before the public notice. To the unlearned world at large he was the personification of philological scholarship—a scholarship which he knew how to render accessible to his public in inimitably simple and charming style. There was no domain of philosophy, mythology or religion that he left untouched or unmodified by his comprehensive researches, and the Science of Language, which is the greatest scholastic glory of the German nation, would appear, judging from his books alone, to have received in him its final incarnation and Messianic fulfilment. There was no national or international dispute of modern times, ever so remotely connected with philological questions, but his ready pen was seen swinging in the thick of the combat, and his Sanskrit roots made to bear the burden of a people's destiny. He was the recipient of more academic honors, orders, titles, royal and imperial favors, perhaps, than any other scholar since Humboldt, and he bore the greatness that was thrust upon him with the grace and dignity of a born aristocrat. Many were the pummelings he received from the hands of his less favored but more plodding colleagues; yet their buffets of ink but served to throw his Titanic figure into greater relief, and to afford him an opportunity by his delicate, insidious irony to endear himself still more to his beloved public. Apart from his great and sound contributions to the cause of learning and thought, which none will deny, Max Müller's indisputably greatest service was to have made knowledge agreeable—nay, even fashionable—and his proudest boast was that when delivering his lectures on the Science of Language at the Royal Institution, Albemarle street was thronged with the crested carriages of the great, and that not only "the keen dark eyes of Faraday," "the massive face of the Bishop of St. David's," but even the countenances of royalty shone out upon him from his audiences.

Friedrich Maximilian Müller was born in Dessau, Germany, on December 6, 1823. He was the son of the well-known German poet Wilhelm Müller, the great-grandson of Basedow, the reformer of national education in all Germany; and the grandson of a Prime-Minister to the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau. His environment was thus, from the start, one of the highest culture, and he received through its advantages a thorough education, especially in music, in which he was very proficient. At Leipsic, where he attended the famous Nicolai School, and afterward the University, he lived in the musical house of Professor Carus, father of Prof. V. Carus, the translator of Darwin, where he gained the friendship of Mendelssohn, Liszt, David, Kalliwoda, Hiller, and Clara Schumann. Here, and afterward at Berlin, Paris, and London, he made the acquaintance of the great notabilities of the day, among whom were numbered Rückert, Humboldt, Burnouf, Froude, Ruskin, Carlyle, Faraday, Grote, Darwin, Emerson, Lowell and Holes.—T. J. McCormack, Open Court.

The Influence of Max Müller

Max Müller always asserted that he was an evolutionist before Darwin, and that the growth, maturity, and decay of languages showed much more perfectly the laws of development than does the fragmentary record of the geologist. A thousand links between these two great pioneers are evident. Not less closely is Max Müller's work bound up with Gladstone's. There is the most intimate relation between the ideal of united Italy or the Pan Slavism which brought the resurrection of the Balkan States—both causes dear to Gladstone's heart—and the teaching of kinship through kindred speech, the evangel of the great philologist. But Max Müller's direct influence on politics by no means stopped with the Italians and Slavs;—he used the Crimean War as the text of an eloquent sermon on the brotherhood of races; and, most of all, he worked for the good of the Indian empire by infusing into the minds of her future administrators a respect for her ancient tongues and a living interest for the obscure idioms of a hundred furtive and backward peoples, who hide in the jungles and among the hills of that land of marvels, and who owe it chiefly to him that they are recognized as members of the great human family, as part and parcel of articulate man. Wherever, throughout the wide confines of the British empire, a man is to be found who has won his way into the hearts of some

remote and isolated tribe—in the woods or ravines of the mountains, in tropical morasses, or in the myriad islands of the sunny seas, by using the talisman of speech, by learning the tongue of lowly savages—it will, almost infallibly, be found that his impulse came from Max Müller. This is, most of all, true of India—hundreds of whose rulers and magistrates were trained in his school of thought, using his very text-books even. But it is not less true of the remote regions of the Pacific, of the Australian bush, of the wildernesses of Northern Canada, of Guiana and the Amazon—wherever the most adventurous race has penetrated. Here are two books: one, a comparative dictionary of the Polynesian languages; the other, a grammar of the Santals of the Vindhya hills; both are dedicated to Max Müller, and they are only types of scores of others which show how broad, human, and benign was the influence of this great scholar.—Charles Johnston in the *Review of Reviews*.

Max Müller and the General Public

In this decade have died three men who, born in the twenties within five years of each other, have occupied, each in his own field, the same relative position in respect of science on the one hand and of the general public on the other. Tyndall, Huxley and Müller for half a century represented to the world at large the oracles of their respective fields of knowledge. Yet none of the three held this position in the eyes of the inner circle of scientific workers, who, indeed, recognize no oracle, and judge their colleagues exclusively on technical grounds. The general public, on the other hand, look for the man as revealed in his general thought, and especially in his style. Perhaps this judgment, though often extremely inaccurate in details, is on the whole not less than the narrower appreciation of the scientific world. These three men well illustrate the difference in the two points of view. While not admitted to any lofty rank by his scientific brethren, Tyndall held his materials in a firm grasp and was master of a clear style and a thought behind it equally gleaming and incisive. In like manner Huxley will be remembered less as a comparative anatomist and taxonomist than as a popular lecturer and writer of books comprehended of the people, and well weighted with careful thought. Both of these men died in the full glory of popular applause, and therein they were happier than the third of this remarkable trio, for Müller's fame waned before his death, and for the last ten years no critic has been too humble to speak of him lightly in his capacity of linguist and mythologist.

But the master of a generation ago cannot be

dismissed without the meed of praise due to his ability and to the work actually accomplished by him. It is true that he was at his best as an interpreter. His unrivaled style, his enthusiasm, his eloquence in a domain distinguished for arid research, made him and his field known to those who would otherwise have had no interest in the line which he represented. But is this a slight thing? There are many who owe to Müller's magnetism the first impulse to tread in the path which he opened for them; many who have been accustomed to sneer, and yet have him to thank for the ability to do so. In a word, Müller, even as a middle-man between the inner shrine and the outer world, deserves well of two generations.

But in point of fact, despite the unsatisfactory nature of much of his later work, Müller was by no means a mere go-between, feeding the public with grain raised by others. It is true that he was somewhat vain-glorious and not very scrupulous in the allotment of praise which should be rendered for what was done by others under his supervision. What he constantly proclaimed to be his own great work, the edition of the *Rig Veda*, was in reality not his at all. A German scholar did the work, and Müller appropriated the credit for it. But, even in this case, though the judgment be true, it is harsh. The German scholar was paid for his labor, and did the best he could to circumvent Müller in getting out his edition *prima*. The incident is not altogether creditable to either party, but one thing is certain: there would have been no scholar doing the work at all, had not Müller started it. That his hand left the plow and he hired some one else to do willingly what he was unwilling to complete, is a matter of minor importance. Then, again, Müller's *Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, published forty years ago, was an independent and thoroughly scholarly book, which has ever since held its own with the best publications in this field of investigation.

When, after twenty years, Müller returned to the special study of literature, from which his phonetic and mythological pursuits had withdrawn him, although the volume published under the title *India, What Can It Teach Us?* showed a marked decline in power in the body of the book, the learned appendix on the Renaissance of Sanskrit Literature proved that the old scholar was still there, vigorous, ingenious, persuasive. But the very circumstance that the most important part of the book was relegated to an appendix, while the main part was taken up with such bagatelles as *The Truthful Character of the Hindoos*, and *Human Interest in Sanskrit Literature*, was indicative of a grave change in Müller's attitude. He had catered to the public so long that scholarly

work had become only of secondary consequence. For his general reputation this was a fatal error, since the very public he served repudiated him as a guide, while the scholars he had deserted, and to whom, in his eagerness to be always the first, he had been insultingly unfair, were more prone to ridicule his pretensions than to admit the genuine worth of his contributions to knowledge. —New York Evening Post.

The Estimate of a Friend

Having for more than thirty years known Max Müller personally, and had good opportunities for witnessing the growth of his mind and his influence, I was much impressed by some characteristics of the memorial meeting held at Columbia University. The large assembly of cultured people was addressed by eminent educators in different institutions, men occupied with various branches of learning, and the most striking feature of every tribute was its pervading sentiment of personal gratitude to the teacher whose labors had ended. Apparently none of the speakers had known Max Müller personally, and only one—Professor Richard Gottheil—mentioned having seen him; not one appeared to have adopted his peculiar theories; but each had his grateful debt to pay. He had opened for one his field of research; he had stimulated others to their tasks; he had enriched all by his literary and linguistic masterpieces. What are incidental "errata" of a pioneer in unexplored regions compared with this creation of a scholarly race able to correct the mistakes? The master sat at his mighty task, assiduous, unwearied: now his hands are folded on his breast; his case goes to the jury of scholars, and their verdict will everywhere confirm that of the professor of Philosophy at Columbia University: "In a generation rich in scholars no one could be called greater than Max Müller."

Especially impressive were the simple words of the Hindu speaker at the meeting, the Swami Abhedananda, who spoke always of the deceased scholar as "our friend." Max Müller was indeed the greatest friend India ever had. He not only exhumed for the young Hindus whom England was educating the literature of their race, but gave them the means of understanding it. Wherever I went in India I usually met the students and the pundits, and a number of the titled men, and all of these, of whatever caste or sect, regarded Max Müller as the greatest of mankind, and I was charged with messages entreating him to visit India. This enthusiasm of the cultured influenced even the illiterate, inasmuch that when his illness was announced in India special sacrifices were offered in the temples for their "friend." For the

many Hindu students in England Max Müller's house was a sort of shrine. His hospitality to them was pathetically noble. Most of them spoke good English, but he could converse with them in their mother-tongue, and it was beautiful to listen—occasionally I enjoyed that happiness—to his sympathetic talk with them on their studies and their religious ideas. These pilgrims sometimes carried to him even their personal sorrows. Once there presented himself before him a fine-looking Hindu in threadbare dress, who began addressing him excitedly in Sanskrit. Few Hindus can speak Sanskrit, and Max Müller at once recognized an extraordinary man beneath the poor garb. When he answered in Sanskrit and asked the youth to take a seat, and cordially grasped his hand, the Hindu wept. He had a sad story to tell. A Brahman of high caste, Nilakantha Goreh by name, learned in Oriental literature, he had for years studied the various religions, and reached faith in that taught by Jesus. It involved martyrdom. At the nearest Mission he announced his conversion. He was deprived of his caste and cast out by his relatives. The stupid missionaries called him "Nehemiah," sent him to their book establishment in London, and there he was set to the lowest drudgery. "A negro slave could hardly be worse treated," said Max Müller. For a long time that was endured by this most learned convert to Christianity ever known in India. At last he fled, and, knowing by repute just one man in England, found his way to Oxford and to that man. The penniless Hindu scholar was at once installed as a guest in Max Müller's home, and there wrote on the Vedantic philosophy.

I read in a New York paper that Max Müller was "somewhat vainglorious." This is so contrary to my own impressions of the man, whom I have known in his home and in my own, and whose most famous lectures I heard, that I suppose it based on his having printed for personal friends, on September 1, 1893, the fiftieth anniversary of his Leipzig degree, a list of his publications, and of his honors, with portraits representing him at various periods of life. His friends were desirous of this unpublished Memorial, which was an "offering of sincere gratitude" in response to their congratulations. When it was sent out Max Müller was not an aspirant for further honors. Even had it been a published autobiography, would that have been "vainglorious"? I can imagine a stranger on first seeing him, especially if in university or court dress, associating some "hauteur" with his erect mien, his handsome, courtly look, and a certain military air characteristic of most high-born Germans.—Moncure D. Conway, North American Review.

Living English Poets: Sir Lewis Morris

Sir Lewis Morris was born in Caermathen, England, in 1833. He was educated at Sherborne School and Jesus College, Oxford, where he was awarded the Chancellor's prize in 1855 and the English essay prize in 1858. He was called to the bar in 1861 and practiced for many years. In 1881 he stood in the Liberal interest for Caermathen Borough, but retired before election. He contested the Pambroke Boroughs in 1886, but was defeated. In 1890 his collected poetical works appeared in one volume, and the selections which follow are made chiefly from it. This collection included the poems that previously appeared in *Songs of Two Worlds*, *Epic of Hades*, *Gwen*, *Ode of Life*, *Songs Unsung*, *Gycia*, and *Songs of Britain*. He was knighted by the Queen in 1895. Mr. Morris is by nature a lyrical singer, and is deserving of a wider recognition among readers of poetry in this country than he has yet received.

IN AUTUMN.

"Decay, decay," the wildering west winds cry,
 "Decay, decay," the moaning woods reply;
 The whole dead autumn landscape, drear and chill,
 Strikes the same chord of desolate sadness still.
 The drifting clouds, the floods a sullen sea,
 The dead leaves whirling from the ruined tree,
 The rain which, falling, soaks the sodden way,
 Proclaim the parting summer's swift decay.
 No song of bird, nor joyous sight or thing,
 Which smooths the wintry forefront of the spring;
 No violet lurking in its mossy bed,
 Nor drifted snow-bloom bending overhead,
 Nor tall spiked orchids purpling all the world;
 But thin dull herbage which no more may grow,
 And dry reeds rustling as the chill winds blow,
 Bleak hillsides whence the huddled flocks are fled,
 And every spear of crested grass lies dead.
 "Decay, decay," the leafless woodlands sigh,
 The torpid earth, and all the blinded sky,
 And down the blurred moor, 'mid the dying day,
 An age-worn figure limps its weary way.

SONG.

Farewell! farewell! Adown the ways of night
 The red sun sinks, and with him takes the light;
 Over the dull east the gathering shadows grow,
 And turn to gray the western afterglow.

Farewell! farewell! But Day shall come again;
 Shall hope then die, and prayers be breathed in vain?

Our faithful hopes outlive the fleeting day;
 Stronger than Life and Death and Time are they.

Ah! see the last faint ray has ceased to flame,
 Courage! our parted souls are still the same.
 Round is the earth, and round the estranging sea,
 And Time's swift wheel which brings thee back to me.

Come back! Come back, climbing the eastern sky!
 Our souls are deathless though our flesh shall die.
 Winged are our thoughts, and flash forth swift and far
 Beyond the faint light of the furthest star.

Come back! or if we meet in some strange place,
 On some dim planet, I shall know thy face:
 By some weird land, or unimagined sea,
 I shall not be afraid, dear, having thee.

THE TREASURE OF HOPE.

O fair bird, singing in the woods,
 To the rising and the setting sun,
 Does ever any throb of pain
 Thrill through thee ere thy song be done:
 Because the summer fleets so fast;
 Because the autumn fades so soon;
 Because the deadly winter treads
 So closely on the steps of June?

O sweet maid, opening like a rose
 In love's mysterious, honeyed air,
 Dost think sometimes the day will come
 When thou shalt be no longer fair:
 When love will leave thee and pass on
 To younger and to brighter eyes;
 And thou shalt live unloved, alone,
 A dull life, only dowered with sighs?

O brave youth, panting for the fight,
 To conquer wrong and win thee fame,
 Dost see thyself grown old and spent,
 And thine a still unhonored name:
 When all thy hopes have come to naught,
 And all thy fair schemes droop and pine
 And wrong still lifts her hydra heads
 To fall to younger arms than thine?

Nay; song and love and lofty aims
 May never be where faith is not;
 Strong souls within the present live;
 The future veiled—the past forgot:
 Grasping what is, with hands of steel,
 They bend what shall be, to their will;
 And blind alike to doubt and dread,
 The End, for which they are, fulfil.

THE WEARY RIVER.

There is a ceaseless river,
 Which flows down evermore
 Into a wailing ocean,
 A sea without a shore,

Broken by laughing ripple,
 Foaming with angry swell,
 Sweet music as of Heaven,
 Deep thunder as of hell.

Gay fleets flow down upon it,
 And sad wrecks, full of pain;
 But all alike it hurries
 To that unchanging main.

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Sometimes 'tis foul and troubled,
And sometimes clear and pure;
But still the river flows, and still
The dull sea doth endure.

And thus 'twill flow for ever,
Till time shall cease to be.
O weary, weary river,
O bitter, barren sea.

OTHER DAYS.

O Thrush, your song is passing sweet,
But never a song that you have sung
Is half so sweet as thrushes sang
When my dear love and I were young.

O Roses, you are sweet and red,
Yet not so red nor sweet as were
The roses that my mistress loved
To bind within her flowing hair.

Time filches fragrance from the flower;
Time steals the sweetness from the song;
Love only scorns the tyrant's power,
And with the growing years grows strong.

SONG.

Love took my life and thrill'd it
Through all its strings,
Play'd round my mind and fill'd it
With sound of wings,
But to my heart he never came
To touch it with his golden flame.

Therefore it is that singing
I do rejoice,
Nor heed the slow years bringing
A harsher voice,
Because the songs which he has sung,
Still leave the untouched singer young.

But whom in fuller fashion
The Master sways,
For him, swift wing'd with passion,
Fleet the brief days.
Betimes the enforced accents come,
And leave him ever after dumb.

AT LAST.

Let me at last be laid
On that hillside I know which scans the vale,
Beneath the thick yews' shade,
For shelter when the rains and winds prevail.
It cannot be the eye
Is blinded when we die,
So that we know no more at all
The dawns increase, the evenings fall;
Shut up within a mouldering chest of wood
Asleep, and careless of our children's good.

Shall I not feel the spring,
The yearly resurrection of the earth,
Stir thro' each sleeping thing
With the fair throbblings and alarms of birth,
Calling at its own hour
On folded leaf and flower,

Calling the lamb, the lark, the bee,
Calling the crocus and anemone,
Calling new lustre to the maiden's eye,
And to the youth love and ambition high?

Shall I no more admire
The winding river kiss the daisied plain?
Nor see the dawn's cold fire
Steal downward from the rosy hills again?
Nor watch the frowning cloud,
Sublime with mutterings loud,
Burst on the vale, nor eyes of gold,
Nor crescent moons, nor starlight cold,
Nor the red casements glimmer on the hill,
At Yule-tides, when the frozen leas are still?

Or should my children's tread
Through Sabbath twilights, when the hymns are
done,
Come softly overhead,
Shall no sweet quickening through my bosom run,
Till all my soul exale
Into the primrose pale,
And every flower which springs above
Breathes a new perfume from my love;
And shall I throb, and stir, and thrill beneath
With a pure passion stronger far than death?

Sweet thought! fair, gracious dream,
Too fair and fleeting for our clearer view!
How should our reason deem
That those dear souls, who sleep beneath the blue
In rayless caverns dim,
'Mid ocean monsters grim,
Or whitening on the trackless sand,
Or with strange corpses on each hand
In battle-trench or city graveyard lie,
Break not their prison-bonds till time shall die?

Nay, 'tis not so, indeed:
With the last fluttering of the falling breath
The clay-cold form doth breed
A viewless essence, far too fine for death;
And, ere one voice can mourn,
On upward pinions borne,
They are hidden, they are hidden, in some thin air,
Far from corruption, far from care,
Where through a vale they view their former scene,
Only a little touch'd by what has been.

Touch'd but a little; and yet,
Conscious of every change that doth befall,
By constant change beset,
The creatures of this tiny whirling ball,
Fill'd with a higher being,
Dower'd with a clearer seeing,
Risen to a vaster scheme of life,
To wider joys and nobler strife,
Viewing our little human hopes and fears
As we our children's fleeting smiles and tears.

Then, whether with fire they burn
This dwelling-house of mine when I am fled,
And in a marble urn
My ashes rest by my beloved dead,
Or in the sweet cold earth
I pass from death to birth,
And pay kind Nature's life-long debt
In heart's ease and in violet—
In charnel-yard or hidden ocean wave,
Where 'er I lie, I shall not scorn my grave.

The Destruction of the Mosquito

BY ANGELO CELLI

In the study of malaria the Italians are pre-eminent. Italian scientists have had in the country near Rome an inexhaustible laboratory for the study of the disease. The book* from which we have made the following reading studies the epidemiology and prophylaxis of the disease, and contains a bibliography of Roman malaria from 1600 to the present day. The suggestions as to the prevention of malaria, the care of malarial patients and related information make the book a valuable guide to any one living in a malarial country.

Mosquitoes can be destroyed in various ways, according to the two periods of their life—namely, the aquatic and the aerial. And even during the aquatic stage of their existence their powers of resistance differ; thus, the eggs are moderately resistant; the young larvæ possess very little power of resistance; whereas the adult larvæ, and particularly the nymphæ, are very resistant. Fortunately for the practical employment of disinfection, the nymphal period is transitory, and is very short in comparison with the larval stage. The problem consists in destroying the larvæ in the water and the mosquitoes in the air.

The vegetable kingdom supplies some very energetic larvicidal substances; for example, infusion of tobacco leaves, and powdered unexpanded flowers of Dalmatian chrysanthemums or pyrethrums (*Chrysanthemum*; *Pyrethrum cinerariæ-folium*), which are the essential part of the so-called insecticide powders, and are potent specific poison, killing the larvæ in a few hours.

Among the mineral substances potash in normal tenth solution or a little stronger also acts quickly. Corrosive sublimate, which is such an energetic bacterial disinfectant, is in this case not very active, requiring at least five hours to kill the larvæ, even in a solution of 1 per cent., while the nymphæ live for a longer time. Sulphurous water, even non-saturated, and salt water 5 to 10 per cent. are also sufficiently energetic larvicides.

Next come a series of substances that act less energetically, from the bisulphites to permanganate of potash, which, even in solution of 5 per cent., does not kill the larvæ until after three days, and consequently for this reason, as well as owing to its cost, is not practical. Moreover, in marshy waters, where there is so much organic material, it would lose a great part of its action.

*Malaria According to the New Researches by Professor Angelo Celli, Director of the Institute of Hygiene, University of Rome. Translated by John Joseph Eyre. Longman, Green & Co. \$3.00.

Among the aniline dyes (blue, violet, red, yellow, green) those which have the most energetic action are larvicide, gallol, and green malachite A.

Of these three colors the most active is larvicide, whose certain larvicidal dose in twenty-four hours is 0.00015 per cent., while for gallol it is 0.0125 per cent., and for green malachite A 0.025 per cent. The minimum larvicidal dose of the first falls to 0.000031 per cent., while for the second it stops at 0.0007 per cent., and for the third at 0.0031 per cent.

The aniline dyes in general possess the useful quality of diffusing themselves in an extraordinary way in water, so that a very small amount colors a very large quantity of water. Moreover, very weak solutions are sufficient to destroy the young larvæ rapidly; and if the solution be made a little stronger, but still very weak, the adult larvæ are destroyed in twelve to twenty-four hours. Besides, while petroleum, being volatile, evaporates readily, the aniline dyes, on the contrary, remain active for a long time. In a large amount of water a solution of one of these two dyes remained active for more than two months, killing the larvæ in fourteen to twenty hours. The action is gradually lost when the water becomes putrid, which, however, in natural clear waters, where the larvæ of *Anopheles* develop, does not occur, or occurs to a much less extent. Consequently these aniline dyes are of great practical value, especially as they are not poisonous to man nor to mammals, so that the water that contains them in solution can be drunk by the cattle.

They are, however, poisonous and deadly to many insects which live in marshy waters and cause damage to crops. These waters, tinted with the aniline colors, are not in the least injurious to plants; so that this system of disinfection can also be applied to the water of rice-fields.

Larvicide is much more active and cheaper than gallol. It is sufficient to say that its cost for disinfection per cubic metre of water varies from lire 0.0056 to 0.0012.

Water saturated with sulphurous oxide kills the larvæ in ten minutes and the nymphæ in twenty-five minutes. The sulphurous water can be readily obtained by burning sulphur and passing its vapor through water. We can also obtain the liquid sulphurous oxide in metal tubes, where it is under high pressure, and by opening the tap it can be passed into the water to be disin-

fect. Perhaps its manufacture on a large scale will reduce its cost, but at present it is too dear to be employed for this purpose.

Potassium permanganate, which by itself is of little use, with the addition of hydrochloric acid 5 per cent., is effectual in a strength of less than one-half per 1,000.

The saturated solution of salt is very powerful, killing the larvæ in half an hour and the nymphæ in an hour; but this solution, though it can be had naturally in the salines, cannot in reality be utilized in practice, owing to its great cost in Italy, and the large quantity that is necessary. In certain cases sea water, when it is near, is the best and most practical form of disinfectant for the larvæ.

The powder of the unexpanded flowers of chrysanthemums is capable of killing the larvæ rapidly. It is a true larvicidal and nymphicidal poison, and is very soluble in water. We shall see also that, in the form of fumes, it is excellent against the mature mosquitoes.

Petroleum in the strength of 0.20 cc. per 100 c.m.q. of surface acts well, killing in four hours both the larvæ and nymphæ; but if it be weaker than 0.10 cc. per 100 c.m.q. it takes six hours, and below this all larvicidal action ceases.

Ordinary oil also acts in the same manner, and on forming a thin layer on the surface of the water it kills the larvæ in ten hours. Both the oil and the petroleum have a mechanical action only, that is, by intercepting the air from the larvæ, which require much oxygen, and therefore come frequently to the surface to breathe. If this stratum prevents the exchange of air they die, but if the whole surface of the water is not covered, space is left by which the larvæ are enabled to gain access to the oxygen in air, and they do not die. So true is this that the nymphæ, which resist chemical disinfectant longer than the larvæ, in water with oil on the surface, die in a shorter time than the larvæ (in four hours). This is to be expected, because they require more atmospheric oxygen than the larvæ, and have to come to the surface more frequently than the latter. One readily understands why, directly the petroleum evaporates, all its larvicidal action ceases.

Formalin, a very powerful bacterial disinfectant, requires not less than ten hours to kill the larvæ and twelve to kill the nymphæ; therefore, this bacterial disinfectant is of little use for our purpose.

Lysol requires twelve hours to kill the larvæ, twenty-four to kill the nymphæ. Caustic lime in a concentrated solution of 10 per cent. requires more than a day!

Summarizing the effects of all the substances that have been enumerated for the destruction of the larvæ, we have, in a decreasing order of potency:

Mineral substances—sulphurous dioxide, permanganate of potash with hydrochloric acid, common salt, potash, ammonia, carburet of lime, sublimate, chloride of lime, and then bisulphites, sulphate of iron and of copper, lime, bichromate of potash, and sodium sulphite.

Organic substances—vegetable insecticide powders (flowers of Chrysanthemums; Pyrethrum cinerariæ-folium), tobacco, petroleum and oil, formalin, cresol, some aniline dyes and tar.

Taking into consideration, however, the quantities required, their practicability, and price, all the mineral and some of the organic substances are out of the question, and there remain only the vegetable powders, the aniline dyes, and petroleum.

By cultivating chrysanthemum or pyrethrum plants largely, from the unexpanded flowers of which the powders are made, it is very probable that one will succeed in making the malarious place itself produce a substance which is capable of destroying the mosquitoes which infest it.

The selection of the larvicide for any particular place will depend upon circumstances. It must never be forgotten, however, that the most suitable time for destroying larvæ is in the winter and the beginning of spring, when they are fewer in number in the water, and new generations are not being developed. In the winter also it is necessary to insist on the destruction of the mosquitoes themselves in houses or in any place where they are found.

A more perfect knowledge of the habits of these insects, of the places where, and of the time during which they ovulate, will assist in devising means for their destruction, which, even under the most favorable circumstances—that is, when sanitation will have done all that it can do—will be a very difficult undertaking on an extensive scale.

For a very long time attempts have been made to destroy the mosquitoes. In America, for example, besides raising dragon-flies on a large scale with the hope that they would destroy mosquitoes, it has been proposed to light lamps in the places infested with these insects, standing them in a vessel containing a culicidal substance, with the idea of destroying the great number of mosquitoes that would be attracted by the light. But even this means has failed. Again, in all places that are infested by mosquitoes, many culicidal substances are sold—in Italy, for example, la razzio, insecticide cones, etc.; but we cannot bring about a wholesale destruction by these means, because they are too costly, and besides, even when used

in a room, they more often produce apparent death (lasting for a variable time) than real death of the mosquitoes.

We have directed our attention to this matter, and we have tested many substances, always selecting those which are cheap, so that if found efficacious, they could be used on a large scale. Our experiments were made, for the purpose of comparison, in a very small chamber, and equivalent quantities of the culicids were used.

The substances employed are divided into three categories: odors, fumes and gases. Among the odors, oil of turpentine and iodoform occupy the first position.

Next comes the agreeable odors of menthol and nutmeg; they cause apparent death of mosquitoes in ten minutes, and actual death in from two to three hours. Camphor stupefies them in four or five minutes, and kills them in from four to five hours. Garlic stupefies them in a few minutes; kills them in about five hours. This explains the very old custom which is adopted in some malarious regions, by those who work in the rice-fields, of hanging round their neck little bags containing camphor and garlic with the hope of protecting themselves from the bad air; we now know that this prevents the malarial mosquitoes biting them.

Then come substances that are less powerful, pepper, naphthalin, and onion, which, though being very similar to garlic, produces apparent death of mosquitoes after a much longer interval, and never kills them.

As to fumes, we would observe first of all that the peasants and shepherds of the Agro Romano unconsciously adopt a prophylactic means against malaria by lighting a fire in their huts. These small and badly-ventilated habitations become immediately filled with smoke, and the mosquitoes which are in them either rapidly fly away or become stupefied. Wood-smoke is, however, much less efficient than the fumes of many other substances, requiring a few minutes to stupefy the mosquitoes, but many hours (from twelve to forty-eight) to kill them.

The most efficient culicide is tobacco smoke; this instantly produces apparent death, and actual death in two or three minutes. In malarious places one frequently hears it remarked that "it is necessary to smoke, in order not to get the fevers"; which is not so very far from the truth, inasmuch as tobacco smoke drives away mosquitoes. Nevertheless, a relatively enormous quantity is necessary for killing them, which certainly cannot be produced, even in a small room where many persons smoke, and where they end by making themselves feel ill. Therefore in houses

it is preferable to burn larvicide, and the powder of Dalmatian chrysanthemums or pyrethrums, which in respect to its culcidial action, comes immediately after tobacco. Its fumes do not produce any discomfort. Finally, we have experimented with several other aniline colors which burn, but we have found that none of them equal larvicide in potency.

The fresh leaves of eucalyptus may be utilized and burned, if there is nothing better. The fumes of quassia wood are slightly less active, killing the mosquitoes in five hours. Pyrethrum powder, which is the chief constituent of many commercial insecticide powders, requires eight hours to kill these insects, but it stupefies them more quickly than the fumes of quassia.

The dried leaves of wild mint and pitch give off fumes whose action is almost identical with that of quassia.

Then come other substances which stupefy the mosquitoes more or less in the same time as the preceding, or in a few minutes, but which require much longer time to kill them—namely, from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. These are the fumes of rosemary, the so-called culcidial cones, dry camomile flowers and saliva. The last culicide is wood smoke; this also causes apparent death in a few minutes, but kills them sometimes only after forty-eight hours.

Some gases are more effectual than many of the fumes just mentioned. In fact, sulphur dioxide, hydrogen sulphide, coal gas, formaldehyde, produce apparent death instantaneously, and actual death after 1 to 2 minutes; others, such as sulphuretted carbon, cause apparent death in 10 to 15 minutes, and actual death in 15 to 30 minutes.

Last summer we made numerous experiments on a large scale to protect houses, and especially bedrooms, from mosquitoes, and we have found a powder composed of larvicide, unexpanded flowers of chrysanthemums, and valerian root to be the best for the purpose. Burning one to two tablespoonfuls of it in the evening in a room 36 to 40 c.m. stupefied the mosquitoes until morning; by burning larger quantities, they were found dead in the morning on the windows and floor. The fumes of this powder are not disagreeable to most people, and if valerian be unpleasant to some, it can be omitted, or its odor can be masked.

In any case the task of the destruction of mosquitoes in the houses of malarial patients becomes at least as necessary as the destruction of pathogenic bacteria, inasmuch as it has been proved that malaria during that period of the year when the mosquitoes reënter the houses is a true domestic disease.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

The Effect of Mouth Breathing..... Mayo Collier..... Lancet

The association of mouth-breathing with high palate unsymmetrical upper jaw, prominent nose, open mouth, and thin, flattened face is a constant one. On attempting to reason this subject out at a meeting of the Odontological Society I was met by a perfect hurricane of adverse criticism. I was told that all these cases were hereditary and there was nothing more to be said on the subject. It reminded me very much of the reception a dog gets in the streets of Constantinople if he happens to leave his own street and wander to another. Whatever meaning the members of the society attached to the term "heredity" they are welcome to, but it at all events does not mean that any given person with a face such as I have indicated must of necessity be born with the same. I am old enough now to have seen many instances of children with beautifully formed faces, symmetrical dental arches, and perfect nasal respiration become in after life quite altered. The upper arch has become so distorted that the molar teeth on each side are approximated so that the teeth of the upper jaw rest only by their edges on the teeth of the lower jaw, whereas the incisor teeth of the upper jaw protrude forward and hang in front of the incisor teeth of the lower jaw. The whole of the upper jaw may become atrophied, the nasal respiration almost entirely suspended, and the palate highly arched and V-shaped, and the mouth constantly open. Why this change? Was it the evolution of the hereditary tendency which in these cases did not exist, the parents in all these instances having remarkably well-formed upper jaws and being particularly good-looking? I can produce the same effect on any young animal chosen indiscriminately by blocking its nose for a long time with cotton-wool. Is it unreasonable to suggest that turbinal atony and hypertrophy in the young and growing subject will act as the piece of wool in the nose of the young animal.

It is a matter of common knowledge that children affected with post-nasal growths or enlarged tonsils or both often become pale, thin, anæmic, listless and generally out of sorts. I myself have never heard a satisfactory explanation offered for this associated condition. I say "associated," for the association is fairly constant. In grown-up persons who suffer from post nasal catarrh and pharyngitis and chronic laryngeal catarrh I have noticed two very prominent symptoms—chronic flatulent dyspepsia and a suffused and at the same time leaden appearance of the complexion. The

skin of the face becomes thick, heavy and patchy and often the vessels of the conjunctiva are permanently dilated. I take it that in both cases a large quantity of unhealthy mucus finds its way into the stomach. This in the child probably interferes with nutrition and in the grown-up person is the cause of the dyspepsia. The want of proper oxidation at night is the probable cause of the altered and damaged complexion. Whatever be the explanation it is our common experience that if the nasal respiration be restored and the nose and throat trouble cured in both cases nutrition improves and the patient is speedily restored.

*Nervous and Electric Conductibility..... A. D. Rockwell**

When the healthy nerve cell receives the stimulus of the nerve wave, energy is liberated, animating and reinforcing the nerve current. In the sick nerve cell, on the contrary, energy is not excited, much less increased. Without this reinforcement as developed in the healthy cell, the nerve wave can make no further progress. In other words, the neuron becomes impervious to it. Pathological conditions show that the conductivity of the neuron may be complete or incomplete according to the degree of permeability of the nervous tract. If the nerve current can pass it is translated into sensation, movement, intelligence. If it cannot pass and there are no gross structural changes, we get a variety of the functional neuroses, as hysteria and hysterical anæsthesia and paraplegia, forms of neurasthenia, and mental defects as shown more especially in confusion of ideas and impaired memory. In order to make clear the striking analogy between the nerve current and the electric current, it will be necessary to refer briefly to a novel and very interesting contrivance called the "coherer," an essential part of the outfit for wireless telegraphy. This coherer is simply a tube of metallic filings.

Now, although metal is the best of conductors, yet when it is divided into separate and distinct particles like the filings of iron, the coherer which is made up of these filings becomes non-conducting to a weak current. If, however, the tube containing the filings is placed in a solenoid through which course currents of high frequency, or in the range of influence of the cathodic ray, the tube immediately becomes a conductor and the current passes; or if it is placed in proximity to a static

*Read at the annual meeting of the New York Medical Association.

machine in operation, the electric waves set in motion by the electric sparks strike the coherer and render it immediately a conductor:

It immediately becomes non-conducting again, if subjected to any shock however slight. Removed from these influences, it gradually loses its conductivity, retaining it longer under the influence of cold than of heat. These invisible and silent waves of influence nothing can obstruct or deflect, and in the far distance—the limit of which no one can yet say—striking the tube of iron filings, are translated into signs of intelligence.

In order to study a phenomenon with advantage it is well to have a theory, and although the theory be defective, it yet gives us a point of departure, leading, it may be, to a clearer conception of the principles involved. This theory, as suggested by M. Branly, to whom we are indebted for this interesting discovery, supposes that each grain is surrounded by a sheath of condensed ether, but not in contact the one with the other. The waves of an electric discharge expand these sheaths of ether, and it is their mutual penetration that changes the tube of filings from a non-conductor to a conductor. A shock retracts these sheaths and destroys their conductivity.

On the other hand, when we study the nervous system on the basis of the neuron theory we find analogies of the most striking character.

Neuro-motor energy may be developed primarily in the nerve centres, or it may come from without, external physical energy being transformed into reflex nervous energy; in either case it overcomes the natural resistance of the independent neurons, making them conductors of energy in the same way that the electric wave generated at a distance, and striking the disconnected filings of the coherer, overcomes its natural resistance and makes it a conductor.

The neuron with its dendrites makes up the central and active part of the nerve cell, the cylinder axis prolongations acting as conductors of the nervous current. Under the influence of external irritation the dendrites are increased and developed, and the greater the activity of the neuron the greater the tendency to produce new protoplasmic growths. Does not this harmonize very closely with the working theory in explanation of the action of electricity on the disconnected conductors of the coherer—the expansion and contraction of the ether surrounding each metal particle corresponding to the increase and development or the decrease and obliteration of the protoplasmic prolongations of the cell? The points of contact are broken between the individual neurons, and the nervous wave is arrested in its course.

This theory of the alternating conductivity and non-conductibility of the disconnected conductor termed the coherer, and the theory of the neuron open up to us not only the possibility of understanding more clearly the gross changes of organic lesions of the brain and the invisible anomalies of structure that we term nutritional, but throw a new and brighter light on the rationale of the well-established value of electricity in the cure of so many functional diseases of the nervous system, and the relief often afforded, even in diseases that are organic and structural.

Reasoning from analogy and the results of physical and physiological experiment, it is natural to conclude that conditions such as hysteria and hysterical anaesthesia and paraplegia, forms of neurasthenia, and various mental conditions, are the derangements in which electricity in some one of its manifestations is specially indicated. But long before we possessed any knowledge of these interesting facts relative to nerve and electric conduction, the clinic had assured us positively and repeatedly of the efficiency of this method of treatment in the functional diseases of the nervous system.

Separate Prison for Consumptive Convicts.....Medical Record

Dr. W. H. Blake has been indefatigable in pleading the cause and untiring in his efforts to better the conditions of those unfortunate prisoners who are suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis and of those who are compelled to live in close association with them. Dr. Blake, who is physician on the board of inspectors of convicts for Alabama, is able to speak with authority on the subject, and, moreover, his views are in accord with those of all persons who have studied the hygiene of prisons. The statistics of deaths among convicts in the Alabama State prisons for the past twenty years show that for the first half of this period consumption caused 20.3 per cent. of the total mortality; for the last half it caused 42 per cent. In the penitentiaries of the different States, of the total deaths, the percentage caused by consumption reads thus: Mississippi, 20 per cent.; Arkansas, 20 per cent.; Florida, 30 per cent.; Ohio, 31 per cent.; Michigan, 33 per cent.; Alleghany County workhouse, Pa., 33 1-3 per cent.; Virginia, 41 per cent.; Kentucky, 42 per cent.; Joliet, Ill., 70 per cent.; Huntsville penitentiary, Texas, 66 per cent.; Rusk penitentiary, Texas, 33 per cent.; Washington, 16 per cent.; Connecticut (1898), 60 per cent., and in 1897 every death that occurred in the penitentiary of Connecticut was caused by consumption. These are appalling figures and speak for themselves. It is now universally admitted that under certain

conditions tuberculosis is a contagious disease. Living with and breathing the same air as a consumptive person is a method eminently calculated to spread the disease. Prison management in Alabama and in most if not all the other prisons mentioned is especially favorable to the propagation of consumption. In the Alabama convict institutions, for example, the inmates are not kept in separate cells, but from fifty to one hundred are confined together in a single large cell. Consumptive convicts, unless in an advanced stage of the disease, are shut in with the healthy convicts. The consequence is that the prison is, to a large extent, a death trap, and the mortality from consumption is increasing. Dr. Blake urges the cause of the convict in the following words: "There is only one remedy for this condition, and that is to separate the consumptive convicts from the non-consumptive. We need something more than separate wards in the same building, or separate buildings on the same grounds. We need a separate camp for consumptive convicts, the further from the other prisons the better, in order to give the non-tuberculous prisoners the greatest possible immunity from this disease. With the organization of such a camp, and the exercise of painstaking care in detecting consumption in its early stages, and the prompt removal of such convicts to said camps; in doing this, we shall have accomplished all that our present knowledge of this disease points out as our duty in the premises. This would give the consumptive better treatment, and the well man a chance to remain well.

*Brain Fag.....Dr. Andrew Wilson**

Of course many a man and woman may suffer from brain-fag in a minor degree without absolutely passing into the condition of the veritable invalid. Perhaps, like the over-driven steed which for a time easily recovers from the excess of work, the overworked brain possesses a certain elasticity of constitution which quickly enables it to recover its tone. The danger, however, here is that repeated attacks of brain-fag tend to permanently lower the vitality of the brain cells. In such a case the ordinary hygienic advice to attend to all those laws and conditions of health which represent the means of perfect living may apply. Thus if sleep be imperfectly represented, as is not at all unlikely to be the case, we must secure a fair modicum of rest. The question of sleeplessness, always prominent in nerve troubles, is too wide to permit of any discussion of it in these pages. The causes of sleeplessness are as varied

as the characteristics of humanity themselves, but if a general irritability of the nervous system, due to overwork, or other cause, lies at the root of the trouble, then the subject may be able to effect a cure on hygienic principles. Thus, by shifting his camp to another sleeping apartment, by altering the hours of his meals, by the avoidance of tea and coffee late at night, by the taking of the old-fashioned "night-cap" (meaning thereby an alcoholic potion taken at bed-time), by the securing of perfect quiet and of a pure atmosphere, the drowsy god may be wooed back again to our domain. I should strongly advise people troubled with sleeplessness to take no opiates or narcotics, save under the advice of their medical man. Apart from the obvious danger of an overdose which awaits those who indulge in narcotics, there is also the disadvantage that a very much increased amount of the opiate has to be taken to secure the result which at first followed a moderate dose. The cure becomes worse than the disease, and the subject of excessive narcotism is apt therefore to develop a doubly sleepless condition—the one phase due to the original trouble and the other to the action of the narcotic. If there is any justifiability for a sleepless or nervously irritated man taking anything to produce sleep or to soothe him, his action should be that of dosing himself with the simplest and least harmful of sedatives. Possible a dose of bromide of potash or bromide of sodium may relieve a simple, uncomplicated case of sleeplessness or worry, but such cases as a rule are not quite so easily treated, and the repetition of the advice to consult a physician in such cases is warranted, if only by the fact that so many persons tamper with narcotics.

The latest contrivance for producing a healthy sleep in case of insomnia is an oscillating bed. This bed has been tested in various hospitals, and has received favorable comment from physicians, while one doctor reports that he regards it as a very decided aid in the treatment of insomnia. The bed is fixed at its centre, and by means of automatic mechanism of simple character the head of the couch is alternately elevated and lowered, so that a gentle rhythmic movement is imparted to it. The movement is entirely under the control of the person resting in the bed, and in nervous cases appears to exert a decided effect in inducing sleep and in soothing the patient.

There can be no doubt that in the nerve troubles which affect our modern existence, rest must be deemed one of the chief, if not the principal, condition for cure. The age we live in is a restless one, and the want of sufficient repose may undoubtedly lie at the root of a vast deal of the irritability which prevails. Rest, however, may be relative.

*From *Brain and Body: The Nervous System in Social Life*. New York: M. F. Mansfield. \$1.00.

We may have absolute rest, which we endeavor to obtain in sleep, when such of our physical and mental powers as are not completely at rest have at least become slowed down and modified in their action. But the term rest is not always synonymous with sleep, and a man may sleep fairly well and at the same time suffer from the effects of want of true repose. The constant and unremitting attention to one or a few details of his business may produce in any man brain-fag of as distinct a type as that which marks the man who suffers from insomnia. The rest required by such a man (typical of a large class nowadays) is not so much repose as change of occupation.

He needs a hobby which will provide him with a change of occupation, turn the working of his brain cells into another channel, and liberate his nerve energy in fresh directions, and by instituting new connections, between the group of brain cells, make the brain a more efficient instrument for the governance and control of the body.

The Poison of Ptomaines.....New York Sun

Regarding the symptoms of meat poisoning, Dr. Thompson, Prof. William Osler, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London, professor of medicine in John Hopkins University, and professor of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and other well-known authorities appear to agree that the symptoms are substantially the same in each case. These symptoms may follow almost immediately or after an interval of several days. The former is much the better for the patient because the sooner the alimentary canal is relieved from the poisonous material by vomiting and diarrhoea the greater the chance of recovery. In the majority of cases there is a latent period of twelve to thirty-six hours between the taking of the tainted food and the development of the symptoms. Ballard found that, in observing fifty-one cases of meat poisoning, a period of twelve hours elapsed in five of the cases before the symptoms developed. In thirty-four cases, between twelve and thirty-six hours elapsed, and in eight cases between thirty-six and forty-eight hours elapsed. There were only four of these fifty-one cases in which it took a longer period than forty-eight hours to develop.

According to Dr. Thompson, the symptoms usually develop suddenly and with violence, but occasionally the development is preceded with an indefinite uneasiness on the part of the patient, nausea, lassitude and abdominal cramps. When the symptoms develop suddenly, they are preceded by rigors with vertigo or faintness or a violent headache. Sometimes there is great difficulty in breathing and there may be cold perspiration and

sudden severe pains in the upper abdomen or in the thorax, especially between the shoulders. Intense thirst has also been observed. Soon after one or more of these symptoms have appeared there is violent colicky pain in the bowels, accompanied by nausea, retching and vomiting. There is an extreme degree of muscular prostration, which comes on suddenly and prevents the patient from standing. This may be due to the abdominal pain, but it also occurs independently. The tongue is dry and coated with a thick brownish-yellow fur in the middle, but the margins are of a bright red with distinct minute nipple-like projections. Fever is usually present, and the temperature may rise to 103.5 degrees or 104 degrees Fahrenheit, although the skin may feel cold and moist. The pulse is somewhat accelerated and the rate may reach 130 or 140.

Occasional symptoms, which have been noted by Ballard, according to Dr. Thompson, are severe cramps in the legs and arms, convulsive twitching of the muscles of the face and hands, stiffness in the joints and various abnormal sensations, such as numbness, tingling and flashes of cold and heat in the extremities. There may also be drowsiness, intolerance of either natural or artificial light, and, in the worst cases, insomnia, nervous excitement or mild delirium. If the poison results fatally the prostration increases, the pulse grows rapid and feeble, and rapid emaciation follows. The patient becomes extremely blue about the lips and passes into a state of collapse resembling that of the last stage of cholera. In the more severe cases, if convalescence follows the attack, it is prolonged, and the weakness of the patient may be fully as great as after some infectious fevers, such as cholera or yellow fever.

Dr. Thompson says that the diagnosis is almost always obtainable from the history of the case in connection with the symptoms already described. When the cause of the poisoning is ptomaines from canned food, the only difficulty consists in determining whether the poisoning is the result of eating the tainted meat or of acute metallic poisoning from chloride of zinc, tin or lead used in the process of soldering the can.

The symptoms in poisoning by milk, cream, ice-cream and cheese are similar to those in the cases of meat poisoning. The symptoms in fish poisoning are, according to Dr. Thompson, somewhat different from the cases of poisoning from meat or milk. The difference lies chiefly in the fact that in the cases of fish poisoning the nervous system is more affected than the stomach and the intestines. For this reason the poison is very much more dangerous, and fatal cases have been known to result two hours after eating.

Growth of the Nervous System*

By DR. JEAN PHILLIPPE

Our nervous system is rightly considered as the immediate organ of mental life, and that which presides over the nutrition of the entire body. It is, therefore, the study of this, more than that of any other element, that will permit of understanding the physical and moral growth of the child, since it is both its mental organ and the regulator of all nutrition. Its development, which seems to precede that of all the other tissues, differs therefrom profoundly.

In the osseous, muscular, or other tissues, growth always takes place through a multiplication of cells, each of which divides into two or four others, which divide in their turn. This is quantitative increase. It seems, on the contrary, that in the nervous system qualitative increase is the more important. From birth to maturity the number of nervous cells increases but little, if indeed it increases at all; but their qualities change, or, more correctly speaking, while some that are inert and sterile remain forever embryonary, others develop and become complete cells in measure with the requirements of the organism. It is, therefore, necessary to be attentive to other changes that are at least as important, as well as to the increase in number and weight, since at the moment at which the proliferations of nervous cells are arrested, there begins an operation designed to finish a growth that was but begun.

Nervous proliferation ceases at the fourth month that precedes birth. While all the other cells are in course of active proliferation for more than twenty years, the nervous cells, which will preside over these multiplications, cease to divide in order to reproduce themselves. Their growth will thereafter consist in direct increase in volume and intimate modifications in the constituent form and elements. Until then they were merely embryos of adult cells that failed to awaken to active life and become perfect.

Growth in Weight and Volume.—This double work begins at uterine life, in which the brain of the embryo is composed of two kinds of cells, one kind small, incompletely developed and not yet acting, and the other larger and better formed and provided with all the elements necessary for organizing nutritive actions and performing the part of sensitive and motor cells. They are capable of acting, and doubtless already do so.

Toward the epoch at which the numerical in-

crease in the nervous cells is arrested the brain of the embryo weighs about 1.5 ounce, say about a fifth of the total weight of the body at the fourth month. This is quite a high ratio of the brain to the mass of the body, but one that will progressively decrease, since the cellular multiplication of the other tissues augments the weight of the other organs more than does the increase in dimensions and quality of the few nervous elements that continue to grow. From the fifth to the ninth month, the cerebral mass amounts to about twelve ounces in a body of 6.6 pounds at birth, this being a little more than a tenth of the total weight. But at the end of the first year the weight of the body has tripled, while that of the brain has hardly more than doubled, and will not triple until its fifth year, the epoch at which the weight of the body will have quintupled. The divergence becomes marked in the two succeeding years, the cerebral growth falling behind that of the rest of the body to such an extent that at the end of growth the weight of the brain has scarcely quadrupled, while the body is twenty-one times heavier than it was at birth. And yet the cerebral energy has increased more and more according to the ascensional movement of the weight, while its mass has increased nearly like the line of height. Do not profound transformations in the very quality of the nervous elements then intervene?

Furthermore, every other relation set apart, the absolute weight of the brain ceases to increase, and might even diminish toward the fifteenth year. This, however, is the age of adolescence, in which the growth of the rest of the body, far from being finished or arrested, makes the most desperate efforts finally to finish the structure of the organism in all its details.

How, therefore, can we explain this apparent paradox if profound transformations do not then intervene in the nervous qualities? It is by studying these principal developments that we shall be able to understand the form of nervous growth.

Growth in Qualities.—Without having succeeded in completely or constantly following this, we have a few ideas concerning it. We know that of the few million nervous cells that go to make up the brain, about 50,000 are already completely developed at the sixteenth week. At birth, that is to say, toward the fortieth week, the number will exceed 100,000. In the adolescent, more than 200,000 cells act, and in the adult, about 220,000. Is this not a minimum difference between these 50

*Revue Larousse: translated for the Scientific American Supplement.

profoundly separated ages? We shall find it slighter upon reflecting that such increase in volume, much greater than the multiplication in number, nevertheless expresses as yet but one side of the improvement of these delicate organs, and is only the material from which other finer and more delicate improvements and transformations are to be made. M. L. Manouvrier has well demonstrated that, with the brain in general, quality is of more importance than weight. It seems that this is applicable also to every cell.

GROWTH IN VOLUME OF NERVOUS CELLS.

Fourth week.....	1
Twentieth week.....	17
Twenty-fourth week.....	31
Twenty-eighth week.....	67
Thirty-sixth week.....	81
At birth.....	124
Thirty years.....	160

(1=700 μ^3)

As far as can be judged at present, the increase in the nervous cells consists in passing from the state of a simple granule to that of a complete cell having a nucleus with a nucleolus and immersed in a well characterized cytoplasm. This evolution, which completes the increase in volume and weight, begins toward the thirty-fifth week, that is to say, upon the eve of birth; but it is far from reaching all the regions alike. There are, in the first place, a few cells of the deep layers that begin to assume this perfect form, and then, after them, the same work goes on in succession in layers that are nearer and nearer the surface. The development thus takes place very quickly from the centre to the periphery, so that at birth there are perfect cells at all stages of the brain save at the extreme surface, where the primitive form exists, even in mature men.

Parallel with such increase in the nature of the elements (and doubtless likewise in the chemical composition, as seems to be indicated by variations in reaction with coloring materials), we observe other signs of maturity, such as changes of form, nucleolar modifications, etc.

The nervous cell, starting from the moment at which it ceases to multiply, begins to modify its contours, elongates them into angles, and soon puts forth an elongated point which, transformed into a cylindrical axis, finally reaches the muscle or the organ in which it is to terminate.

It is again toward the fourth month before birth that, finishing the formation of the cell, the first sheaths of myeline begin to surround these cylindrical prolongations, in the first place in the marrow. The completion of the cerebral cells will occur later on.

The appearance of these sheaths of myeline is

one of the first facts, duly established, through which we are able clearly to connect the appearance of certain organic functions with visible modifications of the nervous system. They appear, in fact, only at the moment in which, the anatomical connections being established, the nervous fibre is capable of fulfilling its functions of conduction. To say that the axial prolongation has provided itself with such envelope is tantamount to saying that the cell is thenceforward perfect and ready to operate; and the day on which we shall know the date of appearance of these sheaths in all parts of the nervous system we shall have a chronology of the dates at which each of these parts is completed.

It is in the marrow that first appear the complete cells provided with all their accessories—those that constitute the peripheric nerves. It is here, too, that we remark the first reflex acts, the simplest motions of the embryo, along toward the fourth or fifth month of uterine life. Later on in the embryo of from 15 to 16 inches, myeline appears in the fibres of the columns of Goll, and the peripheric excitations are then transmitted over the entire extent of the spinal marrow as far as to the lower parts of the medulla oblongata. Finally, at the eighth month, the fibres of Gower's fasciculus, which ascend to the upper gray masses, as far as to the optical layers and the cortical substance, become myelinized. The central sensitive passage is then open, and the wholly physiological impressions, which were previously incapable of causing anything but a medullary reflex action, comprise thereafter a psychical time—a moment at which the child will be able to take on a rudiment of reflexion in order to organize its response. It is in an embryonic and wholly imperfect form, the first rough draught of what later on will be the thought of man.

Mental life thus begins before birth, and the child that comes to light, before even opening its eyes or ears is not the tablet for inscription or rather the blank leaf that certain philosophers imagine for the convenience of their theories. It has already felt, reacted and thought in the physiological sense of the word, and it is upon these first data that are organized in its brain the sensitive and motor centres between which will stretch those fibres of association which are as yet but imperfectly known.

It is unfortunately impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to follow such transformations step by step, or year by year. All that we can say is that this entire organism of marvelous complexity and beautiful adaptation is methodically and surely formed in measure with the needs of the organism.

Scientific Problems, Progress and Prophecy

Bacterial Light.....Lancet

We are indebted for a good many things to the wondrous synthetic and analytical powers of micro-organisms. Bacteria are being utilized in the arts and manufactures and they promise soon to be the effectual scavengers of the offensive products incidental to the existence of human life. Indeed, it would seem that the great species of bacteria around us present a variety of functions which doubtless could be turned to many a good account. Bad microbes we know there are, whose subtle operations set up the specific poison of disease, but it would indeed be a very odd circumstance if time should prove that the microbe can be so manipulated as to afford us artificial light. Yet there exists a microbe which when properly fed will grow and multiply enormously, emitting during its development a strange phosphorescent light. In the past we have been wont to look upon phosphorescence as a phenomenon due essentially to the presence of phosphorus somewhere. We now know that this is a mistake, for phosphorescence occurs in a very great number of instances in the entire absence of phosphorus. Phosphorescence is undoubtedly a manifestation of chemical or physical change, but the change of course may not always be due to the working of countless microscopic organisms. It certainly is in the case of the phosphorescence of the sea. In this case the phosphorescence is best when the sea is disturbed, and the maximum of light is emitted from the crest of a short, rapid wave or in the foam produced by some disturbance. This is due to the fact that the phosphorescent bacteria or photo-bacteria are much more active in the presence of an excess of oxygen. Indeed, the respiratory exchange or oxidation of the bacteria is the cause of sea phosphorescence, since if the micro-organisms be killed or oxygen be excluded the light is quenched at once, while on adding an abundant supply of combustible food-stuff such as sugar the light is intensified. The glow of ordinary yellow phosphorus is, of course, due to direct oxidation without the agency of micro-organisms. The peculiar greenish glow seen upon stale haddocks and other sea fishes is produced by this remarkable photo-bacterium, and is in no way connected with the presence of phosphorus. It is possible to cultivate the phosphorescent bacteria so as to obtain a fluid which is very strongly phosphorescent. Thus by placing the flesh of fresh haddocks or herrings in a two to three per cent.

solution of common salt and keeping at a low temperature—about seven degrees above freezing—it will be found that after a few days not merely the fishes, but also the whole of the liquid in which they are immersed, give off a pale greenish light which becomes much more brilliant if a little sugar be added. Pure cultures may thus be obtained exhibiting such a strongly phosphorescent light that by protracted exposure they may be photographed by their own light. It is not possible to say whether the culture will ever be carried to such a pitch that the vessel containing it may be used with advantage as a street lamp or a lamp upon our tables or a Chinese lantern at our garden parties. But the wonderful functions of bacteria are many, and the possibilities of using their powers multifarious.

The Paris Telescope of 1900.....Eugene Antoniadi.....Knowledge

It was at the initiative of M. François Deloncle, plenipotentiary minister, that a group of amateur astronomers decided upon devising for the Paris Exhibition an instrument of exceptional size, far transcending anything that had been before achieved in that line. With this end in view, it was agreed to give to the object glass a diameter of 49.2 inches, that is 9.2 clear inches more than the Yerkes glass at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, and 13.2 inches more than the Lick refractor. Meantime, in order to check, as far as possible, the defects of spherical and chromatic aberration, it was resolved to give the lens the immense focal length of nearly 200 feet.

To mount such a leviathan on an equatorial foot would practically be an impossibility. For to say nothing of the tremendous weight of the tube, and the consequent instability and flexures to which it would be exposed, the protecting dome ought to have a diameter of at least 210 feet, thus surpassing by 72 the cupola of St. Peter's, in Rome, and by 103 the dome of St. Sophia, Constantinople. Owing, moreover, to the apparent diurnal swing of the heavens round the Polar Star, the dome ought, during observation, to be in constant motion, so as to keep its opening constantly in front of the object glass, speeding with a velocity of some 50 feet an hour; the eye-piece, too, would have to fly at a comparable pace, and it is needless to point to the inconvenience to which the velocity of such motion would subject the observer.

In order to surmount these various obstacles it was wisely decided that the mounting be that of

the siderostat, such as perfected by Léon Foucault, a man of remarkable mechanical ingenuity. The siderostat is an old invention. During the eighteenth century, Parrault had already constructed a mechanism based on the same principle, while "in 1799," says Lalande, "an able London optician, named Brown, made a telescope whose tube is always horizontal, and in which a plane mirror reflects the image of the object into the eyepiece."

The mirror was cast by M. Depret, in June, 1895, at the glass works of Jeumont. The object glass was cast by M. Mantois, while all the mechanical part of the apparatus, including the figuring of the optical surfaces, was made by M. P. Gautier, optician to the Paris Observatory, whose plans were carried out thoroughly by M. G. Allix, a workman of great skill.

It was no easy task to polish the surfaces of the colossal mirror and of the lenses of the object glass. For this, M. Gautier had to devise a new method. The grinding action of two flat metallic sliders gave to the mirror its flat surface, while the same process was used in figuring the object glass; owing, however, to the slight curves to be given to the surfaces, the slides, instead of being straight, presented the curvature of the disks. The rectilinear motion of the system thus developed gave rise to a cylindrical section, which, however, in virtue of the rotation of the lenses round their axes, was transformed into a spherical surface.

In testing the mirror, M. Gautier followed Foucault's process, which consists in examining telescopically the image of a point of light reflected from the mirror. If the surface be quite plane the image reduces itself to a small luminous circle surrounded by concentric diffraction rings. If the portion of the surface under scrutiny is slightly concave, there will be a flattening of the image in the vertical direction, when pushing the eyepiece in, and it will be elongated in the same direction when drawing the eyepiece out. Should the surface be slightly convex, the reverse would take place.

While making these experiments, M. Gautier noticed that the mirror's sensibility was such that by merely touching the surface with the hand he produced a protuberance deforming the telescopic image at that point, and which, measured with the spherometer, attained 1-75000 of an inch. The spherometer, meantime, enabled the detection of irregularities in the plane surface, not exceeding 1-250000 of an inch.

The cylindricity of the axes and rollers of the siderostat was verified with an accuracy of 1-25000 of an inch.

The diameter of the object glass, which is a photographic one, measures 49.2 inches, and its weight is 794 pounds. But the clear aperture is 47.2 inches, and the focal length some 187 feet. Hence the photographic images of the sun or moon in the primary focus measure from 21 to 22 inches across.

The tube of the telescope is 180 feet long, and 59 inches broad. It is of steel, rather less than 1-10 inch thick, and weighs 21 tons. The total weight of the instrument, including the siderostat, thus falls but little short of 70 tons. The tube rests on five cast iron supports, besides the two other supports, one at each end.

A short tube, of the same breadth as that of the telescope, but resting on four wheels, forms the eye end. The wheels can glide along a railway, so as to facilitate the focussing of the plate or eyepiece, which would otherwise be extremely inconvenient, seeing that the weight of this eye end is also counted in tons.

All heavenly bodies have to be found by their right ascension and declination. There is no possibility of directing the mirror's motion from the eye end. Hence the helpless observer at the eyepiece is to some extent "at the mercy" of the astronomer in charge of the movements of the siderostat, 250 feet off, with whom, however, he can communicate telephonically.

Compared to the Yerkes telescope, the light-grasping power of the Paris refractor is as about 2 2-3 is to 2, in favor of Paris, due allowance being made for the loss of light (8 per cent. by reflection on the silvered mirror. The stellar penetration of the siderostat ought, therefore, to reach the 18th magnitude.

Psychological Congress.....H. Cushman.....Scientific Am. 8.

The International Psychological Congress, that met in Paris in August, is the fourth great assembly of psychologists. The first, the result of the efforts of M. Richet and the different societies that had for a long time been formed to discuss hypnotic phenomena and telepathic hallucinations, was held in Paris in 1889.

About one hundred and sixty papers or communications were announced in the published prospectus of the Congress. These were divided among twelve sessions, six general and six subordinate. The subjects of the general sessions were:

1. The history of psychology—three lectures.
2. Cerebral physiology—six lectures.
3. The phenomena of somnambulism—six lectures.
4. Philosophical problems connected with psychology—six lectures.
5. Experimental psychology—five lectures.

6. Social and pathological psychology—six lectures.

SUBORDINATE SESSIONS.

The subjects for the subordinate sessions were:

1. Social psychology and psychology in its agreement with anatomy and physiology—thirteen communications.
2. Introspective psychology in its agreement with philosophy—twenty-nine communications.
3. Pathological psychology and psychiatry—twenty-one communications.
4. Experimental and psycho-physical psychology—twenty-six communications.
5. Psychology of hypnotism and suggestion—twenty communications.
6. Social and criminal psychology—ten communications.

From the above list it will be seen that the Congress divided its time as follows:

	Ses- sions.	Lec- tures.	Communi- cations.
To history of psychology	1	3	..
To physiology.....	3	6	34
To psycho-physics.....	2	5	26
To pathology.....	4	6	47
To social psychology...	3	6	26
To philosophy.....	2	6	29

This table shows the great amount of interest by psychologists at the present time in the physiological aspects of their problems. Of the fifteen sessions, seven were given to physiology, i. e., three to the physiology of the normal individual and four to that of the pathological individual. Social psychology had an important place, while psycho-physics was relegated to the position of metaphysics in its importance to the Congress. This is very interesting to those who are concerned in the progress of psychology, because it corroborates what has been noted in every new monograph that appears in our current literature on the subject. The interest to-day in psychology is in its physiological aspects—normal and pathological—and to be added to this is a growing and healthy interest in social psychology.

The small space allowed to the history is natural: the science is young. H. Siebeck's prospective "Geschichte der Psychologie" would have ended without the most important chapter if it had been published entire with the first volume in 1884.

Psychology is making its history, and, therefore, it is the "new" psychology. The "new" psychology has its roots in the old, and yet they do not reach more than a hundred years back. The interest of the psychologist in the philosophical problems involved seems to be perennial. In an article that I wrote on the Congress at Munich held in 1896, I expressed some fear in the great strength of metaphysics in the psychological world. At Munich that interest was paramount. My fear was not without reason at the time, but

no bad results have materialized. Indeed, the psychological interest in philosophy, as seen in the subjects in the Congress of this year—La Conscience dans la psychologie modern Sieben Räthsel der Psyche, The Ultimate Guaranty of an Act of Memory, is healthful, and, indeed, necessary. The strict application of the scientific method to psychological data holds the metaphysics of the subject in check, and allows the two to run abreast in that natural way that makes a science vigorous, Metaphysics is always presupposed as the background of psychology.

Psychology is inclined to shift its ground, to avoid and not persistently to overcome the difficulties confronting it; at least not frankly to acknowledge them insolvable and thereby to show what may and what may not be profitably studied. A science must progress if it be alive, but it cannot afford easily to forget its past and to leave no monuments to guide those who come after. The neglect into which psycho-physics has fallen is indicative of the caprice of this young science. Psycho-physics, or the experimental side of psychology—the aspect of the subject that was studied under artificial conditions in the laboratory—once was regarded as the beginning and the end of the science. The present congress devoted two sessions to it, which was the same amount of time as to the metaphysical aspect. Shall we call this movement away from psycho-physics and toward physiology and sociology cowardly? Not that quite. Nevertheless it smacks of that superficiality of the early Spanish explorer who claimed any territory upon which he stepped his foot and erected his cross. He left to others the harder work of organization. But can we truly say that the long and painstaking efforts of the psycho-physicist are fruitless? That, too, would be inappreciative and daring. The psychologist frequently becomes an apologist in the face of the usual question, "What has your science accomplished—anything?" He usually points in answer to the new methods adopted. But the results of psycho-physics are so unwieldy in the long tables of statistics, so complicated by hypothesis, and so indefinite on account of many vague data, that his reply carries little assurance. Not so much because psychology moves on, but because it plays the chambered nautilus and goes lightheartedly from one habitation into another, with its past as a burden on its back, does its great peril lie.

On the other hand, the fields that are now open are very fertile. It was indeed happy that the Congress should have been held in Paris at a time when sociology, physiology and especially pathology were matters of moment to it. The Frenchmen were the initial movers in physiological and

pathological studies from the time when in 1795 Pinel at La Salpêtrière released the insane from their manacles. A long list of notable physiologists followed, and the French school has theoretically developed as well as practically used hypnotism to such a degree that it has become important in science and in human life.

It is not strange also that at this present moment the psychologist, who had trained his perception upon all possible subjects, should find also in the coming together and the movements of bodies of men an intense scientific interest. Sociology vies with physiology to-day in its claims upon psychology, even if the difficulties confronting the student of social psychology impede his progress and often stay his efforts. The interest in sociology from its economic and practical side in this present decade has inspired the purely theoretical interest; and the occasion and circumstances that have created a new political economy have also brought forth a new political psychology. The works of Le Bon on the Crowd, of Tarde Sidiz, Baldwin and Royce, and the promised lectures of James on religion, are indications of a movement that had a very respectable recognition in the Congress of Paris. Papers by E. Ferri on *Valeur collective des conditions économiques et des conditions psychologiques dans la genèse et l'évolution des phénomènes sociaux* and by Dr. P. F. Eulenburg on the *Problem der Social Psychologie* were assigned for the general session, and many communications were given in the subordinate sessions.

Cradle of the Human Race.....S. Wardington.....Nineteenth C.

Where was the cradle of the human race? Hæckel thinks it may have been in the south of Asia, Wallace in Central Asia, Wagner in Europe, and Darwin in Africa.

Taking into consideration however that man deteriorates in a tropical climate, and advances in countries where the temperature in the hottest season of the year seldom exceeds 70° or 80° Fahrenheit, and remembering how great must have been the heat during the Eocene epoch, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving that we must turn to those regions of the North where the temperature at that time would be similar to that of the south of Europe at the present day if we wish to find the most suitable "habitat" for our early ancestors.

If we concentrate our attention on the traces of "prehistoric man" found in the northwest corner of Europe, we are surprised to note their number and importance as compared with those found in other parts of Europe, in Asia, or in Africa. It is not only the flints found in Suffolk, and in almost every part of England (some of which are

said to be preglacial), and in Belgium, France, and Germany, but there are also the human remains found in the caves—the Brixham Cave, and Kent's Hole, near Torquay—the Neanderthal skull, found near Düsseldorf; the Spy skeletons, near Namur; the Borreby skulls, in Denmark; the Engis skull, and others too numerous to be mentioned; and when in addition to all this we remember that the *dryopithecus* was a native of France we are at first naturally inclined to jump to the conclusion that here, in this northwest portion of Europe, was the cradle of the human race. But unfortunately, so far as this supposition is concerned, we find that belonging to the same remote date, if not to an even earlier period, similar worked flints and other human relics are found in America. Now in order to get from Torquay, or the valley of the Somme, from Namur or Düsseldorf to America, or from America to these places, man must either have crossed by the Behring Straits or by the now submerged route across Iceland and Greenland. And this is a most important fact which we cannot gainsay or disregard. But if this be so we are compelled to admit that long before the glacial epoch (which is said to have lasted from 240 thousand years ago up to about 80 thousand years ago) man was in or near the Arctic regions. There is no getting away from this fact. And as the human race was therefore near the Polar regions at a time long anterior to that of any of the flints found in Great Britain or in the Somme valley, we are unwillingly compelled to relinquish the hypothesis that the cradle of the race may have been in the northwest of Europe.

If, on the other hand, we turn our attention to the trace of "prehistoric man" in North America we find that these equal if they do not exceed those of Europe. A large number of them are referred to in an article by Mr. Wallace which appeared in this Review in November, 1887, and amongst them he mentions that when the great mastodon now in the British Museum was found by Dr. Kock in the Osage valley, Missouri, a number of stone arrow heads and charcoal were found near it, and that one of the arrow heads lay under the thigh bone of the mastodon and in contact with it. This animal, it will be remembered, was found at a depth of twenty feet, under seven alternate layers of loam, gravel, clay and peat, with a forest of old trees on the surface. He also refers as follows to the case of the Calaveras skull:

"In the year 1866 some miners found in the cement, in close proximity to a petrified oak, a curious rounded mass of earthy and stony material containing bones, which they put on one side, thinking it was a curiosity of some kind. Pro-

fessor Wyman, to whom it was given, had great difficulty in removing the cemented gravel and discovering that it was really a human skull nearly entire. Its base was embedded in a conglomerate mass of ferruginous earth, water-worn volcanic pebbles, calcareous tufa, and fragments of bones, and several bones of the human foot and other parts of the skeleton were found wedged into the internal cavity of the skull. Chemical examination showed the bones to be in a fossilized condition, the organic matter and phosphate of lime being replaced by carbonate. It was found beneath four beds of lava, and in the fourth bed of gravel from the surface; and Professor Whitney, who afterward secured the specimen for the State Geological Museum, has no doubt whatever of its having been found as described.

But although these numerous traces of prehistoric man found in America might lead us to suppose that there was the birthplace of the human race, we are unable to adopt that theory. In that continent there are at the present time no anthropoid apes, and so far as we know there never have been any in past ages. Nevertheless we can hardly refuse to admit that the evidence clearly shows that our ancestors were in North America during the later portion of the Tertiary Epoch, and that they came there from or by the Arctic regions, Bearing Straits, or Greenland.

In a letter to the Times newspaper in August, 1897, I pointed out "that science would appear to teach us that our planet was at one time a fiery mass, the heat of which was too great to permit of either animal or vegetable life, and that as this fiery mass cooled down the first parts to reach a temperature sufficiently low to allow life to exist would be the North and South Poles. At these parts evolution would be going on through long ages, and eras of many millions of years, while the tropics were still a fiery girdle round the earth, across which no living creature might pass."

Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his interesting *Memoirs of the Month*, observes that "birds, drawn by a hereditary impulse, press as far northward as possible to rear their young, bearing witness that in Polar, not in Equatorial regions, lies the source of animated nature." And Professor Miall in his *Round the Year* points out that "races of men, races of animals, races of plants, religious faiths, modes of civilization all originate in the Northern Continents and spread out in successive waves; . . . the Palæ-Arctic region, and, in a less degree, North America, have been the 'officina gentium' of which Jornandes spoke, the laboratory in which new tribes are fashioned, the starting-point of waves of migration which at length reach to the remotest corners of the earth."

This corresponds in a great measure with my own view on the subject, which is that the cradle of the human race was probably the vast tract of unbroken land lying between the Ural Mountains on the west and the Behring Straits, the Sea of Okhotsk, and Manchuria on the east. It also is partly in accordance with the opinion of Mr. Wallace, who suggests that the birthplace of man was probably in Central Asia; but the region to which we refer more especially lies to the north of Central Asia. It is three thousand miles across from the Ural Mountains to Manchuria, and in so large a country the human race may have multiplied for centuries and have reached more than a million members before it spread to the other continents. This region is little known from a geological point of view, and may contain any number of human relics, fossils, flints, skeletons, etc., for anything that we know to the contrary. During the Eocene Epoch the climate and temperature would be similar to that of the south of France at the present time, and would not, therefore, be too hot to allow the race not only to exist but also to progress and improve. As its extreme northern boundary is close to the polar regions, in this respect it also meets the view of those who hold that the source of animated nature was located at the Poles and not at the Equator. Its propinquity to the Behring Straits, where there was probably at that time an isthmus joining the two continents, would enable the race to pass over into America, and would account for the fact that they were apparently in that country at an even earlier date than that at which they reached Western Europe. They would also at once spread into China; and we know from the unique and primeval character of the Chinese language that there is no older race on the earth than the Chinese, and that in China mankind may possibly have first learned to talk and develop the faculty of speech.

In this vast region between Manchuria and the Ural Mountains there are high tablelands and other districts that are comparatively destitute of trees, and it is not improbable that primitive man got separated from, or driven out of, the forest and was compelled to give up tree-climbing and to take to walking on these wild plateaux and prairies. After scrambling along on his "back hands" or "hind feet" for a long time the latter at length would develop the strength and form of the human foot, and would lose the shape and character peculiar to the ape. But this would not take place so long as he was living in woods and was accustomed to use his "back hands" in clasp-ing boughs and climbing trees to reach the fruit that grew thereon. It would not have taken place if his cradle had been a tropical forest.

Choice Verse

Merry Christmas.....William J. Lampton.....Yawps* The Ring of Fire.....Nimmo Christie.....London Outlook

And Christmas!
 What a day it is,
 With earth and air full of the fizz
 And sparkle of champagne;
 And yet a better thing than that,
 For all may take it,
 Free as air,
 When Christmas time is everywhere,
 Not quite as much to some,
 Perhaps,
 As unto others; not all of us
 May have the "snaps"
 Of this good world of ours;
 And yet he is unworthy who will let
 The shadows follow him
 Or his
 When Christmas time is what it is,
 And loses much of happiness
 Because it happens he has less
 Than others have. Gadzooks! Perhaps
 They'd like the chance to swap their "snaps"
 For his; and glad could they arrange
 With this same coveter to change.
 But even they should not repine;
 The rich may let their treasure shine
 So that although their lot be sad,
 They may be able to make glad
 Those less unhappy; those—but why
 Bring in the semblance of a sigh
 To mar the Christmas song?
 At Christmas there is nothing wrong;
 An ache, a debt, a heavy heart
 Must be considered as a part
 Of Christmas time; a spot to make
 The light a brighter radiance take.
 There is enough for all; God gives
 To every human thing that lives
 Some chance at gladness; something to
 Transfer in his own way the blue
 That's in your lives into your sky
 Till every heavy cloud rolls by;
 And Christmas is the time. Come all
 Look up, look up; there is no pall
 Of gray
 And blackness hung to-day
 Above the Merry Christmas way,
 For in your hearts must roses bloom
 In Christmas color and perfume.
 Divide your blessings and your cares,
 Give half of yours; take half of theirs;
 Forget the rest. What odds, if, what
 You think you want you haven't got!
 There may be others; can it be
 In this you have no company?
 Ah, no, a million others would
 Be something other if they could.
 But let that go; there's plenty yet
 To make you happy and forget.
 Brace up, stand up, look up, and cheer
 For Christmas—one time of the year
 When merry bells shall gayly ring
 And all the world shall laugh and sing.

Twelve live rushes round the bed
 Where he stretches all but dead,
 Where he lies grown lean in sin,
 Gray with years he has plundered in.
 Gain is nothing, and joy has fled;
 Twelve live rushes round his bed.

Three for the might of the Trinity;
 Two for the Blessed Virgin, she
 Well may succor when all things fail;
 One for St. Kieran, devils quail
 At his glances. Round the bed
 Twelve live rushes glimmer red.

Keep them bright, with a steady flame!
 One for his glory that was but shame;
 Two for the good that was never done;
 One for the charity thought upon;
 For his father and mother two—
 All is done that we can do.

Twelve live rushes guard his head,
 Twelve tall rushes glowing red.
 Is he safe in his ring of fire
 From the devils and their ire?
 Faith and love were to him unknown;
 Gold was the saint he called his own.
 Pray the prayer he left unsaid.
 Twelve red rushes guard his head.

What Is Success?.....Ernest Neal Lyon.....Success

Is it to worship earthly, groveling Gold,
 And, dollar-blinded, to look only down,
 To rake the muck-heap, and forget the crown,
 Until Youth's bounding blood creeps strangely
 cold;
 To dwell with Envy, Arrogance and Dread,
 To barter all Benevolence for dross,
 To lose Companionship—nor feel its loss,
 Because the flower of Sympathy is dead,—
 Is that Success?

To labor for the rainbow bubble, Fame—
 Afloat so fairly in the morning air—
 A perfect jewel for a prince to wear—
 Is it a recompense for all its claim?
 Thro' careful night, and crowded, strenuous day,
 Thro' iron rebuff, or flattery—like snow
 That leaves one thirsty—it is grasped, and, lo!
 It vanishes in Nothingness away!—
 Is that Success?

With comrade Duty, in the dark or day,
 To follow Truth—wherever it may lead;
 To hate all meanness, cowardice or greed;
 To look for Beauty under common clay;
 Our brother's burden sharing, when they weep,
 But, if we fall, to bear defeat alone;
 To live in hearts that loved us, when we're gone
 Beyond the twilight (till the morning break!) to
 sleep.—

That is Success!

Borodino*..Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett..United Service Magazine

[The village of Borodino, with its amphitheatre
 of wooded hills and ravines, supplied Kutusoff with
 a strong defensive position. Napoleon's assault

*Yawps And Other Things. By William J. Lampton. Henry Altamus Co., Philadelphia. \$1.00.

*From the Russian of Lermontoff.

began on the morning of September 7, 1812, and after the battle had lasted all day the Russians were at last compelled to retreat. But the losses on both sides had been terrible. Of the 80,000 men killed or wounded at Borodino no less than 28,000 were French, among whom were twelve generals killed and thirty-nine wounded.]

"Tell us, old man, was all for nought—
Moscow to flaming ruin brought,
To Frenchmen given away?
And were there really battles bold?
Such wondrous stories still are told—
All Russia knows that tale of old,
Borodino's great day!"

Ay, there were true men in our time—
Not like the tribe now in its prime,
Heroes—not you—were they;
Fortune to them no wealth had given;
Not theirs to fly from battle driven. . . .
Moscow save by the will of Heaven
They never gave away!

We slowly, silently retreated.
Eager to fight we felt defeated,
The veterans grumbling met;
"What next? For winter-quarters faring?
Why not on foreign foe downbearing,
Gay uniforms to tatters tearing
On Russian bayonet?"

On yonder field of monster measure—
'Tis where you loungers stroll at pleasure—
Halting we build redoubt;
All ears we stood on guard that night:
Scarce gleamed the guns in dawning light,
Scarce loomed the misty trees in sight,
When French swarmed all about.

I rammed the cannon charge home neat,
Thinking, "I'll give a friend a treat—
Stay, brother Moosyoo, stay!
Whate'er your craft, just fight us squarely—
Our warrior wall will smash you rarely—
For home we stand to battle fairly
Till death or victory!"

Two days of skirmish passing slow—
What sense was there in trifling so?—
We waited the third day;
To grumbling everywhere we yield,
"Twere time to grapeshot we appealed;"
And on the gruesome slaughterfield
The shade of nightfall lay.

Lying on gun-carriage all night
I dozing heard till dawning light
The gay French reveiry;
But silently our bivouac ending
We grumblers, battered bonnets mending.
Or over whetting bayonets bending,
Bit long beards angrily.

But scarce had sunshine lit the sky
All noise and motion suddenly;
Flashed glittering rank on rank.
Our Colonel, born for battle's jar—
His soldiers' father, true to Tzar—
Struck down—ah, gallant officer!—
On the damp earth he sank.

He gasped—our glistening eyes were wet—
"Lads, Moscow lies behind us yet—
At Moscow bravely die;
'Twas there our brothers fought and fell;"

To die we vowed—and kept right well
That vow—Borodino can tell,
Where our brave comrades lie.

Swift sped the day—through scudding smoke
Storm-clouds of charging Frenchmen broke
Right where our fortress lay;
Ulans their motley signs displayed—
Dragoons their crests of horsehair swayed—
All in our sight a moment stayed
To gleam and whirl away.

Was e'er such furious fighting braved?
A cloud of shadowy banners waved—
Through smoke red flashes flying;
Rang clashing steel—screamed grapeshot high—
Parry and thrust tire hand and eye—
And many a bullet cannot fly
For heaps of dead and dying.

No trifling lesson learned the foe
That day of Russian battleblow—
Our battle handgrips tight;
Earth shook—our spirits wildly bounded—
Fell horse and man in heaps confounded—
A thousand cannons' roar resounded
In that unflinching fight.

'Twas dusk. We all were eager still
At morn again the field to fill,
Our lifeblood there to shed. . . .
But presently the drums were beating—
The unbelievers were retreating—
'Twas then at last we thought of meeting
Our wounded and our dead.

Ay, there were true men in our time.
Strong hands, clear heads that had their prime—
Heroes—not you—were they;
Fortune to them no wealth had given;
Not theirs to fly from battle driven. . . .
Moscow save by the will of Heaven
They never gave away!

All Souls' Eve.....Katharine Allen.....Century

"Mother, I've barred the shutters close;
The wind is loud and wild."
"Nor bar nor shutter on this night
Will keep it out my child."

"Mother, what makes you shiver so?
The fire is quick and warm."
"I hear the voices of the damned,
That cry upon the storm."

"Mother, why come they out to-night
To ride upon the wind?"
"This one night they have leave to go
And pray where once they sinned."

"Mother, sure never sinner's soul
Has need of coming here."
"Oh, hush, my child, and let me be!
The wind is passing near."

"Mother, what sobbed across the floor?
What was it shuddered so?
Oh, I am fear'd, you strain so white
And stare so wild with woe!"

"What was it wailed beside the fire?
Oh, hold me in your arm!"
"Alas! it was the soul of one
That wrought us deadly harm."

"Mother, and is he not in hell,
And burning heart and limb?"
"God knows he is, but would to God
That I were there with him!"

The Powers in China

BY PIERRE LEROY-BEAULIEU

The Awakening of the East* from the English translation of which our reading is taken, is a book that has considerably influenced continental opinion in regard to the Far Eastern question. The author is the son of the well-known French economist, Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. Mr. Henry Norman, in an introduction to the work, writes: "I believe that those who know most about the Far East will be the warmest in its praise. The personal observations are acute, the statistics have been conscientiously gathered and carefully collated, they are scrupulously restricted to the particular matters they are intended to illuminate, while most valuable of all is the author's political sagacity, and the detachment, so to speak, of his attitude as an observer and investigator."

In order to understand the policy of the various Powers in China, in which they see a very important field for exploitation, we must first consider their commercial interests in the Celestial Empire. The British Empire incontestably occupies first place in the foreign commerce in China, which in 1897 stood at 366,000,000 hai-kwan taels, or £54,900,000 (1 tael equals 3s.). Of this 236,934,000 taels, or £35,540,100, two-thirds of the whole, belongs, according to the Imperial Chinese Customs Report, to Great Britain. Here, however, we must not be misled, for if we subdivide this sum, we shall see that about £5,500,000 alone belong to England, £5,000,000 to her colonies other than Hong-Kong, through which the remainder, that is to say, about £23,000,000 worth of goods, passes, Hong-Kong being merely a point of transit. Goods imported from Germany, America and Russia into China, passing through this island port, or being exported thence to the four corners of the globe, are put down to England. Then, again, a very important trade is carried on between the north and south of China through Hong-Kong, and thus it comes to pass that Great Britain gets the credit for commerce which does not really belong to her. If Hong-Kong possessed proper custom-house statistics, it would be easy to account for the origin and destination of the merchandise which passes through this port; but such statistics do not exist. Under these circumstances, we must turn either to those of the various countries of Europe and America, or to the detailed statistics of the Chinese Customs, which frequently rectify the total amounts, whereby we learn that £692,700 worth of Russian petroleum is imported, whereas the total imports

from Russia by sea are only estimated at £485,100. The difference must, therefore, be accounted for as having passed through Hong-Kong. A comparison between the Chinese Customs statistics and those of Germany, the United States, French Indo-China, and other countries obliges us, however, to admit that three-fifths at least of the trade of Hong-Kong really belongs to the British Empire, which leaves to the latter about £27,000,000, that is, 40 to 50 per cent. of the total foreign commerce of the Celestial Empire. In the matter of imports the English reign supreme, holding at least three-fourths in their hands, and dominating the market by the two principal articles, opium and cotton. Moreover, their flag floats over 65 per cent. of the total tonnage registered in the Chinese ports; of 636 foreign houses of business established in the open ports, 374 are English; of 11,600 foreigners, 5,000 are British subjects; and English is the language most spoken throughout the ports of the Far East. When we take all these facts into consideration, we are obliged to acknowledge that, having so many interests to defend in this part of the globe, England has a right to let her voice be heard clearly in commercial affairs. We must not be surprised, therefore, if she insists upon the "open door" policy in China. The question now arises, Does she seek territory in the Celestial Empire? She has apparently sacrificed the "spheres of interest" theory by exacting from China an engagement not to cede anything in the basin of the Yang-tsze, and the English Jingoos are already dreaming that Great Britain will be mistress not only from the Cape to Cairo, but from Cairo to Shanghai. "Are not the Arabian Coast and the Persian Gulf," I recently read in an English paper, "already ours, and morally subject to our protectorate? Once we possess the valley of the Yang-tsze, who is to prevent our constructing a rival line to the Trans-Siberian from the mouth of the Nile to that of the Blue River?" Although just at present it were best not to count too much on the wisdom and coolness of the British, nevertheless, their statesmen seem to appreciate the dangers of so beautiful a dream. They, at least, understand that the peril of the British Empire lies in its enormous extent. The majority of the British would, no doubt, be satisfied if they were allowed to place their capital and their commerce on a footing of equality with that of other countries in the Celestial Empire, if the territorial encroachments of

*Translated by Mr. Richard Davey. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

the Powers did not justify the fear of the creation of a protectionist tariff. We may, therefore, hope that Great Britain, having obtained all that she desires in the way of strategic points for the benefit of her naval forces, and also a great number of commercial concessions, will remain contented with her lot, and not dream of attacking the independence of China, but rather be inclined to help her to regain power.

After England the United States do the greatest business with China. They only figure for £4,500,000 in the Chinese Customs statistics, but their own official publications give £7,840,000. Petroleum and cotton goods are the principal articles of their commerce, which is sure to be enormously increased in the future as the Middle Kingdom requires more and more machinery, which is manufactured to-day much more cheaply in America than anywhere else. The United States are represented in China by thirty-two houses of business and 1,564 citizens; their mercantile marine is, however, very insignificant, but having of late assumed a position among the world's Powers, and being already installed in the Philippines, they are sure to increase their mercantile fleet very rapidly, and as they aspire to become one day mistress of the Pacific, they watch with a very jealous eye all that happens in the Far East. However protectionist they may be at home, they are resolute partisans of the "open door" in this market, of which they justly hope to eventually acquire a large part through their enterprise. Already a coolness has occurred in their friendship with Russia, and in January, 1900, they obtained a guarantee that one of the Powers should establish differential tariffs in leased "spheres of interest."

Japan takes the third rank with a rapidly increasing commerce, which in 1897 reached £5,850,000. Her spun cotton rivals that of England and India. Seven hundred Japanese are registered as residing in the different ports. The Celestial Empire has no warmer friends at the present moment than the Japanese. The Japanese papers are full of articles which compare the position of the two countries to that of Prussia and Austria after Sadowa, and preach reconciliation, and a close alliance was already spoken of with enthusiasm at the close of the war. Many Japanese statesmen are studying this question, among them the Marquis Ito, four times Prime Minister, and Prince Konoye, President of the Chamber of Peers, who traveled in China, and stayed in Peking in 1898 and 1899. According to certain signs, their overtures have not been altogether fruitless. The Government of the Empress-Dowager does not seem to entertain any

peculiar rancour against the Japanese for the sympathies which they expressed for the Reformer Kang-Yu-Wei, and undoubtedly seeks some support in order to withdraw itself from the over-exclusive domination of Russia. If this last Power is feared in Peking, it would seem that Japan is at the present time the most considered, whose counsels are best heard, and who best serves as the intermediary for progress into China. It is from Japan that China obtains instructors for her army, and that the Viceroy Chang-Chih-tung not only borrowed money, but also engineers for his foundry at Han-yang. The cementing of a formal alliance will no doubt be prevented through fear of Russia, and very probably China does not desire it very sincerely. Possibly at Peking they continue to despise the Japanese as much as they do Europeans, although they may have a preference for the former. One thing is certain, and that is, that the relations between the governments at Peking and Tokio are better than they were before the war. Of the Western Powers, England is most preferred by the Mikado's subjects, although even with her they are a little suspicious. A feeling of intense resentment is still expressed by the vast majority of the Japanese against Russia. A small minority, however, desire that an understanding should be arrived at with her. This party also wishes for the "open door," China being the only outlet for their already important cotton industry.

These three nations—England, the United States, and Japan—complete the group of the whole-hearted partisans of the "open door." The British press has often expressed a desire to see an alliance effected between them, and if this were only created between England and Japan it would be very formidable in the Far East. The Japanese fleet is excellent, and whatever may be our opinion of the ability of the Mikado's sailors, it is certain that, once united to the English fleet under the command of an English admiral, it could soon sweep the China Seas, and it would then be easy to embark an army of a hundred, even of two hundred thousand men, whom it would be difficult, even according to Russian officers, for the Tsar's army in the Far East to resist. Perhaps Russia has pushed the Empire of the Rising Sun too much and too soon into the arms of England.

Germany, who, according to her own statistics, carries on a trade with China valued at £3,400,000, of which £2,320,000 are imports into China, and who counts 104 commercial houses instead of the 78 in 1892, and registers 870 residents in the Treaty Ports, divides her preferences between the policy of the "spheres of influence" and the "open door." If she has reserved a right of preference in the

public works to be undertaken in Shan-tung, she soothes the irritation of the English by making Kiao-chau a free port; but, notwithstanding the antipathy which exists at heart between the two nations and the progress of German commerce, often at the cost of British trade, and thanks to the more obliging manners and greater activity of the German merchants, a distinct amelioration has taken place since the end of 1898 in the relations between the two governments, and Germany seems for the present to have turned her back upon the Franco-Russian group in the Far East in order to support British policy.

We now come to Russia. Her total commerce with the Celestial Empire does not amount to more than about £3,000,000, half of which passes overland by way of Siberia. Petroleum as an import and tea as an export are the two great articles of Russian trade with the Celestial Empire. There are very few Russians living in China, and those who do so are mainly established in the port of Hankow. Russia's objects in the East are almost entirely political, and it is very probable that her protective tariff will follow her territorial aggrandizement. Being already mistress of Manchuria, she officially fixed the southern limits of her sphere of influence, at the time of the affair of the Niu-chwang Railway, at the Great Wall. To the north is a vast stretch of land almost entirely desert. In all probability this limit is merely temporary, and possibly none really exists in Russian aspirations; but before declaring her policy she awaits the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway. The Empire of the Tsar, notwithstanding the 60,000 to 80,000 men already massed between the Amur, Korea, and Pe-chi-li, does not yet feel sufficiently safe to take a step forward for fear of bringing herself into conflict with England and Japan. The day the Trans-Siberian Railway is finished a step southward may no doubt be made.

The policy of France has been more often than not ostentatious, timid at heart and often vexatious in form. She has made a great fuss over a few commercial advantages obtained in the sterile provinces which border on Tongking, and she has opposed England without doing her any injury with respect to the opening of the West River. In certain affairs relating to European concessions at Shanghai and Hankow, France has unfortunately succeeded not only in vexing England, but in alarming the German, American and Japanese by the excessive regulations which she has introduced in those territories which have fallen into her hands. It does not seem, however, that the French have contrived to obtain sufficient compensation for the enmities which they have pro-

voked in defending, not without peril, interests which after all were not their own.

The part which France has wished to play in China has not been a strictly commercial one. French highly-finished and expensive fabrics are no good in the Chinese market. If she had only the common sense and enterprise to send to Tongking first-class weavers, and establish there a manufactory under French direction, with cheap native labor, she should soon be able, if she copied the cotton industries of India, to compete with Japan in the Chinese market. It is therefore the exportation of capital which ought to be her object in the Far East, in China as well as in Indo-China. Notwithstanding their activity, it is not countries like Japan and Russia, which are without capital, that can attempt to exploit the riches of China, but countries that are already advanced in civilization like Germany, the United States, and above all, France and England, who, by the introduction of the vast resources of their capital, are in a position to work the mines, railways and other resources of the Middle Kingdom. If, instead of trying to obtain exclusive privileges in a poor region, which are of no use and only irritate other nations, France had supported them in their "open door" policy, she would have gained a good deal, without losing anything from the purely commercial point of view, and thus Frenchmen might have placed themselves on a common footing with men of all nations, in the same manner that the English and the Germans contrived to come to an agreement in business transactions, notwithstanding the divergence which tends to separate them more and more, and she would then have been able to place her capital to great advantage, and thereby have added immensely to her prosperity, not only abroad but at home, as was the case under the Second Empire, when she covered Europe with railways.

France might, moreover, from the purely political point of view, have played a conciliatory part, and have thus managed to prevent the dominant influences at Peking from becoming too exclusive, which might ultimately result in a terrible conflict, and she should have worked to maintain the independence of China. Now that the Chinese are permitting Europeans to take their riches in hand by constructing their railways and exploiting their mines, it seems to us that France ought to allow her to retain a sort of communal existence, in which the civilized nations might carry on their economic activity precisely as they do in Turkey, with the difference that the Empire of the Son of Heaven is much vaster, richer, and populated by a far more industrious people than that of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid.

A Third Life for Italy*

BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

It is not true that we must die, and that the whole land is but an immense morass, where the more efforts one makes to get out, the more one sinks into it. The living body of the nation is laboring in torment, as from a hidden inflammation, out of which some great fever is about to rise. Here and there are true and strong men, who work out their high purposes according to the moral needs of the times in which they live, whose actions develop themselves in subordination to an idea born in them "from contact with the earth," intent on surrounding their every moment with true harmony, and on attracting discordant movements opposed to them into that harmonious circle. And from time to time, new aspirations are manifest in the mass of the nation itself toward simplicity and beauty; signs of a tormenting thirst, which the disgraceful drinks offered by those who make a pretence of ministering to it are not able to satisfy.

Have we not just lately seen the people of Italy stirred with noble feeling, at the sight of the wild and grand figure of one of her great painters stretched out in the eternity of death and glory? When Giovanni Segantini, the solitary king of the mountain, breathed his last on the Alps, sorrow, surprise and their dreams liberated the soul of the country, for one day at least, from the customary narrowness; and, in the short truce which bestowed the grace of poetry on it, Italy appeared to have found again in herself the sign of some of her previous aptitude, and to recognize her right to an ancient inheritance of which she had been despoiled.

The faith which Giuseppe Mazzini expressed in this sentence, is ours: "We religiously believe that Italy has not exhausted her own life in the world. She is still called to contribute new elements to the progressive development of humanity and to live a third life. We ought to aim at initiating it."

The rules to which our weakness is at present subject are false and consequently failing. The Italians will not seek new rules except in the study of their own nature, of their history, of their thought, of their incomparable successive civilizations; so that the nation may expand in the unknown future not only by means of its own new forces, but of that faith and purpose which animated it in all the past centuries.

There is neither health nor beauty to be found

except in man's unfettered endeavor, all his energy at work and turned in the direction which the infallible genius of the race points out to him. Like that Carolingian knight, who inherited the strength of all the warriors overthrown by his lance, the man who deserves to live feels himself stronger after every obstacle he overcomes.

Let us glorify the life which ascends higher and higher! Let us extol the truth that sets us free!

I. The more man endeavors to increase his true being, the more worthy is he.

II. The fate of Italy is inseparable from the destinies of Beauty, her daughter.

III. The Latin genius can never regain its hegemony in the world except on condition of reestablishing the worship of a single purpose, and of holding as sacred the sentiment which in the ancient Latium inspired the "Terminalia."

Through faith in these truths Italy will still be the most noble of nations. Picture to yourself the appearance of her beautiful body, out of which so many harvests, so many men of art, so many heroes have sprung! She lies at the centre of the places where the grandest human civilizations flourished and still flourish. As a link, she connects the West to the East by that "mare nostrum," that Mediterranean, which bore on its waters "the most beautiful thing in the world, the Greek genius, and the grandest, the Roman peace." The formidable masses of her Alps seem to enter into the heart of Europe, whilst the winds of Africa and Asia warm her southern coasts. Different races, gentle and rough, agile and vigorous, all meet here and multiply. Most powerful institutions, whose influence has been world-wide, formed themselves within her confines, and lived and still live on her soil. Moral dominion appears to be her destiny. The greatest errors may darken, but cannot destroy, her genius. No other land is in such perfect harmony as Italy with the moral and mental structure of her great men. All her strength and all her beauty appear always to tend toward a supreme human expression. There was an hour of her history in which the harmony between herself and her progeny appeared as marvelously perfect, so that her natural forces and the living works of her sons adjusted themselves to each other in an ineffable equilibrium.

If to-day this harmony is broken, shall we not be able to reconstitute it? Not we; but those who come after us. Not the men of to-morrow, perhaps, but certainly those of a further future.

*North American Review.

Education As World Building

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON

Professor Davidson in his preface to *A History of Education** states that "to be strictly accurate, the title of the book should have been *A Brief History of Education, as Conscious Evolution*. To record, even summarily, the facts and events in the long history of education within the narrow limits of a text book, would have been both impossible and undesirable. My endeavor has been to present education as the last and highest form of evolution—that great process which includes both Nature and Culture." It is not necessary for us to dwell upon the exceptional value of such a book when written by one so preëminently qualified as the late Professor Davidson. We remind our readers of an article we reprinted last month from the *London Spectator*, which referred to him "as one of the dozen most learned men on this planet." Our reading is from the last chapter, entitled *The Outlook*.

The aim of education is world-building, the construction, in the child's consciousness, of such a world as shall furnish him with motives to live an enlightened, kindly, helpful and noble social life, a life not stagnant, but ever advancing. Now, this aim is at present far from being attained. The worlds which our education, thus far, has constructed in children's souls are, in very large degree, fragmentary, fanciful and distorted, made up of pieces of science, interspersed with remnants of superstition, and gaudy contributions from fancy. Little attempt has been made to realize in them the unitary world of evolution, revealed by science and interpreted by philosophy. And yet that is the supreme task of children. Only when it is accomplished can man live a rational, open-eyed life, with lofty aims and confidence in the possibility of reaching them. The first condition of a truly moral, reason-guided life is a true world-view (*Weltanschauung*); for reason is nothing but the order of the world, and moral life is a life in accordance with that order. Nature-study, as against text-study, is the educational watchword of the day, and it is well; but nature must be made to include culture, and the whole regarded as one, coherent universe-process of interacting spirits advancing to ever higher attainments. The imparting of the whole is the task of the educator.

The matter of education is the entire universe, as knowable, lovable, modifiable. To master this matter, in all its details, even if it were within our reach, is beyond the power of any one mind. We cannot, therefore, complain, if education makes no attempt to impart it. But the general

scheme of evolution, and of the relations of its different phases and agents to it and to each other, is capable of being grasped, and should be imparted by education. It is not necessary that every one should know all the details of astronomy, mineralogy, chemistry, biology, or sociology; but every one should know the fundamental principles and spheres of these, and of all other sciences, as well as their relations to each other in the evolutionary process. He should, moreover, know how to interpret the whole in terms of experience, and thus to escape the pitfalls of agnosticism and dogmatism. Now, education at present is very far from having realized this ideal. It seems to make no attempt to impart a total view of the world, in its three aspects, as the condition of rational life. In all respects its work is fragmentary. It imparts no connected knowledge of the universe; it does not seek to arrange things and processes in the order of their desirability, that is, of their value for spiritual ends; it does not show by what means the will can gradually modify the world, in order to make it more subservient to the purposes of spirit. Thus, children are not taught to identify themselves, in any way, with the great world, and so they miss the wonderful inspiration that comes from such identification. The world remains to them a mass of particulars, whose interconnection and coöperation they do not see, and so they stand before the great all-embracing drama of evolution without comprehending it, or recognizing their own place in it. Is it any wonder that the world is uninteresting, and life undramatic, narrow and dreary, to so many people?

There is, at the present day, a great deal of popular talk about making education "practical," which in most cases means that it should be mostly confined to such instruction as shall enable people to make a competent living. But surely, "life is more than food, and the body than raiment." What are the necessities, or even the material luxuries, of life, if life itself be narrow, with no outlook upon the great drama of existence, no interest in the great movements of history? The effort to elevate the so-called lower classes, by trying, through socialism, paternal legislation, and similar questionable means, to secure their material comfort, implies a complete misunderstanding of human nature. Give people, first, large, comprehensive views of life, with the inspiration that comes from them, and material comforts will take

*Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

care of themselves. One intelligent glimpse of the drama of life will quench all desire for the pleasures of the dive and the prize-ring. In our endeavor to feed men's bodies we starve their souls, and make them hanker after the husks that the swine eat. The most truly practical education is that which imparts the most numerous and the strongest motives to noble action, which creates the most splendid world of thought, love and beneficence in the human soul. Men are weak, sinful and poor because they lack motives to be otherwise. Let education give them these motives and sin and poverty will vanish from the earth.

Though very much has been done in the last half century to improve the methods of education, and though, thanks to Herbert, Froebel and Rosmini, the true method has been discovered, yet much of our education still follows the old methods, or no method at all. Indeed, the fundamental question with regard to method is rarely asked, much less answered. That question is: How, and in what order, shall the activities of the human being be evoked, so that it may differentiate itself into a rich, harmonious world, and thus rise to a large, moral life? The kindergarten does its best to give a practical answer; whereas the higher schools, for the most part, ignore the question altogether, and go on, in their old fragmentary way, without any thought of the world that will result from their work; nay, most of them are still weighed with mediæval methods and ideals, or make it their chief aim to fit for professional life. Far too little attention is paid to Rosmini's grades of "intellection," and their correlation with acts of volition. Though there is much talk of the "correlation of studies," it is rarely carried on in view of the end of all study, and hence reaches no definite conclusion. The truth is, even the kindergarten requires considerable modification, in order to suit it to American conditions; and, when it is so modified, its methods, with due adaptation, imparting unity of plan and purpose to the whole. A clear distinction must be drawn between culture, on the one hand, and erudition and professional training, on the other. The first ought to be shared by all; the last two are necessarily confined to individuals and classes. And not only ought one scheme, with one definite purpose, to extend from the kindergarten to the university, but all the kindergartens, universities and other institutions of learning in the nation should freely unite into one great hierarchic agency for the culture of citizens fit for a democracy. The seat of the national government ought to be the central seat of learning; the Bureau of Education should be the most influential department of the national government.

How far should education extend? This question has a double meaning. It may mean: To what depth should it go? or What classes of the population should it include? And, granting that it should include all classes, we may take it to mean: How deep should education go in each of the various classes of the population? It is in the last sense that we shall here consider it, or rather one aspect of it.

As long as men have different endowments and tastes, there will be different grades of education for different classes. Moreover, as long as the distinction between rich and poor exists, the children of the former will find it easier to obtain a high order of education than those of the latter. The former will stop short at the grammar or high school, while the latter will go on to the college or university. Thus, to a large extent, distinction of culture will coincide with difference in wealth, and this distinction will be emphasized, if, as is but too often the case, the rich, untrue to the principles of democracy, send their children to expensive, and therefore exclusive, private schools, while the poor have to be content with the public ones. Now, while the last fact is lamentable, it is impossible to alter the general condition. High education cannot be forced upon people who do not desire it, and the poor cannot have all the advantages of the rich. But in this matter the nation, as represented by the States, has a duty, which calls upon it to educate all its citizens to such a degree that none of them shall become dependent paupers or discontented incapables, always a menace to society, and that all shall fully understand their duties and privileges as citizens, and be prepared to claim the latter while performing the former. Now, it is quite obvious that the States have not done their duty in this respect. There still exists, almost everywhere, a large amount of incapacity, poverty and discontent, with all the forms of degradation and danger that follow from these; while large numbers of the population, knowing neither their duties nor their privileges as citizens, become an easy prey to selfish politicians, who counsel them against their own best interests, and whom they furnish with power most dangerous to society and to the nation. If the United States is to remain a democracy otherwise than in name, this state of things must cease, and nothing can make it cease but the education of the masses. This education must take two forms, (1) training with a view to earning a livelihood, and avoiding poverty, with all its evils, and (2) civic culture such as shall enable its recipients to do their duty as citizens, and not be mere "dumb, driven cattle," in the shambles of self-appointed owners.

The Personality of James Martineau

By A. W. JACKSON

Mr. A. W. Jackson, in his preface to *James Martineau*—A Biography and a Study*—says of his aim as author: "Of course I could have prepared the narrative of Dr. Martineau's life and followed it with an analysis of his teaching, intent upon nothing more than a just account of his labors; and this is what I contemplated when I set about the task. As I meditated, however, the thought occurred to me that I might make the volume not only an account of Dr. Martineau, but also an utterance of my own mind; and these two aims have ruled my labor. In saying this, I hope I do not need to say that, save in love and reverence, the disciple does not place himself beside his master. I only imply that the disciple is other than his master, and interprets him from his own mind and heart." The volume is divided into three parts: The Man, the Religious Teacher and the Philosopher of Religion. After reading it one has a very fair knowledge of what Dr. Martineau taught in The Study of Religion, The Seat of Authority, and Types of Ethical Theory. The following attractive picture of Dr. Martineau makes evident the affectionate appreciation of Mr. Jackson for "the great intellect and soul" to which the work is devoted.

In his figure Dr. Martineau was tall and spare. Of adipose tissue he had no superfluity. One meeting him in later years observed a slight stoop, though it seemed rather the stoop of the scholar than of the octogenarian. His features were thin, his complexion delicate. His eyes, which were "changeable blue," were not particularly noticeable until he became animated; and then his very soul seemed shining through them. His head was not much beyond the average in size, but compact, and perfect in its poise. His perceptive organs were large; his hair, always remarkable for its abundance, in later years was bleached almost to whiteness. Grace Greenwood, writing of him in 1854, spoke of his head as wearing a "classical and chiseled look," and of his features as "finely and clearly cut"; a description as true at eighty-five as at forty-nine.

His personal habits were always natural and healthful. So far from being self-indulgent, his general conduct was mildly suggestive of asceticism. He was indeed no John the Baptist, to make a diet of locusts and honey; yet one to rule his breakfast by consideration of his morning toils, and in dining not to forget the evening hours of study and of thought. And while in his conduct we may see here the ruling of prudence, it is not difficult to believe that his simple tastes were thus satisfied. A dinner with a few friends, with mod-

erate abandonment to its enjoyment, he may have found agreeable; a revel he would have found unendurable. He had no artificial appetites: tobacco he never used; without being pledged to total abstinence, his use of wines and liquors was almost wholly medicinal. His only intemperance was intemperate work, if that can be called intemperate which, though vast in amount, he sustained to extreme age unflinchingly. All his pleasures were of the rational and ennobling sort. Good art afforded him agreeable diversion; he enjoyed music and sought its solace; he delighted in conversation with the wise and good. His home was the magnet of his heart; and in the shelter of its domesticities was his rest, his solace, his joy.

He had a fondness for mountain scenery, and a favorite diversion was walking. His summer home in Scotland afforded him special delight for the wild and rugged country he could there explore. In his seventy-eighth year he wrote of the "annual delight" not yet forbidden him "of reaching the chief summits of the Cairn Gorm mountains." They tell in England of his achieving twenty miles of mountain rambling in a day. There is a story of an American visiting him in his Scottish home. One morning there arose a question of diversion; should they walk or drive? Something was said of a walk, and Dr. Martineau, pointing to a mountain eleven miles away, proposed a walk thither and return. Those mindful of our ways hardly need be told that the American, who as guest had the determining vote, gave it in favor of a drive.

His hospitality was most cordial; his manners, suggestive of the older and more elaborate style, were charmed by a spirit that would make any style, or even want of style, delightful. His voice, not loud, was admirably focalized and melodious; his enunciation was leisurely, though slow, and perfectly distinct; he had a vein of humor; he laughed heartily but not noisily. His conversation, more it is said in later than in earlier years, tended to monologue, and this for two reasons: first, from the amplitude of his knowledge; approaching him with almost any subject was like taking a line of verse to one who holds the whole poem in memory, and who needs only the prompting of the one line to go on to the end; and secondly, ninety-nine out of a hundred, sitting down with him, were likely to act as if on the reflection, If he will talk, why should I? That reverend

*Little, Brown & Co. \$3.00.

look, that gracious manner, that quiet and melodious speech, fit vehicle of the noblest wisdom, were almost sure to banish all inclination save to listen. But then, in the sequel something happened which you scarce understood, which you doubted if he did, and which the fitness of things seemed hardly to warrant. As you rose to go, he expressed to you his gratitude for the favor you had done him; which, if of ordinary sensibility, made you only more sensible of the nothing you have done except to receive from his immeasurable store. You received the due of an Esau who had brought a kid, and went your way with the feelings of a Jacob who had purchased a blessing.

His general manner was one of calmness slightly verging upon severity. With a friend, or one who had rightful dealing with him, the severity dropped away and left a smiling affability. Against the intruder, however, it may have been defensive armor. And from another class it may have protected him—the destitute, the wretched, from whom, for the great sympathy of his heart, he could not always have wished to be protected. A patient ear he might give to the tale, a thoughtful consideration of what was expedient; but of the effusive sympathy, the unconsidered aid, for which such are likely to be looking, they could have seen little promise in that grave and austere countenance. And it may as well be said, that what was thus apparent at the surface was probably true of the depths of his nature. That is to say, this large class of needy ones he could feel for more easily than with. In other words, the possible union of Plato and Father Taylor was not realized in him.

Friends and pupils, the latter with especial emphasis, tell of his severe regard for minutiae; and illustrative of this they dwell affectionately upon special incidents that have fallen under their observation. Trust their report, and you conclude that he ruled his life by Michael Angelo's maxim: "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Whether in the niceties of scholarship, the care for his intellectual judgments, the discharge of official duties, the regulation of private affairs, in his appointments, in his courtesies, they maintain that it was the same—nothing slighted, nothing forgotten. Like Thoreau, he might have "left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way to right up a fallen man"; but, the man fairly set upon his feet, he would have returned at the earliest moment to his Greek accent, whose mistaken slant could not have left his memory. And the casual observer saw something of this in the little nameless touches of personal conduct; in his conversation, which in his lightest moods are faultless; in

his letters, which, however hasty or however brief, were never careless. Most men, though scrupulous enough in dealing with the matters that especially engross them, hold yet their realm of order within an unconquered chaos; so that the slovenly scholar, the boorish philosopher, the statesman who forgets appointments, and the saint who does not answer his letters, are characters with whom we are all acquainted. They keep their planets under exact regulation, but leave their asteroids outside the controlling law. Dr. Martineau, on the contrary, illustrated a unity of character in which large and little, planets and asteroids, were subject to the same rule; so that he answered his letters as he wrote his books, and was the same where affection laid light exaction as in the courtliest circle he was invited to adorn. And this trait was apparent in all about him. As these words are written, there floats into memory an illustrative contrast. I recall a pleasant hour in the study of a London man of letters, whom a grateful world recognizes among its benefactors. The library, rich in the lore of many tongues, stood on the shelves in utter disregard of order. Bacon was flanked by Douglas Jerrold and Henry George, Homer was crucified between Akenside and Martin Tupper, and Plato was standing on his head beside Jouffroy. Books and pamphlets were on the floor, in the chairs, upon the sofa. The study table was a confusion of letters, cuttings from newspapers, books, pamphlets, magazines, sheets of manuscript scattered like the Sibyl's leaves, a pipe or two, a pouch of tobacco, the stumps of several cigars. That room was a Teufelsdröckh's lair, which many studious men with good reason may forgive, but which none would have the courage to commend. An hour later I was in Dr. Martineau's study, which, in comparison, seemed heaven's first law in miniature.

No feature of the man was more apparent than his modesty. Of the guerdon he had won he had seemingly no appreciation. That on the battlefields of thought he had been more than a faithful soldier, that he had been a leader and a conqueror, seemed never to occur to him. The encomiums that came to him impressed him with a sense of the generosity of others, not a greatness that was his own. With this modest self-estimate he combined, as was but natural, the most generous appreciation of others. Differences of opinion could not blind him to the reality of merit, and the very knight he might unhorse he would thank for the example of his prowess. The teachers he confessed were often those whom he had taught, very likely accrediting to their originality a wisdom that was first his own. A life-long friend, speaking of earlier days, once humorously illustrated

this aspect of his character. He would meet, said the friend, some commonplace woman, and, in a half-hour's talk, fill her mind with ideas of which she had never dreamed before. Three months later he might meet her again, and she would in some measure give him back the thoughts he had lavished on her; and he, never suspecting the sun she was reflecting, would go his way telling of her wonderful intelligence.

Temperamentally he was not always on the heights. Readers of his sermons, notwithstanding the exultation and the joy that are in them, are likely to feel an undertone of sadness. It is there, and those who were nearest to him know that it does not misrepresent him. In such as he, too, it is peculiarly natural. A heart so large and tender, while quickened by the gladness, must also feel the sorrow, of the world; and one who at intervals is caught up into the heavens must be sensible of the transition of earth's damps and shadows. On the other side of life, however—the practical as distinguished from the ideal—his serenity was worthy of Seneca himself. Whatever volcanoes might boil within him, at the surface there was no eruption. His wishes might be thwarted, critics might misrepresent him, partisans disparage, yet still was he cheerful, dignified, reasonable.

Of the general atmosphere of the man, the impression that came from the blending of these various qualities, how tell? All readers of him know the clearness and the nobleness of his ethical judgments; in his presence one was simply sure that he was worthy of them. In his wonderful sermons we are familiar with the mystic height to which he climbed; in his presence we felt their reflected sunshine. To him as to all men were the "tides of the Spirit," its ebbs as well as floods; yet failing to meet him on the Mount of Beatitudes, we should have looked for him on the slopes of Sinai, and wondered not to find him there.

It was my privilege to form acquaintance with him in extreme age,

When the soul declares itself—to wit,
By its fruit the thing it does.

Of course I expected to meet a scholar; but a scholar may be a Johnson. I knew I was to confront a thinker; but a thinker may be a Schopenhauer. I held him a man of genius; but a genius may be a Byron or a Carlyle. I hardly need say that from these endowments acquaintance demanded no abatement, and that these examples could only serve for contrast. Over against the coarseness of Johnson one saw in him refinement refined. In contrast with the selfishness of Schopenhauer one saw in him consideration for others that was almost self-effacement. In place

of the cynicism of Byron we met in him the serene charity; instead of the rudeness of Carlyle the soul of courtesy and grace.

The thought of meeting one so crowded with honors was attended with natural anxieties. Two hands extended in welcome, a gracious smile, a cordial word, and all anxieties were gone. The happy discovery was made that his greatness was of the kind that lifts but does not overpower. Of the quiet hours spent with him I need not tell. Suffice that they fixed in my mind the impression of a sage, a hero, and a saint; of one who might converse with Plato, and dare with Luther, and revere with Tauler; an habitué of the Academy, who thrilled to the Categorical Imperative, and who knelt at the Cross. . . .

The portrait of such a mind, however faithfully taken, is likely to satisfy not many; it wears such different aspects according to the position from which it is studied. All, however, will allow to Mr. Martineau an acquisitive power remarkably great and varied. The diverse fields in which this faculty seemed at its best especially impresses us as setting aside, or rather, by a notable exception, proving the current theory that they will not allow us to expect a many sided cleverness. That Prescott and Macaulay should find no joy in mathematics, that Spencer should be an indifferent linguist, and that Darwin in his later years should lose all relish for poetry and music seems natural enough; while a mind that can pass from deep absorption in the differential calculus to an absorption no less deep in a Greek chorus, and turn without a sigh from Aschylos or Sophocles to the logic of Hamilton or Mill; take up in turn with no less interest the details of any science that a Carpenter or Youmans or Lockyer may offer; meet as if the one and only enthusiasm the reasonings of Pascal or Butler, the dialectic of Plato or Kant, the generalizations of Comte or Spencer; that is at home in the minutiae of Biblical learning, happy in ethnological research, or historical investigation, finds problems of political or social economy exhilarating, turns with joyful appreciation to art or music, draws quickening and solace from Tintern Abbey and In Memoriam, seems to us a splendid anomaly. The compensations which experience teaches us to look for, and whereby the man is sacrificed in one direction that he may be magnified in another, seems happily put by. And this description illustrates the intellect of Mr. Martineau in its wonderfully varied capacities. In his native aptitudes nature made provision for a universal scholar. And when we turn from this range of his aptitudes to the mass of his acquirements, the spectacle is even more suggestive.

The Religions of China

BY MAX MÜLLER

The late Max Müller contributed to the Nineteenth Century three essays on the Religions of China. We reprinted in our November issue part of the one devoted to Confucianism. In the following pages we give the succeeding ones in part.

Taoism

It is said of Lâo-tzé, to whom Taoism is ascribed, that his mother bore him for seventy-two years, and that, when he was born at last, in 604 B.C., he had already white hair. Is it not palpable how this tradition arose? Lâo-tzé was the name given to him, and that name signifies Old Child, or Old Boy. This name being once given, everything else followed. He was born with white hair, and spoke words of wisdom like an old man. Even the very widely spread idea that the fathers of these wonderful heroes were old men recurs in this instance, for the father of Confucius also was said to have been well stricken in years. But, after all, the parents and what was fabled or believed about them in China are nothing to us. What we want to know is what the Old Boy thought and taught, and this is what we find in the "Tâo-teh-King." Nor does it help us much if we read of the modern state of Taoism, in which the sublime ideas of Lâo-tzé seem entirely swamped by superstitions, jugglery, foolish ceremonies, and idolatry. On the contrary, we shall have to forget all that Taoism has become in later times, and what it is at the present day, if we want to understand the ideas of the old philosopher. We are told that at present those who profess Taoism belong to the lowest and most degraded classes of society in China, nor do we ever hear of the spreading Taoism beyond its national frontiers or of any attempts to spread it abroad by means of missionary efforts. In fact, we can hardly doubt that Taoism, in this respect at least, resembled Confucianism. Both were home-grown national forms of religious and mythological faith, both sprang up from a confused and ill-defined mass of local customs and popular legends, sacrificial traditions, medical and hygienic observances—with this difference, however, that the teaching of Confucius acted from the very first prohibitively against the mass of existing superstitious beliefs and practices of the common people, and laid the strongest stress on ethical and political principles, excluded polytheism and all talk about transcendent matters, while Taoism excluded little or nothing, but was ready to accept whatever the people had believed in for

centuries, only adding what must always have been a philosophy first and a religion afterward—the belief in Tâo. . . .

But what is Tâo which Lâo-tzé proclaimed, and on which the whole of his philosophy was founded? If we once know this, we shall be able to judge for ourselves whether, as Samuel Johnson observes, this ancient book contains really "water from unseen wells and life from original fountains," or whether what we find there is muddy water only, of which the very spring, the Tâo, defies all accurate definition, nay, even translation. If we take the title "Tâo-teh-King" we find that "King" means "book," particularly a classical book; "Teh" means "virtue" or "outcome"; and if we consult Lâo-tzé himself, he says, "If I were suddenly to become known, and (put into a position) to conduct (a government according to the Great Tâo), what I should be most afraid of would be a boastful display. The great Tâo (or way) is very level and easy; but people love the by-ways." This shows, though not very clearly, that with him Tâo was the straight path, the right tendency; but in what sense he meant this straight path to be understood remains uncertain.

In many respects Logos would certainly seem a good substitute for Tâo, though not in all. If, however, Professor Legge thinks it could not be rendered by Logos, because it had a father and was believed to have preëxisted, he should have remembered that some early theologians claimed preëxistence for the Logos also, though conceived as the Son. He even seems to admit that people would not be far wrong if they took Tâo in the sense of Nature.

That Tâo is not meant for a personal being, though it sometimes comes very near to it, may be gathered from such passages as "the Tâo is devoid of action, of thought, of judgment, of intelligence." When Lâo-tzé speaks of the Tâo in nature, it means nothing but the order of nature. The Tâo of nature is no doubt the spontaneous life and action of nature; it is that which changes the chaos into a kosmos, and represents the law and order visible in nature, in the growth of animals and plants, in the course of the seasons, the movements of the stars, in the birth and death of all animals. In all of these there is a Tâo, an innate force, sometimes also something very like Providence, only not like a personal God. If water by itself finds its level,

runs lower by its own gravity as long as it can, and then remains stagnant, that again is due to its Tào, its inherent qualities, we should say, or its character, its very being ("svabhāva"), as Hindu philosophers would call it.

So much for Tào in nature. As to the Tào in the individual, who is considered a part of nature, it becomes manifest in all actions which are spontaneous, and, as Láo-tzé requires, show no cause and no purpose. If the individual acts because he cannot help it, he acts in conformity with his Tào. He lets himself go and act as his nature moves him. If the heart is empty of all design and of all motives, then the Tào has its free course. This leads to the glorification of perfect quietude, and of allowing perfect freedom to the Tào. Láo-tzé actually maintains "that by laziness and doing nothing there is nothing that is not done." "All things," he adds, "shoot up in spring without a word spoken, and grow without a claim to their production. They accomplish their development without any display of pride, and the results are reached without any assumption of ownership."

So it is or should be with man, who, while the Tào has free play, remains perfectly humble and never strives. The water too is a pattern of humility. It abases itself as low as it can and finds its lowest level.

"There are three precious things," Láo-tzé says, "which I prize and hold. The first is gentle kindness, the second is economy, the third is humility, not daring to take precedence of others. With gentleness I can be brave, with economy I can be liberal, not presuming to take precedence of others I can make myself a vessel or means of the most distinguished services."

All this may be perfectly true; the only question is whether it can be obtained by simply letting the Course (Tào) have free course, by being good-natured without being aware of it, aye, as he says in conclusion, by loving even our enemies. He goes a step further, and maintains that by following this course men may acquire "mysterious power," may become inviolable, enjoying freedom of all danger, even the risk of death. Poisonous insects will not sting him, wild beasts will not seize him, birds of prey will not strike him. This is, of course, sheer fatalism, and it might seem that Tào could in this connection be translated by "fatum." And this is the point where a good deal of the superstitious practices of the Taoists come in. They do not see the metaphorical significance of these words, but profess by a symbolism of the breath and other hypnotic practices to act as physicians and to be able to brew even the elixir of life. Death does

not seem to exist for them as an extinction of life. Anyhow, dying means to them no more than the perishing of the body, while the soul is immortal. A Taoist of the eleventh century writes: "The human body is like the covering of the caterpillar or the skin of the snake, as occupying it but for a passing sojourn. When the covering is dried up the caterpillar is still alive, and so is the snake when the skin has decomposed and disappears. But he who knows the permanence of things becomes a sharer of the Tào, and while his body may disappear his life will not be extinguished."

In this way the exoteric and the esoteric meaning of Láo-tzé's doctrines show themselves, as professed either by the "vulgus profanum" or by the sage.

We can easily imagine what this doctrine of the Tào may become when applied to the government of political society, though Láo-tzé certainly went beyond our wildest imaginations. The ethics of political life are the chief interest of Confucius, and they are so, though in a different form, in the system of Láo-tzé. Confucius goes back to very primitive times when he imagines that a State could be governed by Hsiao, or Filial Piety, but Láo-tzé goes far beyond when he looks upon Tào as the true principle of all government. Confucius also speaks of the way of Heaven, which we ought to follow. Both the ruler and the ruled are to act without purpose, without striving, in fact without any activity except what is suggested by the Tào, perfect quietude and unselfishness. "As soon as a sage exercises government he would seek to empty the hearts of his people from all desires, he would fill their bellies, weaken their ambition, and strengthen their bones. He would try to keep them without knowledge, oppose the advancement of all knowledge, and free them from all desires." One can hardly trust one's eyes, but this is Professor Legge's translation of the "Tao-teh-King," and I believe he may be implicitly trusted. There are covert hits at the Filial Piety preached by Confucius. It was only when the great Tào method fell into disuse, and there came in its room benevolence and righteousness, very inferior to the Tào, and afterward shrewdness and sagacity, and at last hypocrisy, that Filial Piety was considered a panacea for all defects of government. "When harmony ceased to characterize the six nearest relations of kindred there arose Filial Sons; when States and clans became involved in disorder loyal ministers came into notice." Láo-tzé's remarks sound almost like a satire on Confucius, but he repeats his accusation, and says: "When the Tào was lost goodness appeared again as inferior to Tào. When goodness was lost benevolence appeared. When benevolence

was lost righteousness appeared. When righteousness was lost propriety appeared. Now, propriety is the attenuated form of leal-heartedness and sincerity, and the commencement of disorder. Every member of a State should act as the Tào or, it may be, his nature compels him, and this Tào is supposed to be better than goodness, benevolence, righteousness and propriety." Knowledge, too, does not fare better. Not to value men for their superior talent is the way to keep people from contentious rivalry; not to prize articles difficult to obtain is the way to keep them from stealing; not to show them the example of seeking after things that excite the desires is the way to keep their hearts from disorder.

We see in Taoism a system of philosophy and religion, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, which has sprung up on purely Chinese soil, though at a later time it was evidently far more influenced than Confucianism by the newly introduced system of Buddhism. Taoism and Confucianism both point back to an immeasurable antiquity, and they certainly made no secret of having taken anything that seemed useful from the treasures or from the rubbish folklore that had accumulated in times long before the days of Lǎo-tzé and Confucius. Those who have known the present class of Tào priests and who have witnessed their religious services form a very low opinion of a religion which has lasted for twenty-four centuries, and, though formerly professed by much larger numbers in China, is even now, while the number of its adherents is considerably reduced, a powerful element for evil as well as for good in China. As an historical phenomenon it deserves the careful study of the historian, if only to teach us how even a religion supported by the State may do its work by the side of other religions without the constant shouts of anathema to which we are accustomed in other countries. No one seems a heretic in the eyes of the Chinese Government excepting always the hated foreigner; and while one Taoist may grovel in the meanest religious practices and another soar high into regions which even the best disciplined of Christian philosophers hesitates to venture into, the two will not curse each other as infidels, but try to carry out the highest Christian principle of loving our enemies, or at least of doing justice to them.

Buddhism in China

The third of the State-supported, but often State-persecuted religions of China is that of Fo, the Chinese name for Buddha. The circumstances under which the religion of Buddha was introduced from India to China are matter of history;

and unless we mean to doubt everything in Eastern history for which we have not the evidence of actual eye-witnesses, the introduction into China of Buddhist teachers by the Emperor Mingti in the year 65 A.D., has a perfect right to claim its place as an historical event. It may be quite true that the fame of Buddhism had reached China at a much earlier time. A Buddhist missionary is mentioned in the Chinese annals as early as 217 B.C., and about the year 120 B.C. a Chinese general, after defeating some barbarous tribes in the North of the Desert of Gobi, is reported to have brought back among his trophies a golden statue of Buddha. But it was not till the year 65 A.D. that the Emperor Mingti gave practical effect to his devotion to Buddha and his doctrines by recognizing his religion as one of the State religions of his large empire. It would seem most extraordinary that the ruler of a large empire in which there existed already two State religions should, without being dissatisfied with his own religion, have suddenly asked the teachers of a foreign religion to settle in his country, and there, under the protection of the Government, to teach their own religion, the doctrine of Buddha. The Chinese idea of religion was evidently very different from our own. Religion was to them giving good advice, improving the manners of the people; and they seem to have thought that for such a purpose they could never have enough teachers and preachers.

For about 300 years after the Emperor Mingti, the stream of Buddhist pilgrims seemed to flow on uninterruptedly. The first account which we possess of these pilgrimages refers to the travels of Fahian, who visited India toward the end of the fourth century A.D. The best translation of these travels is by M. Stanislas Julien. After Fahian, we have the travels of Hœi-seng and Song-yan, who were sent to India in 518 by command of the Empress, with a view to collecting MSS. and other relics. Then follow the travels of Hiouentsang (629-645 A.D.). Of these too we possess an excellent translation by Stanislas Julien. One of the last and certainly most interesting journeys is that of I-tsing, who traveled in India from 671 to 695 A.D. Takakusu, a Japanese pupil of mine, has rendered a real service to the study of Sanskrit, more particularly to the history of Sanskrit literature in the seventh century A.D., by translating I-tsing's Chinese memoirs into English.

These travels, lasting from the fourth to the seventh century, give us some idea of the literary and religious intercourse between China and India. Some of the Chinese travelers made themselves excellent scholars in Sanskrit, and were

able to take an active part in the religious congresses and public disputations held every year in the towns of India. At the same time the number of Buddhist monasteries in China is said by Hiouen-thsang to have amounted in his time to 3,716. What is still a great puzzle is what became of the thousands of Buddhist MSS. which we know to have been taken to China by Indian missionaries, for the reception and preservation of which large and magnificent public libraries were built by various emperors, and which seem now to have entirely disappeared from China. Many researches have been made for them by friends of mine in China and Corea, but all that could be found was one not very interesting MS., the Kālachakra (Wheel of Time), which was sent to the India Office. Of course there were in China from time to time violent persecutions of Buddhists, and during those scenes of violence monasteries were razed to the ground and many public buildings burnt. Still, all hope should not be given up; and if China should ever become more accessible, new investigations should be made wherever Buddhist monasteries and settlements are known to have existed, it being quite possible that a whole library of Buddhist literature and ancient Buddhist MSS. may still be recovered. What we want more particularly is to learn, if possible, what caused the great bifurcation of Buddhism into Hinayana and Mahayana, the Little Way and the Great Way, or whatever translation we may adopt for these two schools. Both systems are clearly Buddhistic, but they are in some respects so different from one another that sometimes we can hardly imagine that they had both the same origin or that one was derived from the other. Long passages in the books of the two schools are sometimes identically the same, but on certain points of doctrine the two are often diametrically opposed. To mention a few points only. The Buddhist of the Hinayāna, or the Pāli canon, denies most decidedly a personal soul and a personal God. The Mahayana admits a personal God, such as Amitābha (Endless Light), residing in the paradise of Sukhāvati and it evidently believes in the existence of personal souls. After death the souls enter into the calyx of a lotus, and remain there for a longer or shorter time, according to their merits, then rise into the flower itself and, reclining on its petals, listen to the Law as preached for them by Buddha Amitābha. A translation of the description of this paradise, Sukhāvati, was published by me for the first time in the *S. B. E.*, vol. xlix. It is quite possible, as has been supposed, that the absence of any information as to the fate of the soul after death may have made the stories about the para-

dise of Sukhāvati particularly attractive both to the followers of Confucius and to the original Hinayāna Buddhists. Still, it is difficult to believe that this would have induced the Chinese to adopt what was a foreign religion, even in its Mahayana disguise. Nor could miracles such as Matānga, one of the two missionaries who arrived first at the Court of Mingti, is said to have performed have had sufficient persuasive power to produce a change of religion on a large scale among the inhabitants of China. It is said that he sat in the air cross-legged and without any support. But of what Yogin has not the same been believed? It is quite possible that other miracles also of the Indian Yogins made some impression on the Chinese mind; but all this leaves the recognition of Buddhism as a State religion, and the growth of what may almost be called a new religious literature, entirely unexplained. The change of the early Buddhism, Hinayāna (the Small Way) into that of Mahayana (the Great Way) has never, as yet, been satisfactorily accounted for.

We must not imagine that when the Emperor has given his sanction to the introduction of Buddha's religion into China, it was at once embraced by thousands of people. Its progress was slow, and it does not seem as if Confucianism had even approved of it very hastily. Taoism, on the contrary, was evidently very much attracted by Buddhism. It was found that the two shared several things in common, both in superstitions and in customs and ceremonial. It has been supposed that the introduction of Buddhism gave a certain impulse to Taoism, particularly in its ecclesiastic constitution; that Buddhism exercised, in fact, the beneficial influence on Taoism which a rival often exercises, and that yet the two rivals remained better friends than might have been expected.

The Jesuits in China

It is curious to see with what pertinacity the Church of Rome and its various Orders clung to the idea that the East, and more particularly India and China, should be won for the Roman Church. After the Reformation particularly, the Roman See, as well as the Dominicans, Franciscans, and above all the Jesuits, seem never to have lost sight of the idea that the ground which their Church had lost in Europe should be reconquered in China. Already under Benedict XII. (1342-1346), attempts were made to send out again Christian missionaries to China, but they soon shared the fate of the Nestorian Christians, and in the sixteenth century, when Roman Catholic missions were organized on a larger scale, no

traces of earlier Christian settlements seem to have been forthcoming. François Xavier, who after his successes in India and Japan was burning with a desire to evangelize China, died in 1552, almost in sight of China. Then followed Augustine monks under Herrada, and Franciscans under Alfara. Both had to leave China again after a very short sojourn there. Then came the far more important missions of the Jesuits under Ricci, who landed in 1581. They were better prepared for their work than their predecessors. Anyhow, they had studied the language and the customs of the country before they arrived, and in order to meet with a friendly reception in China they arrived in the dress of Buddhist monks. They became in fact all things to all men; they were received with open arms by the Emperor and the learned among the Mandarins. But Ricci did not neglect his missionary labors, though it is sometimes difficult to say whether he himself was converted to Confucianism, or the Chinese to Christianity. He wrote in Chinese a book called "*Domini Caelorum vera ratio*." He adopted even the Chinese name for God, "Tien" or "Shang-ti," and joined publicly in the worship of Confucius. That was the policy of the Jesuits in China, as it was their policy in India, when about the same time Roberto de Nobili (1577-1656) taught as a Christian Brahmin, adopting all their customs and speaking even Sanskrit, being no doubt the first European to venture on such a task. The history of these missions is full of interest, but it would require considerable space to touch upon even the most salient points and the most marked personalities. Many Chinese, particularly in the higher classes, became Christians, and they thought they could do so without ceasing to be Confucianists, Taoists, or Buddhists. The Jesuits survived even the Great Revolution in 1644, which brought in the present Manchu dynasty, and one of them, the Father Schaal, was actually appointed governor of the Crown Prince, the son of Chun-ki. The widow of the Emperor and her son allowed themselves to be baptized in 1630. In Europe people were full of enthusiasm for China, and many imagined that Christianity had really conquered that vast Empire. But a reaction began slowly. Some missionaries, not Jesuits, became frightened, and laid their complaints before the Pope at Rome. Even at Rome the so-called Accommodation Question became the topic of the day, and at last, after various legates and Vicars Apostolic had been sent to Peking to report, and numerous witnesses had been listened to as to murders, poisonings, and imprisonments of the various missionaries that settled in China and striving each and all for supremacy, the Papal

See could not hesitate any longer, and had at last to condemn the work of the Jesuits both in China and in India. It is difficult for us to judge at this distance of time. Certainly, Christian ideas had gained an entrance into China, particularly among the highest classes, and it was hoped that in time the mere "chinoiserie" of their faith would be stripped off, and true Christianity, relieved of its Chinese trappings, would step forward in its native purity. How far the Jesuits thought that they could safely go we may learn from a list of doctrines and customs which the Curia condemned as pagan rather than Christian. Such things must have existed to account for their official condemnation. The Pope declared he would not allow the Chinese names for God, Tien and Shang-ti, but would recognize but one reading, Tien Chu, i. e., the Lord of Heaven. Such propositions as that Chinese philosophy, properly understood, has nothing in it contrary to Christian law, that the worship assigned by Confucius to spirits has a purely civil and not a religious character, that the Te-king of the Chinese was a source of sound doctrine, both moral and physical, were all condemned as heretical, and the missionaries were warned against allowing any Chinese books to be read in their schools.

This of course put an end to the Christian propaganda in China and crushed all the hopes of the Jesuits. The Roman Curia seem to have regretted their having to take such severe measures against their old friends. The missionaries struggled on for a time; but when the Emperors of China, their former friends and protectors, began to take offence at the Pope's issuing edicts in their own empire, most of the Christian missionaries were dismissed, because they felt they had to obey the Pope more than the Emperor. They were in consequence deprived of all their appointments, some of them very lucrative and influential, and expelled from China, and new arrivals were likewise subjected to very severe measures. The persecutions of the Christians at various times, and as late as 1747, 1805, 1815, 1832, seem to have been terrible. The Emperors complained of "lèse-majesté" on the part of the Pope, who, as a foreign sovereign, ought not to have issued edicts in the Chinese Empire. The Emperors, in fact, knew very little what the Pope really was, and the Popes looked upon the Emperors as Chinamen, as pagan and half-savages. The Pope, however, insisted on his right of jurisdiction all over the world in all spiritual and ecclesiastical questions, and the result was that the Christian Church, so carefully planted and built up by the Jesuits, crumbled away and became extinct in China.

James Russell Lowell

BY W. D. HOWELLS

Literary Friends and Acquaintances,* by W. D. Howells, is a book to own. The essay on Lowell, from which we take our reading, and which first appeared in Scribner's Magazine, is drawn with convincing simplicity and frankness. The flexibility, flow and beauty of the language is such that the most subtle variation of mood finds expression as easily as the simplest statement. Howells has here given us in his best style an imperishable portrait.

Hardly a week of any kind of weather passed but he mounted the steps to the door of the ugly little house in which I lived, two miles away from him, and asked me to walk. These walks continued, I suppose, until Lowell went abroad for a winter in the early seventies. They took us all over Cambridge, which he knew and loved, every inch of, and led us afield through the straggling, unhandsome outskirts, bedrabbed with squalid Irish neighborhoods, and fraying off its marshes and salt meadows. He liked to indulge an excess of admiration for the local landscape and though I never heard him profess a preference for the Charles River flats to the finest Alpine scenery, I could well believe he would do so under provocation of a fit listener's surprise. He had always so much of the boy in him that he liked to tease the over-serious or over-sincere. He liked to tease and he liked to mock, especially his juniors, if any touch of affectation, or any little exuberance of manner gave him the chance; when he once came to fetch me, and the young mistress of the house entered with a certain excessive elasticity, he sprang from his seat, and minced toward her, with a burlesque of her buoyant carriage—which made her laugh. When he had given us his heart in trust of ours, he used us like a younger brother and sister, or like his own children. He included our children in his affection, and he enjoyed our fondness for them as if it were something that had come back to him from his own youth. I think he had also a sort of artistic, a sort of ethical pleasure in it, as being of the good tradition, of the old honest, simple material, from which pleasing effects in literature and civilization were wrought. He liked giving the children books, and writing tricky fancies in them.

In those walks of ours I believe he did most of the talking, and from his talk then and at other times there remains to me an impression of his growing conservatism. I had in fact come into his life when it had spent its impulse toward positive reform, and I was to be witness of its increasing

tendency toward the negative sort. He was quite past the storm and stress of his anti-slavery age; with the close of the war which had broken for him all his ideals of inviolable peace, he had reached the age of misgiving. I do not mean that I ever heard him express doubt of what he had helped to do, or regret for what he had done; but I know that he viewed with critical anxiety what other men were doing with the accomplished facts. His anxiety gave a cast of what one may call reluctance from the political situation, and turned him back toward those civic and social defences which he had once seemed willing to abandon. I do not mean that he lost faith in democracy; this faith he constantly then and signally afterward affirmed; but he certainly had no longer any faith in insubordination as a means of grace. He preached a quite Socratic reverence for law, as law, and I remember that once when I had got back from Canada in the usual disgust for the American custom-house, and spoke lightly of smuggling as not an evil in itself, and perhaps even a right under our vexatious tariff, he would not have it, but held that the illegality of the act made it a moral offence. This was not the logic that would have justified the attitude of the anti-slavery men toward the fugitive slave act; but it was in accord with Lowell's feeling about John Brown, whom he honored while always condemning his violation of law; and it was in the line of all his later thinking. In this he wished you to agree with him, or at least to make you; but he did not wish you to be more of his mind than he was himself. In one of those squalid Irish neighborhoods I confessed a grudge (a mean and cruel grudge, I now think it) for the increasing presence of that race among us, but this did not please him; and I am sure that whatever misgiving he had as to the future of America, he would not have had it less than it had been the refuge and opportunity of the poor of any race or color. Yet he would not have had it this alone. There was a line in his poem on Agassiz which he left out of the printed version at the fervent entreaty of his friends, as saying too bitterly his disappointment with his country. Writing at the distance of Europe, and with America in the prospective which the alien environment clouded, he spoke of her as *The Land of Broken Promise*. It was a splendid reproach, and perhaps too dramatic to bear full test of analysis, and yet it had the truth in it, and might, I think,

*Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

have usefully stood, to the end of making people think. Undoubtedly it expressed his sense of the case, and in the same measure it would now express that of many who love their country most among us. It is well to hold one's country to her promises, and if there are any who think she is forgetting them it is their duty to say so, even to the point of bitter accusation. . . .

If I dropped in upon him in the afternoon I was apt to find him reading the old French poets, or the plays of Caldero, or the *Divina Commedia*, which he magnanimously supposed me much better acquainted with than I was because I knew some passages of it by heart. One day I came in quoting:

"Io son, cantava io son dolce Sirena,
Che i marinai in mezzo al mar dismago."

He stared at me in a rapture with the matchless music, and then uttered all his adoration and despair in one word. "Damn!" he said, and no more. I believe he instantly proposed a walk that day, as if his study walls with all their vistas into the great literature cramped his soul liberated to a sense of ineffable beauty of the verse of the *commo poeta*. But commonly he preferred to have me sit down with him there among the mute witnesses of the larger part of his life. As I have suggested in my own case, it did not matter much whether you brought anything to the feast or not. If he liked you he liked being with you, not for what he got, but for what he gave. He was fond of one man whom I recall as the most silent man I ever met. I never heard him say anything, and he would have you believe that he was full of quaint humor.

While Lowell lived there was a superstition which has perhaps survived him that he was an indolent man, wasting himself in barren studies and minor efforts instead of devoting his great powers to some monumental work worthy of them. If the robust body of literature, both poetry and prose, which lives after him does not yet correct this vain delusion, the time will come when it must; and in the meantime the delusion cannot vex him now. I think it did vex him then, and that he even shared it, and tried at times to meet such shadowy claim as it had. One of the things that people urged upon him was to write some sort of story, and it is known how he attempted it in prose, and that he went so far as to write the first chapter of a novel. He read this to me, and though I praised it then I have a feeling now that if he had finished the novel it would have been a failure. "But I shall never finish it," he sighed, as if he felt irremediable defects in it, and laid the manuscript away, to turn and light his pipe. It was a rather old-fashioned study of a

whimsical character, and it did not arrive anywhere, so far as it went; but I believe that it might have been different with a Yankee story in verse such as we have fragmentarily in *The Nooning* and *FitzAdam's Story*. Still, his gift was essentially lyrical and meditative, with the universal New England tendency to allegory. He was wholly undramatic in the actuation of the characters which he imagined so dramatically. He liked to deal with his subjects at first hand, to indulge through himself all the whim and fancy which the more dramatic talent indulges through its personages.

He enjoyed writing such a poem as *The Cathedral*, which is not of his best, but which is more immediately himself, in all his moods, than some better poems. He read it to me soon after it was written, and in the long walk which we went hard upon the reading (our way led us through the Port far toward East Cambridge, where he wished to show me a tupelo-tree of his acquaintance, because I said I had never seen one) his talk was still of the poem, which he was greatly in conceit of. Later his satisfaction with it received a check from the reserves of other friends concerning some whimsical lines which seemed to them too great a drop from the higher moods of the piece. Their reluctance nettled him; perhaps he agreed with them; but he would not change the lines, and they stand as he first wrote them. In fact, most of his lines stand as he first wrote them; he would often change them in revision, and then in a second revision go back to the first version.

He was very sensitive to criticism, especially from those he valued through his head or heart. He would try to hide his hurt, and he would not let you speak of it, as though your sympathy unmanned him, but you could see what he suffered. This notably happened in my remembrance from a review in a journal which he greatly esteemed; and once when in a notice of my own I had put one little thorny point among the flowers, he confessed a puncture from it. He praised the criticism heartily, but I knew that he winced under my recognition of the didactic quality which he had not quite guarded himself against in the poetry otherwise praised. He liked your liking, and he openly rejoiced in it; and I suppose he made himself believe that in trying his verse with his friends he was testing it; but I do not believe that he was, and I do not think he ever corrected his judgment by theirs, however he suffered from it. . . .

He loved chiefly the companionship of books, and of men who loved books; but of women generally he had an amusing diffidence; he revered

them and honored them, but he would rather not have had them about. This is oversaying it, of course, but the truth is in what I say. There was never a more devoted husband, and he was content to let his devotion to the sex end with that. He especially could not abide difference of opinion in women; he valued their taste, their wit, their humor, but he would have none of their reason. He was one day arguing a point with one of his nieces, and after it had gone on for some time, and the impartial witness must have owned that she was getting the better of him, he closed the controversy by giving her a great kiss, with the words, "You are a very good girl, my dear," and practically putting her out of the room. As to women of the flirtatious type, he did not dislike them; no man, perhaps, does; but he feared them, and he said that with them there was but one way, and that was to run.

I have a notion at this period Lowell was more freely and fully himself than at any other. The passions and impulses of his younger manhood had mellowed, the sorrows of that time had softened; he could blamelessly live to himself in his affections and his sobered ideals. His was always a duteous life; but he had pretty well given up making man over in his own image, as we all wish some time to do, and then no longer wish it. He fulfilled his obligations to his fellow-men as these sought him out, but he had ceased to seek them. He loved his friends and their love, but he had apparently no desire to enlarge their circle. It was that hour of civic suspense, in which public men seemed still actuated by unselfish aims, and one not essentially a politician might contentedly wait to see what would come of their doing their best. At any rate, without occasionally withholding open criticism or acclaim, Lowell waited among his books for the wounds of the war to heal themselves, and the nation to begin her healthfuller and nobler life. With slavery gone, what might not one expect of American democracy!

His life at Elmwood was of an entire simplicity. In the old colonial mansion in which he was born, he dwelt in the embowering leafage, amid the quiet of lawns and garden-plots broken by few noises ruder than those from the elms and the syring as where

"The oriole clattered and the cat-bird sang."

From the tracks on Brattle street, came the drowsy tinkle of horse-car bells; and sometimes a funeral trailed its black length past the corner of his grounds, and lost itself from sight under the shadow of the willows that hid Mount Auburn from his study windows. In the winter the deep

New England snows kept their purity in the stretch of meadow behind the house, which a double row of pines guarded in a domestic privacy. All was of a modest dignity within and without the house, which Lowell loved but did not imagine of manorial presence; and he could not conceal his annoyance with an over-enthusiastic account of his home in which the simple chiseling of some panels were vaunted as rich wood-carving. There was a graceful staircase, and a good wide hall, from which the dining-room and drawing room opened by opposite doors; behind the last, in the southwest corner of his house, was his study.

There, literally, he lived during the six or seven years in which I knew him after my coming to Cambridge. Summer and winter he sat there among his books, seldom stirring abroad by day except for a walk, and by night yet more rarely. He went to the monthly mid-day dinner of the Saturday Club in Boston; he was very constant at the fortnight meetings of his whist-club, because he loved the old friends who formed it; he came always to the Dante suppers at Longfellow's, and he was familiarly in and out at Mr. Norton's, of course. But, otherwise, he kept to his study, except for some rare and almost unwilling absences upon university lecturing at Johns Hopkins or at Cornell. . . .

Any grossness of speech was inconceivable of him; now and then, but only very rarely, the human nature of some story "unmeet for ladies" was too much for his sense of humor, and overcame him with amusement which he was willing to impart, and did impart, but so that mainly the human nature of it reached you. In this he was like the other great Cambridge men, though he was opener than the others to contact with the commoner life. He keenly delighted in every native and novel turn of phrase, and he would not undervalue a vital word or a notion picked up out of the road even if it had some dirt sticking to it.

He kept as close to the common life as a man of his patrician instincts and cloistered habits could. I could go to him with any new find about it and be sure of delighting him; after I began making my involuntary and all but unconscious studies of Yankee character, especially in the country, he was always glad to talk them over with me. Still, when I had discovered a new accent or turn of speech in the fields he had cultivated, I was aware of a subtle grudge mingling with his pleasure; but this was after all less envy than a fine regret.

At the time I speak of there was certainly nothing in Lowell's dress or bearing that would have kept the common life aloof from him, if

that life were not always too proud to make advances to any one. In this retrospect, I see him in the sack coat and rough suit which he wore upon all out-door occasions, with heavy shoes, and a round hat. I never saw him with a high hat on till he came home after his diplomatic stay in London; then he had become rather rigorously correct in his costume, and as conventional as he had formerly been indifferent. In both epochs he was apt to be gloved, and the strong, broad hands, which left the sensation of their vigor for some time after they had clasped yours, were notably white. At the earlier period, he still wore his auburn hair somewhat long; it was darker than his beard, which was branching and full, and more straw-colored than auburn, as were his thick eyebrows; neither hair nor beard was then touched with gray, as I now remember. When he uncovered, his straight, wide, white forehead showed itself one of the most beautiful that could be; his eyes were gay with humor, and alert with all intelligence. He had an enchanting smile, a laugh that was full of friendly joyousness, and a voice that was exquisite music. Everything about him expressed his strenuous physical condition; he would not wear an overcoat in the coldest Cambridge weather; at all times he moved vigorously, and walked with a quick step, lifting his feet well from the ground. . . .

He did not care so much for popularity as for the praise of his friends. If he liked you he wished you not only to like what he wrote, but to say so. He was himself most cordial in his recognition of the things that pleased him. What happened to me from him, happened to others, and I am only describing his common habit when I say that nothing I did to his liking failed to bring me a spoken or oftener a written acknowledgment. . . .

He was of a very catholic taste; and he was apt to be carried away by a little touch of life or humor, and to overvalue the piece in which he found it; but mainly his judgments of letters and men were just. . . . Lowell was almost as averse as Longfellow from contempt. He could snub, and pitilessly, where he thought there was presumption and apparently sometimes merely because he was in the mood; but I cannot remember ever to have heard him sneer. . . .

With reference to the doctrine of his young poetry, the fierce and the tender humanity of his storm and stress period, I fancy a kind of baffle in Lowell, which I should perhaps not find it easy to prove. I never knew him by word or hint to renounce this doctrine, but he could not come to seventy years without having seen many high

hopes fade, and known many inspired prophecies fail. When we have done our best to make the world over, we are apt to be dismayed by finding it in much the old shape. As he said of the moral government of the universe, the scale is too vast, and a little difference, a little change for the better, is scarcely perceptible to the eager consciousness of the wholesale reformer. But with whatever sense of disappointment, of doubt as to his own deeds for truer freedom and for better conditions I believe his sympathy was still with those who had some heart for hoping and striving. I am sure that though he did not agree with me in some of my later notions for the redemption of the race, he did not like me the less, but rather the more because (to my great surprise I confess) I had now and then the courage of my convictions, both literary and social.

He was probably most at odds with me in regard to my theories of fiction. He was, in fact, by nature and tradition, thoroughly romantic, and he could not or would not suffer realism in any but a friend. He steadfastly refused even to read the Russian masters, to his immense loss, as I tried to persuade him, and even among the modern Spaniards, for whom he might have had a sort of personal kindness from his love of Cervantes, he chose one for his praise the least worthy of it, and bore me down with his heavier metal in argument when I opposed to Alarson's factitiousness the delightful genuineness of Valdes. Ibsen, with all the Norwegians, he put far from him; he would no more know them than the Russians; the French naturalists he abhorred. I thought him all wrong, but you do not try improving your elders when they have come to three score and ten years, and I would rather have had our affection unbroken by our difference of opinion than a perfect agreement. When he even imagined that this difference could work me harm, he was anxious to have me know that he meant me none; and he was at the trouble to write me a letter when a Boston paper had perverted its report of what he said in a public lecture to my disadvantage, and to assure me that he had not me in his mind. When once he had given his liking, he could not bear that any shadow of change should seem to have come upon him. He had a most beautiful and endearing ideal of friendship; he desired to affirm it and to reaffirm it as often as occasions offered, and if occasion did not offer, he made occasion. It did not matter what you said or did that contraried him; if he thought he had essentially divined you, you were still the same: and on his part he was by no means exacting of equal demonstration, but seemed not even to wish it.

Current Literary Thought and Opinion

*The Critic and Vested Interests.....London Outlook**

Criticism is bound to conduct its business attractively, especially, as is now the case, when it has become so largely a trade or profession; but the main point is that as a trade or profession it becomes subject to outside influences. There are great numbers of innocent people who believe that the critic says what he thinks, but in what trade or profession is such candor common? And as a trade or profession criticism has come more and more to consider vested interests, to consider its market, to adopt that course which will best enable it to pay its way. There are the tones of particular organs to be considered and written up to, the predilections of editors to be borne in mind, the degree of eminence of the publisher of the work under hand, the popular position of the writer; in the routine of the day's work all the host of such extraneous details, the mere matters of shop, in fact, which essentially have nothing to do with the point at issue, the criticism of the work, are attended to. Critical writing has, in fact, come to be a marketable commodity for which there is a demand, and we get the kind of critical writing which we like and for which we are willing to pay just as we get the sort of story-writing we like and for which we are willing to pay. It would be absurd to imagine that a great part of this writing is not quite honest, for, its point of view being essentially that of shop, it can express itself straightforwardly in the circumstances of shop. But the mass of pseudo-literature in fiction and what not which has arisen has, in a word, found a body of pseudo-criticism to back it up. And that is the pity and the mischief of it.

By all this various writing, which passes for criticism, popular opinion is being led into a false position. Conceded to and flattered as it is, it is being set up as authoritative in a place where it has no authority. The concession to wrong standards, the encountering of these standards at every turn, must lead to the misdirection of countless good people who might otherwise be brought to know better; and another fatal outcome is the effect it must have to lower the tone and quality generally of creative work, to vulgarize its effort. Though always sure enough of its relatively small audience, the difficulties in the way of the higher

creative work finding its place must be increased, for comparisons of what is regarded as success, of selling quality, cannot tell in its favor with those high priests, the editors and publishers, who decree what we shall read and what we shall not read. In letters, as in the larger life outside letters, there is an aristocracy, a middle class, and a lot of men in the street, and the lot of men in the street are just now very much in the ascendant.

*Classification and Criticism.....George Allen.....London Outlook**

A publisher of to-day must offer his work to all classes. I know beforehand which of my books is good (relatively speaking), which bad, which indifferent. But they are for all classes. The Outlook knows in what proportions lovers of the good, bad, and indifferent stand to one another in the modern world. In those proportions novels of the same types must be supplied. But mark this: the more consistently a publisher adheres to this principle the more he will be able to afford to encourage the relatively good workman. There is, indeed, compensation here of a kind which The Outlook will appreciate. I can clinch my argument by a fact. I can enforce my appeal by a suggestion.

Take the fact first. A publisher of my acquaintance, loving the good, decided to issue some time since a minor classic—a work of fiction. He resolved to give it a worthy and an artistic form, and on the expenditure necessary to secure this he lavished a sum of twelve hundred pounds. Commercially, he made a mistake; artistically, he did a good work. He does not regret it. But he is resolved to be more careful in future. Such things, repeated, lead obviously enough to ruin. What is the alternative? Never to venture anything for that smaller public? By no means. He must appeal to all publics; and then, by the doctrine of compensation, he may be able again to indulge in costly and beautiful experiments. It is even so with the modern novel. By catering for all publics he may eventually be able to encourage the good writer in whom he believes: the writer who comes slowly to the front, the man who by dint of perseverance and hard work gradually, by his publisher's aid, gains the place to which he is entitled. If I appeal to the smaller class only, it is useless to think of helping that man. And yet The Outlook's plea for severer criticism, if effective, will make my task more difficult. Surely it would be a saner

* From a series of articles recently published on the relation of critic and publisher and the obligation of both to the public.

thing to admit the publisher's difficulty by judging the books issued according to the standard, low or high, for which, whatever the authors may think, the publisher knows they are adjusted; or must the publisher himself label his novels?

Chaucer's Women.....Ferris Greenslet.....Forum

Chaucer's occasional humorous cynicism toward women must be largely referred to the literary tradition which, in common with the French "fabliaux," he inherited from the misogynistic Jean le Meung, the chief exponent of that revolutionary "esprit Gaullois" which revolted early from the abstract standards of chivalry. Although the literary influence of Le Meung counts for much—how much, German scholarship has lately shown—there is very evident personal feeling in the humorously cynical advice to Bukton against marriage, and an undeniable ring of sincerity when Chaucer, Dr. Donne-like, rejoices over his new-found, comfortable portliness:

"Sin I fro love escaped am so fat
I never think to ben in his prisoun lene."

But whatever may have been the course of his life in these matters, his final attitude toward woman is precisely that union of affection and reverence, both grounded in understanding, which has made England a nation of homes, and has given our common language that word but little known in Continental speech. Even the Wife of Bath, if we take her prologue and tale together, is a union of grotesque reality and lofty ideality as significant as "Don Quixote." Her story of the young knight, who so trusted the mind and heart of the ugly old woman forced upon him as a bride that she became young and beautiful in his arms, has an inwardness as profound as the second part of "Faust"—if one may guess at the meaning of that.

Chaucer clearly intended the Legend of Good Women to be the crowning work of his life, like Browning's *The Ring and the Book*, a glorification of true womanhood. It is most to be regretted that, like so many of his poems, it was never finished. As he advanced in it the monotony of the theme seems to have wearied him: he began to take it less seriously, and his humorous bent could no longer be suppressed. But in the prologue, while still working on the higher plane, he gave us one of the most strictly poetical passages in all his works: the hymn to Alceste, her identification in some mystic way with the daisy, and the account of his own poetic worship of the flower-like woman, the perfect type of wifely devotion.

Closely connected with Chaucer's ideas of wo-

manhood, and equally significant of his vital connection with the spiritual movements of his time, is the strain of profound human pity which runs in all his poetry. He does not possess the brooding, Virgilian sense of the "lacrimae rerum," neither does he, like Shakespeare, become incarnate pity and throw the anguish and heart-break of a life into a single poignant line; but he does show a ready and deep sympathy for the woes of his characters, like that of the kindest of friends.

In the A. B. C., his earliest poem, Chaucer's only additions to his French original are a stanza of praise to the Virgin for the pity and ruth she has for mortal miseries and another stanza of prayer to her. Throughout his work "pitous" is the commonest of words, often used with the most suggestive effect, as in that "pitous joye" when friends long-parted meet. Add to this the quaintness of the language, which affects us like the tragic prattling of a child, or a sorrowful tale in dialect, and the "Pees litel sone, I wol do thee non harm" of Constance is as truly pathetic as the story of Ugolino in Dante. But it is not such dark and terrible tragedy as that; it has rather the mellow pathos of more humane art.

The true lover of Chaucer must always rebel at the appreciation which tends to neglect the more serious aspects of his character and genius. He would not dwell upon the pious moralizing of the Tale of Melibæus and of the Parson's Sermon; he would deprecate the Retraction most heartily; but he would also wish to keep clearly in mind the earnest and serious forces of Chaucer's personality; and he likes to remember that in a dark age his poet could write, perhaps his last poem, in a strain of buoyant optimism as tonic as The Epilogue to Asolando:

"Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth beste out of thy stal.
Know thy countree, look up, thank God of al;
Hold the hye way, and let thy gost the lede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede."

But it is equally uncritical to overlook the more genial and urbane aspects of his work. All in all he is the most human of our poets, always excepting Shakespeare. If his art is less profound and universal, it is perfect in its kind, and sufficiently varied in extent.

Fitfulness of Charles Lamb's Genius.....Quarterly Review

Charles Lamb was the victim of a special, not the cultivator of general ideas—in this how unlike his great friends, Wordsworth and Coleridge! He was therefore swept on in the mid-current of no irresistible stream of ideas, but kept loitering and spinning in side-eddies of fancy and reflection, where no impetus arrived to urge him on-

ward. Charles Lamb was not one of those who must unavoidably be writing; he was not born with a quill-pen behind his ear, like so many professional men of letters, for whom a career divided from ink and paper is scarcely to be thought of. In several epochs of English literature, Lamb would almost certainly not have written at all. But, at the very close of the eighteenth century, he had his surprising opportunity. At a time when literary humanity had at last broken out of the regular beaten track, there was a singular chance for such a man as Charles Lamb. He could not quite resist it, yet even then he became, as he said, "an author by fits." He was not widely versatile; he had, virtually, but one thing to say; he was "homo unius lingue."

The life which Charles Lamb led combined with his temperament to make the steady cultivation of literature so difficult as to be practically impossible. In the early morning his brain was veiled, his faculties dulled and dejected. But his office work called him forth—that blessed employment at the India House which stood between him and poverty all his life, and against which, with so whimsical an ingratitude, he was always inveighing. He fancied that his duties at the desk stood in the way of his literature, although on this theme he could give Barton sensible advice enough. He resented having to spend hours after hours in auditing warehouse-keepers' accounts. He got tired to death of entering the records of tea and drugs and piece-goods and bales of indigo. When his holidays are over we find him writing, with exquisite humor: "I come, I come. Don't drag me so hard by the hair of my head, Genius of British India. I know my hour is come, Faustus must give up his soul, O Lucifer, O Mephistopheles!" He even went so far as to pretend to wish that the India House were burnt to the ground, that he might have a chance of scribbling his own free thoughts again in verse or prose. But nothing, not even a general conflagration of London, would have made Lamb a fluent or a constant writer.

For, although he had his evenings, yet even of them he made but a visionary use. In a burst of enthusiasm, he applauds "the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, and changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilliant." But these Attic pleasures, nocturnal raptures, added nothing to the storing of Lamb's genius for posterity. In gloomier moments of reflection, the radiance of these "noctes," so redolent of wit and ambrosia, was turned for Lamb into a dark passion of vain chagrin. "The truth is," he tells the faithful Manning, "that my liquors

bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me." The phrase is accurate; these joyous sacrifices of the fat and the marrow and the kidneys, these bouts of reckless wit and reverberating laughter, these too-constantly recurrent pursuits of the "ignis fatuus" of social enjoyment, were little blameworthy in themselves, and not to be reproved with a priggish severity, but they consumed Charles Lamb. They burned away, and utterly scattered and dissipated, powers of mind which were created for better uses than merely to sharpen the arrows of repartee for a cluster of idle "bons vivants." They ate up, as in a devouring flame, the energies which would otherwise have been devoted to nobler and more perennial ends. They kept Charles Lamb, in short, an occasional author until close upon his forty-fifth year.

We are far from advancing the theory that the world was the loser by Lamb's long retirement. On the contrary, we are unquestionably the gainers in every case where quantity is made severely subservient to quality. In his prolonged indolence Lamb was ripening the critical judgment and sharpening the wit which was presently to beam and sparkle from the pages of *Elia*. But we question very much whether this inaction conduced to his own happiness. On the contrary, it must have fostered his constitutional defects, have emphasized his innocent habits of self-indulgence, have strengthened the tap-root of his melancholy. The experience of the world is with Renan when he says "le travail et la joie sont deux choses saines qui s'appellent réciproquement." In the never quite wholesome life of Charles Lamb, both work and joy were fitful visitants rather than steady home-mates.

The Revival of Macaulay.....New York Times

There is significance in the fact that G. P. Putnam's Sons have put forth a new edition of the essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay and also of his *History of England*.^{*} At a time when these works may be bought at any corner bookstand for a song it is not without meaning that a firm of publishers, who may be supposed to keep their fingers on the public pulse, print the books in a style at once chaste and inviting to the book lover. It means that there is a renewed appetite for this author's works, and that persons who like to see their favorite authors in the garb of gentlemen and not in the apparel of the market place now have their eyes on Macaulay. The new edition will go far to satisfy their demand. The binding

^{*}Complete Works of Lord Macaulay. Knickerbocker edition in twenty volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$30.00.

is elegant, the paper of the best quality, the letter press a delight to the weary eye, and the pictures chosen with rare taste and judgment. All lovers of books, as well as all admirers of Macaulay, will be glad to see this edition.

Meanwhile it is not amiss to note that Macaulay well merits a rehabilitation. A deal of nonsense has been written about him of late by men who could spend their time much better in studying the secrets of his eloquence. Macaulay was essentially a literary writer. There is no smell of the hack in the polite perfume of his style. It is the essence of lettered refinement, and those who sneer at it on account of its oratorical sonority or its careful balance of phrase and period might go further and fare worse in their search after a model. It is a rare thing indeed to find in the pages of this master of works a sentence whose meaning is not absolutely clear and manifest to the reader. As Dr. McCosh said of de Tocqueville, "His thoughts lie in his style like pebbles in a clear brook." Writing whose meaning may be understood is common, but writing whose meaning cannot be misunderstood is not so plentiful that dilettantes can afford to sniff at the elegance and grace with which Macaulay contrives to surround his direct and unmistakable statements.

But this is not the sum and substance of the matter. Making of words a medium clear as glass, he gave to his sentences also the brilliancy of crystal. Writing so that he who runs may read, he also wrote so that no reader would run, but would rather pause in admiration before the perfection of the diction, the balance of the phrases, the reposeful finish of the periods. Yet there is no atmosphere of idle evening in these sentences. They have the glow of a summer noon and the sonorous swing of the eternal surf. They sing themselves into the ear in prose poetry of amazing strength and solidity. They are English prose raised to its highest level of eloquence, and they make reading which stirs the blood. Pick where you will, and you find the vital, fluent, oratorical sentences rolling their resistless tide, the surface as smooth and polished as that of an inland river, the body as rich and piquant as the sea itself. A random opening of the *History of England* brings before us his description of the state of England in 1685, and this account of the women:

If a damsel had the least smattering of literature she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, naturally quick-witted, were unable to write a line in their mother-tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit. The explanation may be easily found. Extravagant licentiousness, the natural effect of extravagant austerity, was now the mode; and licentiousness had produced its ordinary effect, the moral and intellectual de-

gradation of women. To their personal beauty it was the fashion to pay rude and impudent homage. But the admiration and desire which they inspired were seldom mingled with respect, with affection, or with any chivalrous sentiment. The qualities which fit them to be companions, advisers, confidential friends, rather repelled than attracted the libertines of Whitehall. In that Court a maid of honor, who dressed in such a manner as to do full justice to a white bosom, who ogled significantly, who danced voluptuously, who excelled in pert repartee, who was not ashamed to romp with Lords of the Bedchamber and Captains of the Guards, to sing sly verses with a sly expression, or to put on a page's dress for a frolic, was more likely to be followed and admired, more likely to be honored with royal attentions, more likely to win a rich and noble husband than Jane Gray or Lucy Hutchinson would have been.

That is a picture, and it is painted picturesquely, yet in pure colors. Free from turgidity, free from that pitiable grasping after weird words and contorted phrasing which mars the decadent styles of Macaulay's chief critics, free from dubiousness and from foreign influences, that pure and eloquent English style swims the sea of five deep volumes. And this is but a random choice. For it would have been easy to recall to the reader that magnificent burst of historical imagination which recreated the scene of the trial of Warren Hastings or that equally noble flight of fancy which glorified the art of history itself. The vein of oratorical eloquence which sends its rich flood through all Macaulay's works was born in him, and his biographer, Trevelyan, records that when through the corridors of the House ran the whisper "Macaulay is up," they speedily emptied themselves and every member sought his seat. Transferred from the written page to the speaking voice the Macaulayan style becomes Ciceronian in its splendors and its dignity. It glows constantly, and ever and anon flashes into lightning points, as in the query, "Every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?"

The potency of this elegant force, the polished ease of the literary master, is felt in all Macaulay's writings. The history is a series of brilliant word pictures, painted with such skill that one feels in them the throbbing of England's mighty pulse. The essays gleam and dazzle with pearls of literary thought and diamonds of literary expression. And in the *Lays of Ancient Rome* one finds a poesy which reaches its purpose by the same means; for the clank of the Roman knight's golden spurs rings in the rhythmic stride of his verse, and the war lyrics glitter with helm and cuirass and all the splendid panoply of the legions that swept the valleys of Cis-Alpine Gaul, leveled Carthage with the sands of Africa, and throned the Roman eagles on the hills of Thrace.

The Faces of the Players*

BY FRANKLIN FYLES



It is a mistaken idea that actresses are as a general rule handsomer on the stage than off. The reverse is as likely to be true. Nevertheless, all theatrical faces have to be painted. It may be assumed safely that none of the complexion is genuine. An exceptionally clear and pink skin may require no falsity, and a dark one may chance to suit the character to be assumed, but these exceptions to the rule are rare. The glare of artificial light would make most faces ghastly white or unpleasantly sallow if bright hues were not laid on. The art of coloring a pretty visage just enough and not overdoing it is one which all actresses should learn. Many do not, and so we see beauty disfigured instead of enhanced. Others are very expert. There are two distinct processes. One makes use of colored powders applied dry, and the other mixes the same powders with grease, making a substance called grease paint. It comes in sticks, varying in size from a stick of shaving soap to a lead pencil. It adheres like paint until washed off with vaseline or alcohol. The colors range in the flesh hues from the palest pink of a baby's face to the copper brown of an American Indian. Between these two every tint can be found.

The actress first covers her face with cold cream and rubs it into the pores, in order that none of the paint may get into them and injure her own complexion. Next she takes a stick of grease paint of the flesh color which she has selected and dabs it on in four or five places. From these spots she rubs the stuff over the face until it presents an evenly colored skin. It is with the reds, blues, and black pencils that attempts to vary the features are made. The second step is usually to apply the red. If she is a brunette with dark hair and eyes, the tint is likely to be carmine. If she is a blonde, it will have more of a brick-dust hue. The stick is applied to the cheeks about the top of the cheek-bone. There the color is deepest. Then with the fingers it is spread over the first layer of grease paint. It is made lighter and lighter down to the jaws. Under each eye a blue line an eighth of an inch wide is drawn with a dark stick of the grease paint. This throws the eyes into relief. In the glare of the footlights they are dulled and lustreless.

The eyelashes are emphasized by blackening them with paint soft enough to adhere. If the eyebrows are not strongly marked, it is customary to darken them also. Close to the corners of the eyes small drops of bright red give an appearance of freshness and health. The ears are brushed with a hare's foot filled with dark flesh-colored powder. Sometimes bright red is used. The lips are reddened with a carmine pigment.

A majority of the younger women of the stage use dry powders instead of grease paints. In this process the face is first rubbed all over with vaseline to protect the skin from injury. The powders are in various colors, corresponding to those of the paints. They are applied with a puff and blended with a hare's foot. The effect obtained is so similar to the one above described that to audiences there is no discernible difference. But the actress with grease on her face will say that the colors are deeper and more mellow than can be produced with powder. It is certain that an appearance of youthfulness can be obtained by it, and age concealed. There are face washes made in many tints of flesh color, exaggerated and deepened to suit the purposes of the theatre, and some actresses use them instead of either paint or powder. The preparation of a woman to look her best on the stage is little more than the heightening of color. The hands are merely whitened, as a rule, though the tips of the fingers are sometimes reddened a little. The arms and neck, if exposed by evening gowns, are tinted with powders, washes, and even with grease paints.

If an actress' features are irregular, she has to treat them specifically. If her nose is a pug or a turn-up, she draws a white line down its centre to the very tip end. On each side of this line she lays on a light, bluish-gray tint. The effect of that is to lengthen the nose when the full face is seen. Of course, the illusion is lost when the profile is presented. If the cheeks are too plump, the lower halves of them are darkened. An imitation of youthfulness is helped by making the color very light just below the eyes. If the cheek-bones are high and the cheeks hollow below them, the former are whitened and the latter reddened. When an actress is called upon to "make up for a character part," which means preparing herself to represent an old or eccentric woman, her methods are much the same that men use under the same circumstances.

*This page is taken from an interesting book, *The Theatre and Its People*, by the dramatic critic of the New York Sun. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.

The Great Rachel

BY EDWARD ROBINS

The following reading is from *Twelve Great Actresses*.* This volume, companion to *Twelve Great Actors*, contains studies of Anne Bracegirdle, Anne Oldfield, Margaret Woffington, Frances Abington, Sarah Siddons, Dora Jordan, "Perdita" Robinson, Frances Anne Kemble, Rachel, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Wilson and Ristori. There are many illustrations; a number of them being from interesting old prints.

There was never any false pride about Rachel. Nor was she ashamed to recall the days of her extreme poverty, even after she had ceased to cook for the Felixes and the family had attained the wild luxury of one servant. When Alfred de Musset and several friends once went home with her to take supper, after a performance of *Tancrède*, the actress sent this one servant off to the theatre, to bring back some jewelry. No one being left to cook the meal, Rachel cheerfully undertook the work herself. She quickly disappeared into the kitchen, whence she returned, in a few minutes, attired in a dressing-gown and nightcap, with a handkerchief tied under her chin and holding in her hands a dish of meat. "Help yourselves, Messieurs," she cried gaily, as she placed the dish on the dining-table. Then she returned to the kitchen, but was soon back again, as she brandished a tureen of soup in one delicate hand and a saucepan of spinach in the other. This, with a bowl of salad, formed the supper. There were no spoons or china plates, for they had been locked up in the buffet by the absent domestic, but Mere Felix reminded her daughter, very providentially, that there were tin plates in the kitchen.

It was a jolly supper-party, in spite of the absence of china plates. Soon Rachel grew reminiscent, much to the disgust of her more pretentious sister, Sarah, as she told de Musset how strange it seemed to be able to own more than two pairs of stockings.

"And did you keep house for the family?" asked the poet. "I rose at six o'clock," answered Rachel, "and had all the beds made by eight o'clock. Then I went to market." "Were you extravagant?" laughingly inquired de Musset. "No, I was a very honest cook"—to which sentiment Madame Felix, with her mouth full, mumbled an assent.

"Only once," went on Rachel, "I robbed for a month; when I had bought four sous' worth of goods, I put down five, and when I had paid ten

sous, I put down twelve. At the end of the month I found myself the possessor of three francs."

When de Musset asked her what she had done with those three francs, the girl was silent. But the mother answered quickly, "Monsieur, she bought the works of Moliere."

"Yes," said Rachel, "I already had a Corneille and a Racine. I wanted Moliere. I bought it with my three francs and then confessed my sins."

Several years later, when Rachel had established herself in a sumptuous mansion of her own, Alfred de Musset reminded her of the night that he had supped with her off the tin plates. She laughed merrily, and without constraint, and assured her friend that riches had not spoiled her heart. What a queer, impulsive, cruel, kind, jealous heart it was!

Of the feverish existence which Rachel led for some years, of her visits to Berlin and other cities, of the honors heaped upon her, and of her constantly increasing physical weakness and unhappiness, it is not within the compass of this sketch to relate. One lingers pleasantly, however, on the royal courtesies accorded this product of the streets—this singer of ballads and vender of flowers—when she appeared in St. Petersburg. Throughout all the glitter of her reception at the theatre she remained the pale, inscrutable woman, willing to accept a homage which could not give her more than passing pleasure, and longing for a day when she could have a little rest. But when a great dinner was given in her honor at the Imperial Palace, she caught some of the intoxication, and it seemed as if the acme of her glory had been reached. To one of her sisters she wrote from St. Petersburg that she was taken in to dinner by a Grand Duke, a brother of the Emperor.

"All of this tra-la-la of princes and princesses, curious and attentive, never took their eyes off me for a moment, watching my every movement, every smile, and listening to every word I spoke. You must not think I was embarrassed. Not the least in the world. My self-possession never forsook me for a moment until the middle of the repast, which, by the way, was very good; but every one seemed more occupied with watching me than eating their dinner. At that moment the toasts in my honor began, and the scene that took place was a most extraordinary one. The young archdukes, to get a better view of me, rose, mounted on their chairs, and even put their feet upon

*G. P. Putman's. \$2.50.

the table—I was going to say into the plates. No one seemed astonished. Evidently there is still a great deal of the savage in the princes of this country. They shouted, cried 'Brava!' and called upon me to recite something. To reply to toasts by a tragic tirade was, indeed, strange, but I was equal to the occasion.

"I rose, pushed back my chair, assumed the most tragic air of my repertoire, and rushed into the great scene in *Phedre*. A deathlike silence came over the company; you could have heard a fly were there any in this country. They all listened religiously, bent forward toward me with gestures of profound admiration. Then, when I had come to an end, there was a fresh outbreak of cries of 'Brava!' clink of glasses, and renewed toasts, to such an extent that I remained quite overcome. Soon, however, the excitement took possession of me, the fumes of the wine, the scent of the flowers, all this enthusiasm, which certainly flattered my vanity, got into my head. I again rose, and began to sing, or rather to declaim, the Russian National Hymn. On this it was no longer enthusiasm, but frenzy. They crowded around me, they pressed my hand, they thanked me. I was the greatest tragedienne of all time!"

To have watched the inspired actress as she chanted the Russian anthem, under the influence of some grand emotion which was reality instead of art, must have been, to an excitable spectator, one of the ideal moments of a lifetime. It suggested the days of '48, when Rachel suddenly seized a French flag, and fiercely declaimed, or sang, the Marseillaise, before an audience delirious in its mad enthusiasm. But the singing of the Marseillaise was the result of deliberation, a carefully studied effect, intended to fill the coffers of the *Comedie Francaise*. The incident at the Imperial Palace was, on the other hand, a spontaneous performance, and more magnificent, in its way, than even the premeditated fire of a *Phedre*, an *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, or a *Camille*.

It was on the return from Russia, after all this pomp and exhilaration, that Rachel had to mourn in her tragic, impassioned fashion, the death of her sister Rebecca. When she heard that this sister, who was lying ill of consumption, had suddenly been taken worse, she tore from her arm a rosary blessed by the Pope, which, Jewish though she might be, had been kept by her as a talisman. "It is this that has brought the curse upon me!" she cried wildly, as she dashed the rosary on the floor and hurried from the room. After Rebecca had passed away, and it came the turn of Rachel to ask forgiveness of the corpse, according to an ancient rite, there was such a look of despair on her face, that it seemed as if

she were about to burst forth into some dreadful frenzy of sorrow. She restrained herself, but she was crushed, for a time, by Rebecca's death. Perhaps she realized that in a few years her own life would go out in the same way.

It was this terrible element in Rachel that gave to her art its thrilling, uncanny, almost diabolical intensity. How startlingly she stands out, through the dim lapse of years, as we read the description which Charlotte Brontë gives of this creature who was "neither of woman nor of man. . . . Hate, and murder, and madness incarnate she stood. It was a marvelous sight, a mighty revelation. . . . She stood, not dressed, but draped in pale antique folds, long and regular like sculpture. A background, and entourage, and flooring of deepest crimson threw her out, white like alabaster—like silver—rather be it said, like death. Wicked, perhaps she is; but also she is strong, and her strength has conquered beauty, has overcome grace, and bound both at her side, captives peerlessly fair, and docile as fair. Even in the uttermost frenzy of energy is each varied movement royally, imperially, exceedingly upborne. Her hair, flying loose in revel or war, is still an angel's hair, and glorious under a halo. . . . I have seen acting before, but never anything like this; never anything which astonished Hope and hushed Desire; which outstripped Impulse and paled Conception; which, instead of merely irritating Imagination with the thought of what might be done, at the same time fevered the nerves because it was not done, disclosed power like a deep, swollen winter river, thundering in cataract, and bearing the soul like a leaf, on the steep and stately sweep of its descent."

It was during the summer of 1856 that Rachel was ordered to Egypt. At Cairo she held a sort of miniature court, in spite of the gradual progress of her malady, and often read from the Bible, Fenelon, and her favorite Corneille. Then she traveled up the Nile. She was despondent one moment, and then again quite sure that she would recover. At last she was home again in Paris, no longer the splendid, the brilliant Rachel, but a shadow, a mere skeleton. Toward the approach of winter she retired to Le Cannet, in search of a more salubrious climate. There she lingered on until January, 1858.

At last, with the name of "Rebecca," her dead sister, upon her lips, she passed away. Her country, her art, her family, and her lover—she had loved them all—her country and her art wisely, her family and her lover but too well.

"Poor woman! Oh, the poor woman," cried one of her friends as she threw flowers on the tragedienne's grave.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Andrew Lang has called Marion Crawford the most versatile of modern novelists. Since the appearance of *Mr. Isaacs* nineteen years ago, he has written thirty novels distinguished for their variety of subject and treatment. A glance at the work of these two score of years will not be without interest, especially as his latest novel, *In the Palace of the King*, is already one of the most popular of the season. Mr. Crawford was born in Bagni di Lucca, Italy, August 2, 1854. He is of mingled ancestry. His father, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, was a native of Ireland, and his mother was an American. He spent his early childhood in New York. After studying at Cambridge, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, and Rome, he went to India in 1897 and edited the *Indian Herald*, at Allahabad. There he became acquainted with a Persian jewel merchant who suggested the mysterious personality of "Mr. Isaacs." Returning to America in 1881, he wrote the romance which bears this title. The fantastic creation, with its Oriental flavor, its hints of Anglo-Indian, the introduction of Ram Lal, the shadowy adept of occultism, and the striking figure of Mr. Isaacs, with his graceful languor, Iranian features, blazing eyes, and luxurious tastes, bestowed immediate celebrity upon its author. This was followed by *Dr. Claudius*, which, although less romantic, showed increase in constructive skill. This became more marked in *To Leeward*, the unlovely and tragic story of a wife's infidelity and of society in Rome. The tale of a peasant boy who became a famous tenor is the theme of *A Roman Singer*, issued in 1884; and in the same year he published *An American Politician*, in which are discussed the party spirit and corruption of American politics. In 1885 *Zoroaster* was issued, a story of ancient Persia, introducing the court of King Darius and the aged prophet Daniel. After *A Tale of a Lonely Parish*, a sketch of rural life in England, one of his most popular books appeared—*Saracinesca*, which with *Sant' Ilario* and *Don Orsino* forms a trilogy describing the history of an Italian noble family of that day, and indeed forms a complete study of Rome from 1865 to 1887. *Marzio's Crucifix* (1887) is the tale of an atheistic artisan who carves in silver. This possesses a psychological interest, and that element deepens in *Witch of Prague* (1892), a bold and thrilling tale of hypnotism. *Paul Patoff* (1887) relates personal experiences of a visit to Turkey; *With the Immortals* (1888) is an attempt to reanimate dead celebrities. *Greifenstein* is a trag-

edy which takes place in the Black Forest, and tells the fortunes of two noble German families. It is valued for its accurate descriptions of the *Korps Studenten*, with their extraordinary ideals of romance and honor, tempered with foaming beer and sabre-cuts. The *Cigarette Maker's Romance* is a pathetic story of the madness of Count who is promised a soul if he can gain a woman's love. From romance and fancy, Mr. Crawford turns to New York life in *The Three Fates*, and *Skariatine*; *Khaled*, a fanciful tale of a genie, in *Katharine Lauderdale*, with its sequel *The Ralstons*. *Marion Darche* is also an American story. *Adam Johnston's Son* depends upon a simple tale of love for its interest; in *Casa Braccio*, *The Children of the King*, and his *Taquisara* (1896), the author returns again to his familiar "milieu," Italy. *Via Crucis*, published last year, was a tale of the Crusades, and *In the Palace of the King* is a story of old Spain. The singular thing about this long list of novels, aside from their cosmopolitanism of subject, is the interest and skill with which Mr. Crawford's novels are always written. If there ever was a born story-teller surely he is one.

A recent number of *Literature* contains a well written appreciation of the late Prof. Max Müller, which in a very short compass presents such a vivid and striking picture of the man and his work that it makes us realize, as nothing else has done, the immense amount of work he accomplished; at labor involved in the collations, preparation, revision, and passing of proofs for some of his larger undertakings. The author or editor of a hundred volumes, the leader of English Orientalists, and one of Oxford's most celebrated professors, his death is a loss to them and to the world at large. Born nearly eighty years ago, his life was filled to the end with hard work, successfully accomplished, his enthusiasm and energy never abating in the least. In fact, his *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy* appeared but a short time ago, when Prof. Müller had nearly reached his seventy-seventh year. Whatever our personal decision as to his position in regard to certain disputed points and theories, there can be no question as to the fact that Max Müller has for many years stood at the head of the Orientalists of England, and has accomplished more than any one individual toward promoting the studies in which he was so much interested. He was, of course, first and last a Sanskrit student, although his work in this

direction is not as generally well known as it should be. His great editions of the Rig-Veda, with Sâyana's commentary, in six volumes, occupied more than twenty years in its preparation, involving the hardest of work, in which Prof. Müller took great pleasure and interest, even though the financial result of such work was of the smallest. This was reissued a few years ago, in a fully revised edition, under the patronage of the late Maharajah of Vizianagram. Prof. Müller was equally interested in the Hymns of the Rig-Veda, several volumes of the text, or of translations of which he published. His History of Sanskrit Literature went into a second edition as early as 1860; and the Veda gradually led him into comparative philology and mythology. His articles on the science of mythology, and his famous lectures at the Royal Institute on the sciences of language, 1861-4, took England by storm. His early position as to comparative mythology—which was closely connected with comparative philology—has been said by Andrew Lang, one of the system's most distinguished adversaries, to be founded "on comparison between the Sanskrit names in the Rig-Veda and the mythic names in Greek, German, Slavonic, and other Aryan legends," was reaffirmed in Chips from a German Workshop, 1868-75, and in Selected Essays, 1881, and even as lately as in his Auld Lang Syne. In his Introduction to the Science of Religion, given at the Royal Institute in 1870, and later in his Gifford Lectures at Glasgow, Prof. Müller set forth his views on the origin and growth of religion—Indian, natural, physical, anthropological, and psychological—arousing great controversy on the subject by his brilliant writings. Max Müller's *Deutsche Liebe* reveals a beautiful side of his nature, showing romantic German sentiment, a poetic outlook upon life, and a great warmth of sympathy. It is without doubt one of the most beautiful little works in existence, and it is said that those who do not know this *Deutsche Liebe* fail to know the real man Müller, although the same sympathetic idealism is shown in his philosophical works. Prof. Müller was known to many people, principally as the delightful host—a reputation borne out by his face and bearing, which show kindly humor and the breeding and graceful courtesy of a man of the world. His English prose was clear, warm, and impassioned, and it is said he could make the driest discussion of philology as fascinating as a romance, his long years of preparation and hard study showing first of all in his finished and leisurely manner of delivery. One of the hardest workers of his day, Prof. Müller had the faculty of making others work with him. He was

always the centre of a scholarly circle, and it is thought no one but he could have carried through the immense undertaking of a complete translation of the Sacred Books of the East—now reaching its fiftieth volume—at the same time securing not only the help of the Government and of the Oxford Press, but also of the leading Orientalists of Europe. The separate volumes, although in many cases the works of others, were arranged by Prof. Müller, every page passing through his hands for revision before final publication. Not contented with these translations, Prof. Müller next turned his attention to the publication of the original texts, of which several volumes have appeared. It was his greatest wish to draw India and England closer together, and the fact that the King of Siam and the Maharajah of Vizianagram were ready to support every such work prepared by Max Müller, no matter how costly, shows the influence his writings exert in the East, many of which have already found their way into the vernaculars. The writer of the article in *Literature* says that, while Max Müller was an exceptionally fascinating teacher, both personally and through his writings, he possessed the rare gift of winning popularity without stooping from his high scholarly position. "He did not bring learning down to the level of the multitude, but he gave the multitude eyes and ears to take in what he had to teach." His writings have brought about a much more intelligent knowledge and appreciation of the Hindu people, as well as being powerful in many other directions—always standing for the advancement of learning. Max Müller had his detractors, but a scholar who was a foreign member of the French Institute, a Knight of the Prussian Ordre pour le Mérite, an honorary member of almost every learned society and an honorary doctor of several universities, could probably afford to neglect them. The most signal honor he received was the admission to the Privy Council. No Commoner, absolutely unconnected with politics, has ever been thus honored by the Queen, save Huxley and Max Müller. It was the crown of a lifetime of high and noble work.

It is now two years ago that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome remarked, with the cynical half-smile which humorists indulge in, that he had done with ordering the affairs of the universe and was looking forward to rest and seclusion. He had resigned his editorship of *To-Day* and the *Idler*. The former journal had been distinguished by a series of editorial notes concerning Abdul the Blessed and those who supported him, which had made Mr. Jerome extremely unpopular. It was imagined by some that the author of *Three Men*

in a Boat had resigned himself into oblivion. This did not come to pass, although Mr. Jerome so far effaced himself as to sell his town house and seek out a retreat for himself in the delightful old city of Dresden. At long intervals a note from him would come to England, containing little—and conveying less, by reason of the illegibility of the handwriting—merely by way of token that he was yet in the land of the living. It was a rest which was destined to prove profitable. When he returned to London some six months ago his book, *Three Men on Four Wheels*, was finishing its serial course in these columns. His play, *Miss Hobbes*, had done well in America and ran in London for three hundred nights. Beyond all this, he had a longer work ready—of a somewhat autobiographical character, after the fashion of David Copperfield—which he will negotiate when the moment is ripe for it. This was not a bad output for an eighteen months' leisured seclusion in Germany. Mr. Jerome's method of work, says *The Saturday Evening Post*, is not uninteresting. He writes shorthand, a relic of reporting days and an earlier experience of a city clerkship. He usually dictates his humorous work, but there is nothing spontaneous about it, for he has with him a sheaf of shorthand notes from which he reads, altering a sentence or so as he dictates it. At a knotty point, where he feels that the fun is a bit thin and should read a bit funnier, he paces nervously to and fro, lights a cigarette or discards that for a pipe, rearranges the ornaments on the mantel shelf or readjusts the hang of a picture. You perceive that the idea is germinating and will fructify shortly. He moves more deliberately, produces a small box, smiles grimly and taps the side of it with great care and caution, and finally helps himself to a full pinch of snuff. The tap of the box signifies "habet," he has it, and his secretary will then have the pleasure of taking down the things meant to shake the sides of humanity. He is a pretty shrewd man of business. Few of his acquaintances realize that he is of a most nervous temperament, which suffices to account for an occasional abruptness or even a clumsy remark. His favorite recreation, when he can give himself time for it, is a lounge around the metropolis, and you may observe him dodging into some restaurant, keeping a good lookout for incident and character. Next after that he enjoys rowing and horse-riding. He plays a fair game of billiards and, as his sight is not quick enough, a poor game of tennis. He has plenty of scope for these things where he is at present residing, a little place which he purchased some years ago in the old-fashioned village of Wallingford, on the Thames, not far from Oxford.

Miss Harriet Stark, the author of *The Bacillus of Beauty*, issued some little time ago by the Frederick Stokes Co., has written the following letter to her publishers explaining the origin of the story: "Three years ago I spent a day with Prof. H. W. Conn of Wesleyan University, who was applying bacillus culture methods to butter-making. He was 'educating' cream by indoctrinating it with microbes of ferment from older, better cream. I could see with my own eyes in his test-tubes the little clusters of spores which not only hastened ripening, but made the new cream richer than it would have been if left to nature. Of course bacillus culture is a dairy commonplace now, and drummers hawk rival butter germs all over the country; but the idea was newer then, and it made upon me a deep impression. That night I took a way train from Middletown to Hartford. At one station, midway, a group of factory girls came aboard. Nearly all were very pretty; their bright eyes, their merry chatter, made everybody in the car more cheerful. The very lamps burned more smilingly. The strange alchemy I had seen, the beauty before me—was it any wonder that the idea flashed upon me: 'What if there were a Bacillus of Beauty! Would not all the world be at the feet of its discoverer? What would happen to his first client?' Forthwith I resolved that there should be in fiction at least, one perfectly beautiful woman, one creature so radiantly lovely, so glowing with health and happiness and color, so rare in face and unapproached in form, that all should marvel at her. And whether the slow train stopped or crawled ahead thereafter I failed to notice. My thoughts had begun to weave the story of Helen Winship."

M. Maurus Jokai, the famous Hungarian novelist, writes the Paris correspondent of the Author, has been visiting Paris, accompanied by his young wife. This is his first visit since 1867. He has been warmly welcomed by his compatriots and the brethren of his craft, and the Société des Gens de Lettres has given a banquet in his honor. Although M. Jokai numbers seventy-five years, well counted, he is quite out of the running as regards age beside the "beaux vieillards" who still hold honored places in the ranks of Parisian writers. M. E. Cormon—author of so many popular plays and father of the well-known painter—is in his ninety-second year. He is an assiduous theatregoer, and was lately in evidence at a dress rehearsal at the Théâtre de la République, busily engaged in superintending the revival of "*Une Cause Célèbre*," the joint production of MM. Adolphe d'Ennery and E. Cormon, successfully performed at the Ambigu Theatre

a quarter of a century ago. M. d'Ennery died in 1899, aged eighty-eight years, possessed of a fortune which amounted in round figures to about £400,000. MM. Aurélian School and Paul Meurice, likewise, leave M. Jokai behind. The former resumes his pen at intervals in dilatory virtuoso fashion. His senior, M. Paul Meurice, still compares favorably in literary activity with a score of modern authors. He is an ardent disciple of Victor Hugo, to boot; and recently presented to the National Library a collection of over a thousand documents, photographs, etc., connected with the great French writer and his family. This collection will shortly be open to the public.

Andrew Lang wearies of the whole Omar discussion, which, he suggests in *The Critic*, is becoming decidedly a bore. "The really sad thing about Omar," says Mr. Lang, "I take to be this: he is becoming a kind of shibboleth of cheap culture; a short cut to literary taste. Many enraged Omarites know nothing of Homer, and, I fear, uncommonly little of Sophocles; greater poets than the Anglo-Persians. There is no Homer dining club; no Sophocles society; no eternal chatter about these poets. So much the better, of course, but one must keep repeating that a passion for Omar does not suffice for literary salvation. Long ago Omar was a favorite of a very few persons. Mr. John Addington Symonds gave me a copy, nearly thirty years ago, which some one had given to him, and which I was to hand to another, as I did. I remember that he, or a friend, was on board a ship in which an American commercial traveler was a fellow-passenger. He seemed indifferent to literature, but was heard murmuring a quatrain of Fitzgerald's which at once established a kind of freemasonry between him and the English admirer. These were 'early days,' when the second edition, if not the first, was cheap at the book-stalls. Now we have Omars of all sorts and sizes, plain and illustrated. In fact, Omar is being made a bore, and, when once scholars have submitted the old pagan to the higher criticism, I hope that Omar may be allowed to repose, man or myth, for a while."

The recent sale of the original manuscript of Stevenson's *The Body Snatcher* recalls several remarkable things in connection with that tale. One was that the author returned a portion of the honorarium, on the ground that it was excessive. The story was written to order for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It wanted a Christmas story "with a thrill in it," and applied to Stevenson. It is an

odd idea, by the way, and one which measures the distance traveled since Dickens, that merry Christmas had come to be just the time to read of ghouls and graveyards. It may be our growing love of contrasts. Anyhow, the *Pall Mall* requested Stevenson to give it something to make its readers' flesh creep, and he at first sent a murder story, *Markheim*. This, for some reason, did not sup full enough on horrors, and, after some correspondence, Stevenson promised to send a tale which would "freeze the blood of a Grenadier." It was *The Body Snatcher*. The *Pall Mall* advertised it in the streets in a way as horrible as the story itself. "Six plaster skulls were made by a theatrical property man. Six pairs of coffin-lids, painted dead-black, with white skulls and cross-bones in the centre for relief, were supplied by a carpenter. Six long white surplices were purchased from a funeral establishment. Six sandwich men were hired at double rates." The rest can be guessed. But the police suppressed the nuisance.

I detest d'Annunzio as a writer, says William L. Alden, in his London letter to the *New York Times*, as a man and as a politician—for latterly he has posed as an Anarchist. Most of his books seem to me to be the kind of thing that the police ought to seize. But his latest book, *Fuoco*, of which a translation into English has just been published, compels my reluctant admiration. Not that the story or the treatment of it is admirable, but the descriptions of Venice, and the style in which the book is written are superb. It is the soul of Venice—not merely her exterior, which he puts before the reader. He shows us the Venice which is felt, not seen. Indeed, the actual Venice is beautiful only at certain seasons and in certain aspects. It is true that there are exceptions to this. The Doge's Palace, and San Marco are always as beautiful as anything imagined by the author of the *Apocalypse*. But the Venice which charms us, the Venice of poetry and sentiment—this Venice d'Annunzio makes visible to his readers as no one else has ever done—not even George Sand.

Miss Silberrad, the author of *The Lady of Dreams*, is the heroine of a career not unlike that of Charlotte Brontë, whom she brings to mind in many other ways. She is of mingled German and Spanish ancestry, and was born less than thirty years ago in a small village of Essex, which has ever since remained her home. The eldest daughter of a large family, she has long been the head of her father's household, and it was in the scant leisure of successive Sunday afternoons that she

began and finished *The Enchanter*. This book, the fruit of five years of labor, was published in November, 1899, and at once welcomed by the discerning as displaying the rarest creative gifts. These are again in evidence in *The Lady of Dreams*, which deals in a quiet but compelling way with life in the poorer quarter of London. Should further work by its author redeem the pledges of vitality and power she has already given she is sure to take rank at an early day with the foremost women writers of England.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has written apropos of a new edition of his *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*: "At the suggestion of friends who have expressed a wish to know more of the history of Elizabeth Dale than has been told, I have availed myself of the opportunity offered by the publication of this new edition of *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*, illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy's gifted pencil, to enlarge the story. I hope those who have done me the honor to accept *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock* and Elizabeth Dale among their friends will feel that I have tried to add to their history in more ways than one. It has been a grateful task. For the old section of that ancient town through which the *Old Gentleman of the Black Stock* moved gravely in the years when the lover-scarred beech shaded his tangled yard, and which Elizabeth Dale lighted with her presence, has quite passed away. Cinderella's coach comes along only in the fairytale of youth."

William A. Coffin, the well-known artist, art writer and critic, has been appointed director of the fine arts at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition of 1901, and for the greater part of the next sixteen months will make his headquarters at the Buffalo Club, in that city. The appointment is an intelligent one, and meets with general approval, for Mr. Coffin has had much experience and is catholic in his judgment, besides being familiar with the art accomplishments of this country and enjoying an acquaintance with most of the painters and sculptors. He is an associate of the National Academy of Design, a member of the Society of American Artists, of which for many years he was secretary, and he holds membership in the New York Water Color Club, the Municipal Art Society, the Architectural League and other art bodies. He is represented in most of the prominent collections, and has an important canvas in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Very few people know that at the time the *Idler* was founded in London there was a possibility

of seeing what he could make of a magazine. The story is Mr. Robert Barr's, as was the idea of the magazine. While "Luke Sharp," of the *Detroit Free Press*, was fairly well known to British readers, it was feared that they would not recognize him under his real name of Robert Barr. About this time Mr. Barr ran across Mr. Kipling, to whom he propounded his notion of a magazine dealing almost exclusively with that lighter literature which had come to be known in England as "American humor," and Mr. Kipling consented to edit it. He went so far as to draw up a design for the cover with his own hand. That would make an interesting relic for some admirer of the novelist. Later, finding himself in rather bad health, Mr. Kipling reluctantly broke off the arrangement. Mr. Barr then went to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and shortly afterward the *Idler* appeared.

Alphonse Daudet used to say that he could never write anything worth while unless he wrote it with his own hand; and of this fact he gave a psychological explanation. He claimed that in writing with the pen there is a much more intimate connection between the brain and its product than can be obtained in any other way; because the brain not only composes but in the very moment of composition looks at the results through the medium of the eye, and is therefore simultaneously going through the processes at once—the process of creation and the process of criticism. Furthermore, he said that in doing his own writing with the pen he had a feeling that he was actually putting a part of himself into his work; and that in consequence the individuality and the impress of character in what he wrote were much more sharply given.

Edwin Asa Dix, the author of *Deacon Bradbury*, was born in Newark, N. J., about forty years ago. He was graduated in 1881 at Princeton, where he took the highest honor in his class, winning the first place in scholarship, and being made Latin salutatorian, and a Fellow in History. He is a lawyer by profession, though he has not practiced for a number of years. He was at one time literary editor of *The Churchman*. Mr. Dix has lived in different parts of this country, has visited Europe many times, and has made a tour around the world. Ten years ago (1890) he published *A Midsummer Drive* through the Pyrenees, describing a beautiful and interesting region singularly little known and almost unvisited by American travelers. He knows the Green Mountains well, but his story of a Vermont farmer was written in the Alps.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

"In Manus Tuas Domine!".....Julia C. R. Dorr.....Atlantic Monthly

The glow has faded from the west,
The splendor from the mountain's crest;
Stern Day's relentless task is done
And Nature rests at set of sun.
But ere she shuts her weary eyes,
Soothed as by airs of Paradise,
She softly prays on bended knee,
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

O silent hours, how dear ye are!
There is no light of moon or star;
The twilight shadows slowly creep
From rock to rock, from steep to steep;
The trees stand breathless on the hill;
The restless winds are hushed and still;
Only one prayer from land and sea—
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

And, O my soul, be sure when night
In God's good time puts out the light,
And draws the curtains soft and dim
Round weary head and heart and limb,
You will be glad! But ere you go
To sleep, that no rude dreams shall know,
Be this prayer said for you and me—
"In manus tuas, Domine!"

Fruition.....May Olcott.....Bookman

Love, I have wandered the wide world over,
Laid my head on the earth's cold breast,
Caught the hint in the grass and clover,
Heard bird-notes in the wind-swept nest:
Where have I found God best?

Love, no bird-note ever could bind me,
Home or afar it was still the same:
Love, never nature at heart could find me
Or hold me even her slave in name;
Free am I of her flame.

Love, I have wandered the wide world over.
Found God? Yes; but I found Him best
Never in bird or the nodding clover:
In the soul in your eyes—His rest
Lying against your breast.

A Flipp.....Anne Throop.....Independent

"Oh, make you a niche in life," say they,
Your niche where all will daily pay
You, living, homage on the way.

"Oh, your niche is a death in life," say I—
I'll lose your niche—well lost for a sky,
And I'll merrily go—with a niche when I die!

Oh, all to our niches, when we die!

And what's to boot if a stone or not,
Or a daisy, weather over our lot—
For who's the judge of a famous spot?

Oh, loving or grievous, or sad or free—
Who cares for the World, if the Sun's for fee?
Go, ask how to live of the Winds and the Sea!

Oh, Winds and Seas may know the ways there!

The Path.....Post Wheeler.....New York Press

Sobbing a little, holding tight my hand,
She slipped away into the lampless land,
Half fearing, half content to see the smile
My poor lips tried to comfort her a while.
So, out into the ever dark. Ah, me!
It was so dark for such dear eyes to see!

Not mine to know the touch of her God's love,
Or the kind face she sometimes babbled of!
Mine but to sit and wait the opened door
And the long path she trod along before.
(I said she would not weary, then)—but oh!
It was so far for such small feet to go!

At Sea.....James Whitcomb Riley.....Home Folks*

O, we go down to sea in ships—
But Hope remains behind,
And Love, with laughter on his lips,
And Peace of passive mind;
While out across the deeps of night,
With lifted sails of prayer,
We voyage off in quest of light,
Nor find it anywhere.

O, Thou, who wroughtest earth and sea,
Yet keepest from our eyes
The shores of an eternity
In calms of Paradise,
Blow back upon our foolish quest
With all the driving rain,
Of blinding tears and wild unrest,
And waft us home again.

After Awhile.....Atlanta Constitution

It's good we can say, with a sigh and a smile:
"Times will be better after awhile!"
The light will stream through the clouds o'erhead,
And flowers will bloom where the thorns were red!"
What of the sigh, if we say with a smile:
"Times will be better after awhile?"

It's a long, long way to the light of day;
But winter gives ever a promise of May,
And ever we dream, in the darkest night:
"The joy will come with the morning light!"
Even in our sorrow we say with a smile:
"Times will be better after awhile!"

"Times will be better!" in joy and woe
Is it not sweeter to sing them so?
Sweeter to dream, when the dark's o'er the blue,
The eyes of the angels are looking at you?
Away with the sigh, then, and sweet be the smile!
"Times will be better after awhile!"

My Part.....Ida Ballhelm.....Living Church

The Chief Musician did the chords invent;
The Chief Musician shaped the instrument;
He set me in my place before the score,
I heard the one word, "Play!" He said no more.

He did the air to other hands consign;
I may not even hint the full design.
There is no meaning in the notes I play,
Which I must still rehearse from day to day.

*The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. \$1.25.

And some who tire of their monotonous tone
Would have me change to music of my own;
Full-chorded discord would it better be?
Let others play it, it is not for me.

But I will strive to render perfect still
My unmelodious part with patient will;
So in that concert, grand, remote and far,
The harmony divine I shall not mar.

To a Sea-Blown Butterfly.....Ethel Watts Mumford.....Criterion

Wind of the Land, what bring you here,
Borne on your perfumed breath?
A thing too frail for this outer dark,
Where no life quickeneth.
A butterfly's life is so small a thing
For the mighty clasp of Death.

Wind of the Land, are you breath of Fate
To a butterfly's destiny?
Yet even so must I go myself
When the Death winds blow for me,
To hover and shiver and disappear
In the gray unmeasured sea.

When the Death winds blow to the outer dark,
And the homeward lights grow dim,
As with weakened beat my heart sinks low,
As his worn wing beats for him.
So small, so frail, shall my soul appear
On that vast horizon rim.

Unending heavens above my head,
Beneath the unending sea;
And never a hope 'twixt sea and sky
In that last lone hour for me.
Oh, winds of Fate, deal gently with
A butterfly's destiny!

Weary.....Louis A. Robertson.....Town Talk

Not as a means of grace,
And hope of glory—No!
But could I see Thy face,
And hear the blessing flow,
As when Thy living Lips the promise poured,
Then would I kneel and wait for mercy, Lord.

"Ye weary come to Me
And I will give you rest,"
Have I not bent the knee,
And all my soul confessed?
Art Thou a myth, O God! or am I blind—
Groping in gloom for peace I cannot find?

Oh! shed one beam of light,
And when my flesh is wrung
Through agony's long night—
When all my life is hung
On Retrospection's cross, and when the spear
Of Conscience strikes my soul, then be Thou near.

Whisper one word of hope,
That my faint heart may know
How with these fears to cope,
And respite gain from woe;
Bind up my wounds, and pour the healing balm
Of one kind word, to comfort and to calm.

Not for a heaven unearned,
Nor to escape a hell,
My lips have often burned
To drink of Mercy's well;
Yearning—in that sweet flood—themselves to steep,
And drift away from life in dreamless sleep.

And the Years Go By.....Helen F. Boyden.....New York Observer

Lightly sips youth at the wines of its joys,
Laughs at the charms of yesterday's toys;
Life is so long, and nothing alloys.—
And the years go by.

Little by little the world shows its dross.
Deepens the sense of enjoyment and loss;
Pleasure is wearing off part of its gloss.—
And the years go by.

Now there is question and doubt and dismay!
Well time will alter, and truth will outstay:
Night is as needful, perhaps, as the day.—
And the years go by.

Work multiplies and pleasures abate,—
So much to do, and we are so late,—
Duties still flocking now knock at the gate.—
And the years go by.

Once—ah, we sigh! but we never can stop:
What is life for but to work till we drop?
Only one thought—to rise to the top.—
And the years go by.

Age is oncoming, and what have we done?
Oh, we had dreamed of such victories won!
Whose is the fault, and what is undone?—
And the years go by.

What do we hold but a handful of dust?
We were so wise in our first ardent trust,
Somehow we missed the real metal for rust.—
And the years go by.

A Little While.....Ella Bentley.....Yonkers Statesman

It is so natural that we fall asleep
Like tired children when the day is done,
That I would question why the living weep
When Death has kissed the laughing lips of one.
We do not sigh when golden skies have donned
The purple shadows and the gray of night,
Because we know the morning lies beyond,
And we must wait a little while for light.

So when, grown weary with the care and strife,
Our loved ones find in sleep the peace they crave.
We should not weep, but learn to count this life
A prelude to the one beyond the grave;
And thus be happy for them, not distressed,
But lift our hearts with love to God, and smile,
And we anon, like tired ones will rest,
If we will hope and wait—a little while.

*Lyrle.....Howard V. Sutherland.....Jacinta**

In the wake of the moon is one faithful attendant,
Who finds his delight
In watching the face of his mistress resplendent,
The Queen of the Night.

The moon has attained to the height of her power,
The star is still pale;
'Twixt aught save the sun and the heaven's fair
flower
What love can avail?

So the nights turn to years, and the moon in her
glory
Still travels through space;
And the star gives no sign of his love or his story,
But watches her face.

*Doxey's, New York. 75 cents.

Reminiscences of the Countess Potocka

The following pages have been compiled from the Memoirs of the Countess Potocka,* edited by Casimir Stryiński and translated by Lionel Strachey. The Countess came of brave and high-born Poles. "She was great granddaughter to Stanislaus C. Poniatowski and niece to Joseph Poniatowski. Born as Anna Tyskiewicz, she was married first to Count Alexander Potocka, to whom she bore three children, and, upon his death, to Colonel Wonsowicz. At the age of ninety-one the Countess died in Paris, where her brilliant salon held no insignificant place in the gilded pleasures of the Second Empire. Thirty years after the Countess' death Casimir Stryiński, also a Pole, with the consent of her daughter Nathalia, arranged the memoirs for publication. The memoirs date from the Third Partition of Poland to the incorporation of what was left of that country with the Russian Empire, whose Tsar, Alexander I., impudently invented himself King of Poland while astutely pleasing the fiery Poles with a toy Constitution."

Feminine Gulls

My husband and I reached Warsaw at the finest season of the year, and were soon established in Willanow, a beautiful district, famous through the memory of John Sobieski, who had made a home there.

In taking possession of the charming apartments my mother-in-law had prepared for me, I fancied myself arrived at the summit of bliss. My mother had brought me up to habits of thrift, on principle, and I all at once found myself rich and independent.

Without being passionately in love with my husband, I began to conceive a very tender fondness for him. I met my friend Madame Sobolewska again; my adopted relatives were good and kind, and nothing was wanting to complete my happiness—unless a little more sense. Here is the proof of it.

A moonlight night was for some time to disturb the pure felicity I had been enjoying. I have already said that I was blessed with a romantic brain, and that a quiet, even state of things could not satisfy me for long. So the thought suddenly entered my head to have my husband madly in love with me.

One evening as we were promenading the bank of the Vistula, under those venerable trees which had shaded the less unsophisticated loves of the beautiful Marie d'Arquien, I brought round the conversation to sentiment. I maintained that no happiness was possible on this earth except in a reciprocal attachment, both lively and enduring! My husband, after listening to me indulgently for a little while, looked at his watch, called my at-

tention to the lateness of the hour, observed that our cousins were becoming very tiresome, and that it was time to go in!

I had started upon a note so different from that chosen by him for these remarks that, on reaching my room, I burst into tears, and called myself the most wretched woman in the world for being so misunderstood and taken in such a common way. I could not imagine that I might be loved as well in my room as out-of-doors in the moonlight.

From that instant I thought of nothing but of the means of giving rise to a passion to which I attached my whole future and all my happiness. After mature deliberation I believed to have discovered that to make a husband miserable he must first be made jealous, and, not wishing the participation of a third person in this little family poem, I wrought the notion of inditing an impassioned letter to myself. To make my epistle look more natural and real I sprinkled this avowal of a timid but ardent love with well-seasoned jokes about my surroundings. I disguised my handwriting so successfully that my husband (he found the note in an orange-tree box) was completely deceived, and took it to his mother for their mutual amusement. Delighted at having so properly mystified my friends, I triumphed, without suspecting what turn things were about to take. The jokes my letter contained, though highly innocent, annoyed my mother-in-law; she read and re-read the note, examined the writing, and ended by discovering that I was the author of this little hoax.

It was decided to put me to the test, and to ascertain how long I would stand by a falsehood, which must have appeared the more culpable as its object was unknown. My father-in-law was sent to me.

Anxious, and already repenting what I had done, when I saw him enter my room with the demeanor of one coming to question me, I lost my head altogether, and, afraid to confess such conduct, denied it with extraordinary clumsiness.

My father-in-law proceeded most delicately, and, seeing that I persisted, retired in favor of my husband, who began the cross-examination over again. I was dying of shame, but made a desperate defence. Ultimately, however, he wrested the fatal secret from me. I shed torrents of tears, and cast myself at his feet. He forgave me, because he understood what motive had actuated me, and saw no more than a childish freak in my hoax. It was otherwise with my mother-in-law. She became very disadvantage-

*McClure, Phillips & Co. \$3.50.

ously impressed as to my character, and insisted in ascribing this silly, absurd letter to a taste for intrigue. It was the first time in my life that I had done anything of the kind. I nearly fell ill from vexation, and as I was supposed to be approaching motherhood, every effort was made to pacify me.

The Vienna Salon of the Prince de Ligne

In the very middle of a rather stiff winter my good mother invited us to visit her at Baden. After a month, imagining that we were making too great a sacrifice in renouncing the pleasure of the capital, she persuaded us to go to Vienna to pass the rest of the winter. She promised soon to join us there. My husband too was beginning to tire of the monotony of our life, and I gladly acceded to my mother's suggestion. The de Ligne house was then the centre where all prominent strangers gathered, and to which an introduction was the object of eager solicitation. Taken in with especial kindness and thoughtfulness, I found it a more amusing resort than any other. That modest little salon, whither straw-bottomed chairs were fetched from the hall when they were too few; that frugal supper, where the conversation was the dominating charm; that delightful good nature—all that is well worth dwelling on with affection, and it would be ungrateful to pass over it.

The famous Prince de Ligne was, at more than seventy, still one of the wittiest and brilliant talkers of his circle—far more remarkable by his conversation than by his works. Indulgent, easy-going and kind, he was adored by his children, and loved them because they were loveable, ascribing no importance to anything but the amenities of existence, for he believed in good faith that he had been put into the world for the sole purpose of enjoying himself. If he had been seen in the pursuit of fame in his youth, it was because fame promised him fresh amatory triumphs, and because one is sometimes the more acceptable for being able to write a love letter on a laurel leaf. The owner of a considerable fortune, which, like his life, he had squandered in all possible ways, he endured the penury to which his prodigalities had condemned him with stoical good humor. His humble straw-bottomed chairs, his leg of mutton, his immortal piece of cheese, gave room to a thousand witty and welcome jokes. You would have said he had gained in mirth what he had lost in fortune, and that, like the sage of old who threw his treasure into the sea to achieve happiness, he had wanted to be poor.

The princess had none of the requisites for being so philosophical; husband and wife seemed

to speak different languages, and never to have told each other anything.

The princess was issued from one of the highest families of Germany; but she was poor, as all the titled girls of that country are, and as fully devoid of charm and brain. It was impossible to understand what had moved the prince to this match, inasmuch as he did not approve of German alliances. His old friends repeated a jest he let out when for the first time he took his young wife to Brussels, where his regiment was garrisoned. This jest depicted his roguish wit and his extreme frivolity at the same time. The officers having assembled to be presented to the princess, he said to them:

"I am most sensible, gentlemen, to your amiable assiduity; you shall see her; I warn you, alas! that she is not at all pretty, but, being at any rate very good and very simple, she will be in nobody's way, not even in mine!"

Being, at the time I speak of, already far advanced in years, she easily gave way to ill temper, but that was taken no notice of; her acquaintances would then leave her to her needlework, and while she was doing the most atrocious embroidering, would form in groups about the prince and his daughters, with whom conversation was carried on in a spirit of enthusiasm and freedom, with a taste and grace I have never encountered elsewhere. By the report of old-time French people, the conversation of the Paris salons had taken refuge in this humble little dwelling since the Revolution had banished it from the purlieus of the capital, where it had formerly flourished. I certainly never met so agreeable a society in Paris; there the politest pleasures were spoilt by political partisanship. Among the foremost frequenters of the de Ligne establishment I will mention Count Charles de Damas, who, obstinate in this emigration, persistently awaited the return of the Bourbons. Settled in Vienna for many years, he had but once absented himself, during what he called the invasion of the blues.

No sooner was the town evacuated than he came back to stay, as in the past, with his old friends; but not without reluctance did he forgive the Prince de Ligne for having admitted his strayed countrymen, as he called all those who had subscribed to the new government. Very clever, but subject to the queerest freaks, all his extravagances were overlooked because of his fine character and extreme originality. I have heard him employ all his eloquence in proving that it is sometimes permissible to show bad behavior on condition of never showing bad taste, and hence he believed in his right to say anything.

We thought we should die of laughter one day

when he related, in the most serious fashion in the world, how the second of the Prince de Ligne's daughters, Countess Palfy, an angel of virtue and purity, had induced him to make evil acquaintances, by pointing out the abode of the most famous "nymphs," in order, he said, to save the reputation of the respectable women he might pay his addresses to. Now, with a chin of which he had left half at the siege of Belgrade, and his fifty years, the poor hero offered sufficient guarantees of safety.

One evening, as we were having an animated discussion, over a tea table, about current events, some one came in and proclaimed the arrival of a courier from Paris. Vienna had suffered much from the visit of the French; the inhabitants were still laboring under painful reminiscences, and the secrecy observed as to the newly arrived despatches threw the town into consternation.

With the exception of a few Poles assembled in this brilliant salon, all who were there hated Napoleon beyond measure. The most vehement as well as the most dangerous, of his enemies was undoubtedly the Corsican Pozzi de Borgo, who alone could talk and hate better than all the Germans in the room. We were listening to his prophecies when Count Razumowski, the Russian ambassador, was announced.

We all ran to meet him, and overwhelmed him with questions. The expression of his face was not reassuring. He seemed unhinged; his voice failed him. It was only after some minutes of premonitory silence that he was able to inform us that the mysterious courier, the cause of our recent apprehensions, was only preceding Marshal Berthier by a few hours, whose remarkable mission had the object of asking the Archduchess Marie-Louise in marriage for his august master. Moreover, this upstart soldier, this prince of yesterday's creation, was elected to the signal honor of representing the emperor and king of this auspicious occasion!

This startling proceeding was the sequel to the privy negotiations concluded and signed by M. de Metternich, at Paris, by the sanction and in name of the Emperor Francis. The Prince de Neuchâtel was at the extreme frontier met by one of the greatest noblemen of the country, Prince Paul Esterhazy.

These details, communicated to us in a state of feverish irritation, could not but be true. You would have said that lightning, striking an electric wire, had pulverized the persons who were crowding round M. de Razumowski. The reaction was not long in coming; after an instant of mute stupor a cry of horror spontaneously burst from the whole room. Exclamations were loud against

the impropriety and baseness of a match that put the first princess of Europe into the power of the most infamous usurper!

There was nothing but imprecations and stifled sobs. The ladies had nervous attacks, and the men let themselves go from indignation to fury. There is no more justice to be hoped for on this earth, was the cry. There is nothing to do but leave Europe and become American colonists, said the women. The most sensitive declared that the young princess would die of it, and that such a sacrilege would never be consummated. Others asserted that Napoleon would become insane with glee, and that heaven would countenance such a scandal only to thunder down its wrath the heavier upon the modern Nebuchadnezzar. I was calm in the midst of the storm. A sudden idea seized upon my imagination.

"How amusing," said I to myself, "to go to Paris now, for this brilliant *mésalliance*!"

An Imperial Fête

The Princess Pauline was the first to entertain the illustrious pair. It was the month of May. Neuilly, where she lived, seemed to have put on a crown of flowers to receive the brilliant throng, which flocked from all parts of the earth to witness all these wonders.

At the park gate the carriages were ordered to stop at a theatre improvised by fairies. Light, transparent galleries, grass stairs adorned with exotic plants, boxes decorated with garlands of flowers and filled with pretty women, a starred canopy—this whole poetical and surprising scene recalled the gardens of Armida. The young empress, who generally admired nothing, could not suppress a slight exclamation on setting foot in this hall where she was expected.

The emperor, with more grace and cordiality, evinced astonishment and satisfaction; he thanked his sister delicately.

The best actors of the Théâtre Français acted a piece to which no one listened; the most renowned dancers executed a ballet which no one looked at! Golden harps, melodious chants, celestial music, would have been needed there!

The play ended, Pauline took her sister's arm, and the royal procession which we followed, made toward the ballroom across the park, lit up by means of thousands of lamps concealed under the hedges of flowers whose perfume embalmed the air.

Several orchestras, distributed with infinite cunning, successively answered each other in imitation of mountain echoes; these newly devised harmonies produced a ravishing effect.

We thus passed from marvel to marvel. Now

it was a pretty temple, where love was awakened, caught by the graces; now a hermitage of stern aspect; pilgrims returning from Palestine were begging hospitality; the hermit opened the little grated door of his rustic chapel, and the singing began. All talents were summoned to this festal event. The graces came from the opera and the pilgrims from the conservatory.

The singing and dancing had no other purpose than to eulogize the perfections of the young empress, and in every way to celebrate the gladness her coming had aroused. Love proffered her a crown of roses pilfered from the graces, and the troubadours sang romances full of praise and hope.

Insensibly the pathway contracts, the grove darkens, the harmonious sounds fade away, and the fairy who has created all these spells affects great displeasure; she pretends to have lost her way, and takes us along barren walks.

We cross a hanging bridge, under which the water forms a cascade so skilfully lighted that it seems on fire.

In the midst of the silence the emperor's voice is heard; he complains of the darkness, and has the manner of really believing that his sister has mistaken the road, when of a sudden, at the turn of a maze, we merge abruptly upon a lawn flooded with a light so bright that you would have said it was stolen from the sun.

At the end of the lawn stood the Castle of Schoenbrunn, with its great court, its fountains, its portals, and, in addition, with movement and life such as are foreign to that gorgeous habitation. There were the components of festivity; carriages, bands of promenaders, bashful dairymaids with the traditional cap, farmhands impressed from among the imperial footmen, groups of Tyroleans coming forward to the tune of bagpipes and dancing the national waltz. The art with which at this distance the proportions of the huge castle had been reproduced, the scientific management of light and shade effects, everything deceived the eye so perfectly that it was allowable to believe in magic; and those who, like myself, knew Schoenbrunn could imagine themselves in that royal dwelling.

The courtiers asserted that at this sight the empress had burst into tears! That would have been most natural. The memories of her childhood ought to have drawn some tears from her, but I can testify that her emotion, if she had any, was very evanescent, for at the moment I looked at her I perceived no trace of feeling in her cold and stolid countenance. As for the emperor, he thanked his sister repeatedly, and gave her infinite credit for the pains she had bestowed on

the arrangements for this celebration, the first and finest of all that were held in honor of Marie-Louise.

A Tragical Ball

The Prince de Schwartzemberg, the Austrian ambassador, gave a ball that immediately followed the Neuilly festivity, and owed its celebrity to the dreadful catastrophe which made it historical. The space at the embassy was not large enough to accommodate the two thousand people invited; in the middle of the garden an enormous ballroom had been built, communicating with the apartments by a handsome gallery. This room and this gallery, made of boards, were covered with striped canvas, and inside hung with pink satin and silver gauze draperies. I happened to be in the gallery when the conflagration declared itself, and I perhaps owed my salvation to an incident which had annoyed me very much.

I was wearing an open tulle dress and where it met a bunch of white lilac was fastened to my girdle by a diamond chain composed of lyres hooked one into another; when I danced this chain came undone. The Countess de Brignole, who was my chaperon that evening, observing that I was about to waltz with the viceroy, was good enough to take me into the gallery to assist me in removing the importunate chain. While she was kindly attending to this task, I was one of the first to notice the slight smoke from a candelabrum placed under a gauze festoon. Several young men having gathered about us, I hastened to show them what was as yet but a warning. At once one of them jumped upon a bench; wishing to avert the danger, he violently tore down the draping, which in its rapid descent over the candlesticks took fire and spread the flame to the striped canvas ceiling. Very fortunately for myself, Madame de Brignole did not face the danger, but, without a moment's delay, seized my arm, went through all the rooms at a run, rushed to the bottom of the staircase, and did not draw breath until she had crossed the street and had taken refuge in Madame de Regnault's house, opposite the embassy. Falling on a sofa there, exhausted by the race and her agitation, she pointed me to the balcony, so that I might take account of what was ensuing.

Soon clouds of smoke enveloped the ballroom and gallery we had just left. The music was heard no longer; noisy confusion had incontinently succeeded the gaiety and splendor of the party. Screams, groans reached us; the wind carried distinct words, despairing accents; people called each other, sought each other, wanted certainty of the fate of those they loved, and who were incurring this awful peril.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

The Tenement Procrustes.....New York Tribune

The classic representation of Procrustes was not an amiable one. He had a bed, they tell us, which he compelled all his guests—unwilling ones, of course—to use. And, instead of making up the bed to suit the guests, he made the guests to fit the bed. If the guest was shorter than the bed, as seems from Procrustes' name generally to have been the case, he stretched him out to its full length, and if he was longer than the bed, he chopped off the superfluous inches. And so the old brigand's name has come down to us in execrated notoriety as a synonym for the ruthless sacrificing of man to arbitrary rules.

The report of the observations and investigation of the Tenement-House Commission suggests the thought that Procrustes has outlived the classic age and has survived in pernicious activity until this present time. He is, or was, incarnated in the man who devised the proportions of the city building lot. That is the Procrustean bed, to the arbitrary dimensions of which the multitudinous tenement-house dweller is perforce adapted. And it is from such adaptation that the most and the worst of the evils of tenement houses proceed. Light, air, privacy, sanitary equipments and other comforts and decencies and necessities of life are lacking. Why? Because there is not room for them in a building on so small a lot. They are chopped off to make the guest fit the Procrustean bed. Instead of the ground being divided to suit the needs of man, man and his needs are compressed to fit an arbitrary division of the ground.

It is a striking indication of the evils of unrestricted greed that there has been a steady lessening of the size of city lots. The depth is fixed, of course, by the size of the block. But the width is variable, and has been decreased as greed of gain has increased. Time was when twenty-five feet formed the standard width, though double lots of twice that width were common. Then there was some fellow who discovered that by reducing the width to about twenty-two and one-half feet he could divide a certain plot of ground into eleven instead of ten lots, and build eleven instead of ten houses; and as the difference in width could scarcely be noticed, he could get as good prices for twenty-two and one-half foot as for twenty-five foot houses, and eleven rentals instead of ten from his ground. Soon another reduction was similarly made to twenty feet, which is now the "standard" width of private houses and of the most generous tenements. In

many places, however, the eighteen-foot lot is considered as standard and fifteen foot as merely "narrow," while a twenty-foot house is called "extra wide." Nor is that the end of reduction, for legion is the name of the old twenty-five foot lots which are now made to bear two houses or tenements of only twelve and one-half feet each.

Now, if a man is willing to live largely on the stairs he may get along very well in a twelve and one-half foot private house, or one of even half that width. Such a house may have every room opening directly upon the outer air, and so be well lighted and ventilated, and may be provided with "all the comforts of home." But with a tenement the case is different. With one or two families on each floor, so narrow a lot means that the inmates must be deprived of the supply of light and circulation of air which are necessary for their well-being. If the building be not more than two or three stories high its plight will be bad. To build a twelve and one-half foot tenement, with two families, or even one family, on a floor, to a height of six or eight stories, as is frequently done in this city, is simply murder.

Courts and Factory Legislation....G. W. Alger...Am. Jour. of Soc.

The rules of the common law regarding the rights and duties of masters and servants were established before the commencement of the general legislative movement toward regulative statutes and factory laws. One of the best-known of these rules is the so-called doctrine of "assumed risk." There is no practical distinction in principle between this doctrine and that involved in the Latin maxim, but in this country the principle involved is more frequently discussed under the former name than the latter. The principle may be stated thus: A servant, by entering upon and continuing in a given employment, by the fact of such continuance is presumed to have voluntarily assumed the risk of personal injuries he may receive, by reason of the ordinary dangers inherent in the employment, by reason of any defect not necessarily inherent in the employment which he knew and understood as a danger before injury received, whether such defect was occasioned by his master's failure to perform his common-law duty of furnishing his men with a safe place to work or not. This doctrine is one of the commonest and most successful defences interposed by employers in this country in actions brought against them by their injured employees. In most of the American States the question

whether the servant assumed the risks of personal injury from defective appliances has been treated as a matter of law for the judge to determine, and the continuance in employment with knowledge and comprehension of defects from which personal injuries are afterward received has been ordinarily held sufficient to authorize and require the trial judge to take the case from the jury and dismiss the plaintiff's action. Under the ordinary American rule continuance at his work by the employee with knowledge of a dangerous defect in machinery or in his place of employment can mean but one thing—a conscious, willing assent to the continuance of the danger to his life or safety, and a voluntary assumption of all chances of personal injury from it, absolving the master from all responsibility for such injuries, even if this defect exists by the master's carelessness or indifference to the employee's safety. Even if the workman protests against the exposure of his life by such defect, if he keeps at work he assumes the risk he protests himself unwilling to assume. A somewhat different rule is adopted in England, where the question whether the workman voluntarily took his chances of being injured is for the jury to say from the circumstances.

Such being the American rule as to the ordinary negligences of the employer to do his legal duty in furnishing his workman a safe place to work, or safe tools and appliances, is there any different rule properly invoked when the master neglects to comply with a specific, definite, statutory duty? In case a statute makes it mandatory upon the employer to take certain precautions, to use certain safety appliances in his business, and he neglects or refuses to comply, does the workman who knows of his employer's neglect to comply with the statute, assume the risk of personal injury which may result from the latter's refusal to obey the law? If he does, then the statute is no protection to the workman, and is utterly worthless as far as its enforcement by ordinary suit at law is concerned. The answer to this question, moreover, will determine whether the courts will recognize and sustain the economic theory upon which such remedial statutes are framed, or will resist and nullify the application of that theory by upholding the "laissez-faire" doctrine upon which the old rule of assumed risk is founded. The modern economic theory which is the justification of factory legislation and laws regulating the hours and conditions of labor for the protection of the working classes has been recognized and approved by the United States Supreme Court recently, in the great Utah eight-hour law case in which the court, in the opinion by Judge Brown, used the following significant language:

The legislature has also recognized the fact, which the experience of legislators in many States has corroborated, that the proprietors of these establishments (mining plants) and their operators do not stand upon an equality, and their interests are in a certain extent conflicting. The former naturally desire to obtain as much labor as possible from their employees, while the latter are often induced, by fear of discharge, to conform to regulations which their judgment, fairly exercised, would pronounce detrimental to their health and strength. In other words, the proprietors lay down the rules, and the laborers are practically constrained to obey them. In such cases self-interest is often an unsafe guide, and the legislature may properly interpose its authority. . . . But the fact that both parties are of full age and competent to contract, does not necessarily deprive the State of the power to interfere where the parties do not stand upon an equality, or where the public health demands that one party to the contract be protected against himself. The State still retains an interest in his welfare, however reckless he may be. The whole is no greater than the sum of all its parts, and when the individual health, safety, and welfare are sacrificed or neglected, the State must suffer.

Under this theory, it is apparent that the question which we are considering involves an important matter of public policy. In an employment so dangerous (if necessary precautions be not taken) that great numbers of working people are exposed to avoidable dangers to life and limb, and when (recognizing the interest which the State has in the welfare of the citizen) the Legislature has interposed its authority in enacting regulative statutes, does not public policy require that such statutes should be mandatory, and not subject to constructive or actual waiver by the persons for whose safety they are framed?

In New York the question whether the statutory duties imposed on employers to guard cogs, gearings, etc., under the Factory Act could be waived by the employee continuing his work after he knew of his master's violation of this law has been considered several times. In the case of *Simpson vs. the New York Rubber Co.* (80 Hun. 415) the general term of the Supreme Court held that public policy forbade such waiver.

This decision has been in effect reversed by the Court of Appeals in a later case involving the same question, and in which it was held that the employee may by entering upon the employment with full knowledge of all the facts waive, under the common-law doctrine of obvious risks, the performance by the employer of the duty to furnish the special protection prescribed by the Factory Act. This case (*Knisley vs. Pratt*, 148 N. Y. 372) passes lightly over the question of public policy, without giving it consideration except by saying that to hold that the workman could not waive his master's statutory duty by continuing at

work was "a new and startling doctrine calculated to establish a measure of liability unknown to the common law, and which is contrary to the decisions of Massachusetts and England under similar statutes." The decision of other States and of England affirming this "new and startling" doctrine are not considered at all, and the court's attention does not seem to have been called to them by plaintiff's counsel in his brief. The decision is based largely upon supposed analogies between the case at bar and English and Massachusetts cases on employer's liability acts. These latter cases held that the English act (that of 1880) and the substantially similar Massachusetts law of 1887 (neither of which created or imposed any new statutory duty on the master) were intended to modify "the fellow-servant doctrine," and not to affect in any way the doctrine of assumed risk. In the Knisley case defendant refused or neglected to obey the mandatory provision of the Factory Act imposing the specific duty upon him of placing guards on cogwheels of his machinery. Owing to the absence of these guards, and apparently not by reason of any personal carelessness, plaintiff's arm was drawn into the cogs and so crushed and torn that it had to be amputated at the shoulder—a peculiarly distressing case. In this case plaintiff was a young woman of full age. The New York court recognizes no difference in the rule by reason of infancy, however, for in *White vs. Witteman Lithographic Co.* the same rule under similar circumstances was applied to a child of fourteen.

The attitude of the courts toward factory legislation is of importance to others besides the injured litigant. While it has been said on good authority that the courts in the great manufacturing States are desirous of diminishing the constantly increasing flood of negligence litigation by discouraging the injured servant from taking his troubles to court, the public, and particularly the working classes, are interested in obtaining the same result by diminishing the number of accidents from which alone such lawsuits can originate. Any perceptible diminution in the number of accidents can scarcely be expected when the responsibility of the master for his own negligence to his workmen is nominal and not actual. The prospect of verdicts for large damages actually sustained on appeal in actions brought against him by his injured employees would be a most healthful stimulus to vigilance by the master in performing his legal duties to his men and in giving reasonable care to their safety. A reasonable modification of the assumption doctrine would, moreover, make unnecessary the greater part of the regulative statutes applying to

particular trades, yearly increasing in bulk and complexity, confusing alike to lawyer and layman—in itself a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The Appeal to Pity..... Florence Kelley..... Charities Review

When the first effort was made in England for the enactment of far-reaching factory legislation the only appeal on its behalf which could have any hope of fruition was the appeal to pity. That was the era of Cobden and Bright, and of freedom run mad; and the proposal to restrict the right of men, women, and children to do as they saw fit with their own lives and limbs, could reach the ears of Parliament only through a Shaftsbury addressing his pleas to the nation on behalf of the most extreme and spectacular suffering. The only appeal was to the pity of the lawmakers. That was philanthropy's last great opportunity in the field of labor legislation. Gradually, not in England alone, but throughout the civilized world, another principle has established itself. Democracy has occupied the places of power, and to democracy the appeal must be made to-day.

In our own country the same process is still working itself out. Here, too, the earliest appeals have been to pity, and the initial measures have been enacted in response to well-attested tales of woes and horror. In Massachusetts the prohibition of the employment of children under ten years of age in cotton mills was enacted in 1875 only after little boys and girls from seven to nine years old had perished in the burning "granite mill" in that State. In New York State the initial factory law, enacted in 1886, applied only to women and children, and followed close upon the investigation by the State Bureau of Labor Statistics into the hideous conditions attending tenement-house work in New York City. The first child-labor law of Illinois, enacted no longer ago than 1890, bears the trail of the pity impulse in the provision that a child of ten years of age, if it had dependent upon it any sick or infirm adult relative, might obtain from the local board of education exemption from the few weeks of school attendance prescribed for children not so burdened.

Starting from the need of mitigating horrors recognized as unendurable, gradually extending to systematic measures for the prevention of injury to the operatives, it comes, at last, to interest jointly the employees and the consumers, as in the so-called "sweatshop" laws and the bakeshop laws of several States. It is characteristic of the changing attitude of the public mind toward labor legislation that the present child-labor law of Illinois, which is second only to those of Massachusetts and New York in the scope of its pro-

visions, grew up in the short space of time from 1893 to 1897, and almost wholly without appeal to the sensational, emotional impulses of the community. The workingmen voters need no convincing; they see the children work beside them in the factories and workshops. The legislators from the manufacturing districts need little persuasion, for they bow to the wishes of the constituency. For the great disinterested body of the people, the consideration that the children of today are the voters of to-morrow, and must have their opportunity to become intelligent citizens, is almost as effective as the appeal to pity on behalf of children overworked.

I do not wish to ignore the fact that Illinois will still have horrors so long as the Illinois glass-works, at Alton, with its night employment of boys, and, in Chicago, the increasing numbers of boys in the stockyards and girls in the sweatshops continue to disgrace the State; while 1,200 children carry cash in five department stores, and other hundreds of boys carry telegrams and messages to all sorts of places at all hours of the night; while street children, unprotected by any law, are left to the tender mercies of their parents and the people who, with cruel kindness, buy of them papers, flowers, and other things, encouraging their life of truancy, vagrancy, beggary, and overwork. For the street child in his bitter experience combines all these evil things. Illinois has its share of horrors yet; and there is ample outlet for the activity and energy of the philanthropically inclined of the State.

Indeed, in a community in which all breathe soot contentedly; where much of the bread is baked in cellars with sewers periodically backing up into them, habitually filled with sewer-gas, the sun's rays never entering to purify; in a community in which baking-powder eats the shoes of the children who pack it; bouillon cooked among the stench of the stockyards, in close proximity to the fertilizer factories, is served at the most fashionable luncheons; in a community where costliest garments are made or finished in the kitchens of tenement houses, the philanthropist may not find a ready hearing for the demand that work-rooms should be clean, light, and well-ventilated as they are required to be by the laws of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and neighboring States. In a community in which all are habitually so tolerant of grime, such a demand might seem almost squeamish when made on behalf of the factory hands.

Unfortunately, too, the philanthropists of Illinois have not all been Shaftsburies in disinterestedness and enlightenment; and their excursions into the field of economic action have not always

been fraught with unmixed good. For instance, within the acquaintance of the writer is one who points with pride to the room into which he has gathered, for work at which they sit quietly all day long, all the lame men from the county poor-houses of five adjoining counties. It is startling to hear the other employees calling that room, first "Cripples' Hole," then "Cripples' Hell"; and insisting that before the cripples were brought away from their gratuitous support to work for fifty cents a day, that room was filled with men who supported their families upon wages of \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day. At the time of my acquaintance with him, this gentleman was the heaviest contributor to two leading churches and the largest relief-distributing centre in the town in which his works stood. Applicants for relief at any of these sources were referred to the works, where they found immediate employment for their youngest sons. Parents who preferred to keep their children in school until they reached the legal age of work were systematically refused help. When they broke the law and sent the little boys to work at seven, eight, and nine years of age, they came into conflict with the factory inspection department, of which I was in charge; and the same story was told to the inspectors scores of times by parents in extenuation of their offence (once it was told in this way on behalf of an offender by the mayor of the city). This employer helped to defeat before a committee of the Senate of Illinois the bill prohibiting the employment of children under the age of sixteen years after nine o'clock at night or before six in the morning; and, at last accounts, had more than one hundred such children working for him during those hours.

Another gentleman of my acquaintance is a heavy contributor to one of the leading hospitals of Chicago. One of his friends asked him why he did not enlarge his garment factory, take into it his sweaters' victims, and, by furnishing them with power machines (instead of the foot machines which they use in their tenement homes), relieve them of the over-exertion which sends so many of them as patients to the hospital. He is reported to have said: "So far, we have found foot power and the hospital cheaper." Whether or no he used those words at that time, he has acted, ever since, upon the principle therein set forth, being to this day one of the effective foes to a strict enforcement of the sweatshop law.

Next to the glassworks, and even worse, if possible, than the sweatshops, are the stockyards as working places for children. Yet a renowned philanthropist there employs 120 little lads. I have myself seen one of these working at an unguarded buzz-saw, "Keeping the place for my

father," which the parent was in danger of losing, being temporarily disabled by the loss of a finger at that same buzz-saw. It has never been possible to obtain in Illinois the passage of a law requiring the safe guarding of dangerous machines. This would seem to be an opportunity for the philanthropist owning the establishment here described. Nor have the difficulties in Illinois been limited to this type of philanthropist. The purely disinterested, like the poor, are always with us. Who has not heard the gently expressed query whether the shortened working day may not mean more hours for drinking and carousal for the unworthy husband of the washwoman? And the apprehension lest the cook's little boy may become a pampered egotist in later life if he be not permitted to go to work, at twelve years of age, to help support his able-bodied mother? The more this disinterested soul denies herself, the harder she labors to redeem the wayward poor, the larger the inefficient loom upon her horizon, the farther she inevitably strays from fellowship and good understanding with the solid, substantial mass of wage-earners. Her name is legion, and her self-sacrificing efforts command a respectful hearing. She it is who perceives behind every newsboy a starving family kept from the poorhouse by his efforts, overlooking the heavy probabilities that the lad, himself, may end in jail in consequence of his street-life; or in the hospital by reason of habitual exposure to the brutal Chicago climate in the small hours of the morning, while he waits in line for his turn to get his papers and start upon his rounds. She it is who extenuates the truancy of the eight-year old Italian girl on the ground that she must hold the baby for her (thoroughly idle) mother; who extols the orphanage which sends out its twelve-year-old orphans to work two years under the legal age, using the social prestige of the lady patroness to overcome the scruples of an otherwise law-abiding merchant.

A Tenement Living-Room.....Boston Transcript

A Manhattan corporation is now planning the erection of some tenements according to the design which received the first prize in the architects' competition held last spring by the New York Charity Organization Society. This design calls for a block of houses covering four of the one hundred by twenty-five feet city lots. The block is six stories high, one hundred feet wide and ninety feet deep. By leaving only ten feet for the rear yard and by doing away with all airshafts the architects secure space for an open court thirty feet wide in the centre of the block and a passageway ten feet wide to the street.

Another innovation is the abolition of the pub-

lic hallway, which runs the entire length of the ordinary tenement. Each tenement has a private hall connecting with the staircase. A further novelty in this plan is that each tenement has only one living-room. This is unusually large, however, after the fashion of the old New England living-room. The bed-rooms, of which there are from one to three in each tenement, are also of good size, being planned for two beds. Every room has a window opening directly upon the court or the street. There is a gas range and a refrigerator in every tenement. In the basement are bathtubs, shower-baths and steam-drying laundries for the use of the tenants. The average rent per room will be about one dollar a week.

The striking feature of this interesting plan is the emphasis laid upon the family life of the tenants. In the big tenement-blocks of the conventional type family privacy is impossible. Such blocks are nothing better than domestic barracks in which families are quartered without regard to the requirements of a decent home life. In the plan which has been described, a genuine family environment is made possible by the private hallway and the large living-room. The immense significance of the living-room in the family life has been clearly set forth by a recent writer on the housing problem, Mr. C. G. Fairchild:

"In the planning of tenements in our cities, the value of the living-room is largely overlooked. With a family that does its own work, the place where that family will live is the place where the household work must be done. What this family needs is the revival of the old New England living-room. The space of sitting-room and dining-room and kitchen should be put into one room, and that room carefully arranged for its various uses. Then the household work, which is now a family barrier, would become a family bond. The room where a mother and her babies must spend nearly all their waking hours should be the most sunny and airy and roomy that the situation allows, and there should be a place in that room for the husband and father when he come home. The home instinct should be cherished and dignified by every device known to the architect and builder. The wage-earners of our cities have little thought and no power in such a matter. Yet the vigor and healthfulness of family life depend greatly upon its habitation. Do not father and mother and children need a daily contact and service? This is what the New England living-room gave, and this more than anything else fashioned the New England family life, until it became one of the most gracious and one of the most potent influences that the race has yet seen."

Possible Growth of Our Population*

BY H. S. PRITCHETT

President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

During the past century the factors which govern the growth of population have fluctuated enormously: there have been wars and epidemics; there have been decades in which large numbers of emigrants landed upon our shores, and there have been other decades in which emigrants were few; there have been years of plenty and years of want; booms and panics, good times and hard times have had their share in the century which has passed. Yet notwithstanding all these varying conditions, the growth of the population has been a regular and orderly one, so much so that it can be represented by a comparatively simple mathematical equation. Can this equation be trusted to predict the population in the future?

How closely the formula will represent the population of the future will depend, of course, upon the continuance of the same general conditions which have held in the past. This does not mean that exactly the same factors are to operate, but that on the whole the change of one factor will be balanced by a change in another, so that in the main the character of the growth manifested during the past century will be continued. A decided change in the birthrate or a widespread famine would bring out large discrepancies. But on the whole it may be expected that the experience of the last hundred years involves so many varying conditions that the general law of growth which satisfies that period will continue to approximate the development of the population.

This does not mean that any particular census enumeration of the future will be represented closely, but simply that in the main the computed values will follow the general growth of the population. The law of probabilities will lead one to expect at times considerable variations. The preliminary announcements from the Census Office, as given in the daily papers, indicate a result for 1900 of about 75,700,000 people, a value considerably below the computed one. This would mean that at this epoch the formula was not representing the actual growth, but does not at all indicate that it will cease to represent the general growth of the succeeding centuries. In any event this method furnishes the most trustworthy estimate which can be made for the future, since it gives the result which is mathematically most probable, and which is based on all the data of the past. Carrying forward, therefore, the com-

putation, we obtain the following values for the most probable population of the future:

Year.	Computed Population.
1900.....	77,472,000
1910.....	94,673,000
1920.....	114,416,000
1930.....	136,877,000
1940.....	162,268,000
1950.....	190,740,000
1960.....	222,067,000
1970.....	257,688,000
1980.....	296,814,000
1990.....	339,193,000
2000.....	385,860,000
2100.....	1,112,867,000
2500.....	11,856,302,000
2900.....	40,852,273,000

The law governing the increase of population, as generally stated, is, that when not disturbed by extraneous causes such as emigration, wars, and famines, the increase of population goes on at a constantly diminishing rate. By this is meant that the percentage of increase from decade to decade diminishes. It will be noticed that the figures just given involve such a decrease in the percentage of growth. A simple differentiation of the formula gives as the percentage of increase of the population per decade 32 per cent. in 1790, 24 per cent. in 1880, 13 per cent. in 1990, while in one thousand years it will have sunk to a little less than 3 per cent.

The figures just quoted are, to say the least, suggestive. Forming, as they do, the most probable estimate we can make for the population of the future, they suggest possibilities of the highest social and economic interest. Within fifty years the population of the United States (exclusive of Alaska, of Indians on reservations, and of the inhabitants of the recently acquired islands) will approximate 190,000,000, and by the year 2000 this number will have swelled to 385,000,000 of people; while should the same law of growth continue for a thousand years, the number will reach the enormous total of 41,000,000,000.

How great a change in the conditions of living this growth of population would imply is, perhaps, impossible for us to realize. Great Britain, at present one of the most densely populated countries of the globe, contains about 300 inhabitants to the square mile. Should the present law of growth continue until 2900, the United States would contain over 11,000 persons to each square mile.

*Popular Science Monthly.

The Battles of Magersfontein and Spion Kop

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

The following description of two terrible battles is from *The Great Boer War*.* We commend this history as complete and impartial—impartial in so far as the nearness of the conflict admits. Only with the lapse of time may we hope to see the struggle in its proper perspective. The vividness of the style in which the story is told is sufficiently indicated by our reading.

The Battle of Magersfontein

There was one sight visible every night to all men which might well nerve the rescuers in their enterprise. Over the northern horizon, behind those hills of danger, there quivered up in the darkness one long, flashing, quivering beam, which swung up and down, and up again, like a seraphic sword-blade. It was Kimberley praying for help, Kimberley solicitous for news. Anxiously, distractedly, the great De Beers searchlight dipped and rose. And back across the twenty miles of darkness, over the hills where the dark Cronje lurked, there came that other southern column of light, which answered and promised and soothed: "Be of good heart, Kimberley. We are here! The Empire is behind us. We have not forgotten you. It may be days, or it may be weeks, but rest assured that we are coming."

About three in the afternoon of Sunday, December 10th, the force which was intended to clear a path for the army through the lines of Magersfontein moved out upon what proved to be its desperate enterprise. The Third or Highland Brigade included the Black Watch, the Seaforths, the Argyll and Sutherlands, and the Highland Light Infantry. The Gordons had only arrived in camp that day, and did not advance until next morning. Besides the infantry, the Ninth Lancers, the mounted infantry, and all the artillery moved to the front. It was raining hard, and the men with one blanket between two soldiers bivouacked upon the cold damp ground, about three miles from the enemy's position. At one o'clock, without food, and drenched, they moved forward through the drizzle and the darkness to attack those terrible lines.

Clouds drifted low in the heavens, and the falling rain made the darkness more impenetrable. The Highland Brigade was formed into a column—the Black Watch in front, then the Seaforths, and the other two behind. To prevent the men from straggling in the night the four regiments were packed into a mass of quarter column as densely as was possible, and the left guides held a

rope in order to preserve the formation. With many a trip and stumble the ill-fated detachment wandered on, uncertain where they were going and what it was that they were meant to do. Not only among the rank and file, but among the principal officers also, there was the same absolute ignorance. Brigadier Wauchope knew, no doubt, but his voice was soon to be stilled in death. The others were aware, of course, that they were advancing either to turn the enemy's trenches or to attack them, but they may well have argued from their own formation that they could not be near the riflemen yet. Why they should be still advancing in that dense clump we do not now know, nor can we surmise what thoughts were passing through the mind of the gallant and experienced chieftain who walked beside them. There are those who speak of fierce disagreement between him and his general, and his proud spirit may have been raging within him. There are others who claim on the night before to have seen upon his strangely ascetic face that shadow of doom which is summed up in the one word "fey." The hand of coming death may already have laid cold upon his soul. Out there, close beside him, stretched the long trench, fringed with its line of fierce, staring, eager faces, and its bristle of gun-barrels. They knew he was coming. They were ready. They were waiting. But still, with the dull murmur of many feet, the dense column, nearly four thousand strong, wandered onward through the rain and the darkness, death and mutilation crouching upon their path.

It matters not what gave the signal, whether it was the flashing of a lantern by a Boer scout, or the tripping of a soldier over wire, or the firing of a gun in the ranks. It may have been any, or it may have been none of these things. As a matter of fact I have been assured by a Boer who was present that it was the sound of the tins which had been attached to the alarm wires which disturbed them. However this may be, in an instant there crashed out of the darkness into their faces and ears a roar of point-blank fire, and the night was slashed across with the throbbing flame of the rifles. At the moment before this outflame some doubt as to their whereabouts seems to have flashed across the minds of their leaders. The order to extend had just been given, but the men had not had time to act upon it. The storm of lead burst upon the head and right flank of the column, which broke to pieces under the murder-

*McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

ous volley. Wauchope was shot, struggled up, and fell once more forever. Rumor has placed words of reproach upon his dying lips, but his nature, both gentle and soldierly, forbids the supposition. "What a pity!" was the only utterance which a brother Highlander ascribes to him. Men went down in swaths, and a howl of rage and agony, heard afar over the veldt, swelled up from the frantic and struggling crowd. By the hundred they dropped—some dead, some wounded, some knocked down by the rush and sway of the broken ranks. It was a horrible business. At such a range and in such a formation a single Mauser bullet may well pass through many men. A few dashed forward, and were found dead at the very edges of the trench. The head of the brigade broke, and disentangling themselves with difficulty from the dead and the dying, fled back out of that accursed place. Some, the most unfortunate of all, became caught in the darkness in the wire defences, and were found in the morning hung up "like crows," as one spectator describes it, and riddled with bullets.

Who shall blame the Highlanders for retiring when they did? Viewed, not by desperate and terrified men, but in all calmness and sanity, it may well seem to have been the very best thing which they could do. Dashed into chaos, separated from their officers, with no one who knew what was to be done, the first necessity was to gain shelter from this deadly fire, which had already stretched six hundred of their number upon the ground. But the danger was that men so shaken would be stricken with panic, scatter in the darkness over the face of the country, and cease to exist as a military unit. But the Highlanders were true to their character and their traditions. There was shouting in the darkness, hoarse voices calling for the Seaforths, for the Argylls, for Company C, for Company H, and everywhere in the gloom there came the answer of the clansmen. Within half an hour with the break of day the Highland regiments had re-formed (a company and a half left of the Black Watch), and, shattered and weakened, but undaunted, prepared to renew the contest. Some attempt at an advance was made upon the right, ebbing and flowing, one little band even reaching the trenches and coming back with prisoners and reddened bayonets. For the most part the men lay upon their faces, and fired when they could at the enemy.

Spion Kop

Under the friendly cover of a starless night the men, in Indian file, like a party of Iroquois braves upon the war trail, stole up the winding and ill-defined path which led to the summit. Woodgate, the Lancaster brigadier, and Bloomfield of the

Fusiliers, led the way. It was a severe climb of two thousand feet, coming after arduous work over broken ground, but the affair was well timed, and it was at that blackest hour which precedes the dawn that the last steep ascent was reached. The Fusiliers crouched down among the rocks to recover their breath, and saw far down in the plain beneath them the placid lights which showed where their comrades were resting. A fine rain was falling, and rolling clouds hung low over their heads. The men with unloaded rifles and fixed bayonets stole on once more, their bodies bent, their eyes peering through the mirk for the first sign of the enemy—that enemy whose first sign has usually been a shattering volley. Thorneycroft's men with their gallant leader had threaded their way up into the advance. Suddenly the leading rifles found that they were walking on the level. The crest had been gained.

With slow steps and bated breath, the open line of skirmishers stole across it. Was it possible that it had been entirely abandoned! Suddenly a raucous shout came out of the darkness, then a shot, then a splutter of musketry and a yell, as the Fusiliers sprang onward with their bayonets. The Boer post of Vryheid burghers clattered and scrambled away into the darkness, and a cheer that roused both the sleeping armies told that the surprise had been complete and the position won.

In the gray light of the breaking day the men advanced along the narrow undulating ridge, the prominent end of which they had captured. Another trench faced them, but it was weakly held and easily carried. Then the men, uncertain what remained beyond, halted and waited for full light to see where they were, and what the work which lay before them—a fatal halt, as the result proved, and yet one so natural, that it is hard to blame the officer who ordered it. Indeed, he might have seemed more culpable had he pushed blindly on, and so lost the advantage which had been already gained.

About eight o'clock, with the clearing of the mist, General Woodgate saw how matters stood. The ridge, one end of which he held, extended away, rising and falling for some miles. Had he the whole of the end plateau, and had he guns, he might hope to command the rest of the position. But he held only half the plateau, and at the farther end of it the Boers were strongly entrenched. The ridge took a curve too, so that the Spion Kop summit was somewhat behind the general line of it, and as our men faced the Boer trenches a cross fire came from their left. Beyond were other eminences which sheltered strings of riflemen and several guns. The plateau which the British held was very much narrower than

was usually represented in the press. In many places the possible front was not more than a hundred yards wide, and the troops were compelled to bunch together, as there was not room for a single company to take an extended formation. The cover upon this plateau was scanty, far too scanty for the force upon it, and the shell fire—especially the fire of the pom-poms—soon became very murderous. To mass the troops under the cover of the edge of the plateau might naturally suggest itself, but with great tactical skill the Boer advanced line from the Heidelberg and Carolina commandoes kept so aggressive an attitude that the British could not weaken their lines opposed to them. Their skirmishers were creeping round too in such a way that the fire was really coming from three separate points, left, centre and right, and every corner of the position was searched by their bullets. Early in the action the gallant Woodgate and many of his Lancashire men were shot down. The others spread out and held on, firing occasionally at the whisk of a rifle barrel or the glimpse of a broad-brimmed hat.

From morning to midday, the shell, Maxim, and rifle fire swept across the Kop in a continual driving shower. The British guns in the plain below failed to localize the position of the enemy, and they were able to vent their concentrated spite upon the exposed infantry. No blame attaches to the gunners for this, as a hill intervened to screen the Boer artillery.

Upon the fall of Woodgate, Thorneycroft, who bore the reputation of a determined fighter, was placed at the suggestion of Buller in charge of the defence of the hill, and he was reinforced after noon by Coke's brigade, the Middlesex, the Dorsets, and the Somersets, together with the Imperial Light Infantry. The addition of this force to the defenders of the plateau tended to increase the casualty returns rather than the strength of the defence. Three thousand more rifles could do nothing to check the main source of the losses, while on the other hand the plateau had become so cumbered with troops that a shell could hardly fail to do damage. There was no cover to shelter them and no room for them to extend. The pressure was most severe upon the shallow trenches in the front, which had been abandoned by the Boers and were held by the Lancashire Fusiliers. They were enfiladed by rifle and cannon, and the dead and wounded outnumbered the hale. Once a handful of men, tormented beyond endurance, sprang up as a sign that they had had enough, but Thorneycroft, a man of huge physique, rushed forward to the advancing Boers. "You may go to hell!" he yelled. "I command here, and allow no surrender. Go

on with your firing." Nothing could exceed the gallantry of Louis Botha's men in pushing the attack. Again and again they made their way up to the British firing line, exposing themselves with a recklessness which, with the exception of the grand attack upon Ladysmith, was unique in our experience of them. About two o'clock they rushed one trench occupied by the Fusiliers and secured the survivors of two companies as prisoners, but were subsequently driven out again. Hour after hour of the unremitting crash of the shells among the rocks and of the groans and screams of men torn and burst by the most horrible of all wounds had shaken the troops badly. Spectators from below who saw the shells pitching at the rate of seven a minute on to the crowded plateau marveled at the endurance which held the devoted men to their post. Men were wounded and wounded and wounded yet again, and still went on fighting. Never since Inkerman had we had so grim a soldier's battle. The company officers were superb. Captain Muriel of the Middlesex was shot through the cheek while giving a cigarette to a wounded man, continued to lead his company, and was shot again through the brain. Scott Moncrieff of the same regiment was only disabled by the fourth bullet which hit him. Young Murray of the Scottish Rifles, dripping from five wounds, still staggered about among his men. And the men were worthy of such officers. "No retreat! No retreat!" they yelled when some of the front line were driven in. In all regiments there were weaklings and hang-backs, and many a man was wandering down the reverse slopes when he should have been facing death upon the top, but as a body British troops have never stood firm through a more fiery ordeal than on that fatal hill.

The position was so bad that no efforts of officers or men could do anything to mend it. They were in a murderous dilemma. If they fell back for cover the Boer riflemen would rush the position. If they held their grounds this horrible shell fire must continue, which they had no means of answering. Down at Gun Hill in front of the Boer position we had no less than five batteries, the Seventy-eighth, Seventh, Seventy-third, Sixty-third and Sixty-first Howitzers, but a ridge intervened between them and the Boer guns which were shelling Spion Kop, and this ridge was strongly entrenched. The naval guns from distant Mount Alice did what they could, but the range was very long, and the position of the Boer guns uncertain. The artillery, situated as it was, could not save the infantry from the horrible scourging which they were enduring.

There remains the debated question whether

the British guns could have been taken up to the top. Mr. Winston Churchill, the soundness of whose judgment has been frequently demonstrated during the war, asserts that it might have been done. Without venturing to contradict one who was personally present, I venture to think that there is strong evidence to show that it could not have been done without blasting and other measures, for which there was no possible time. Captain Hanwell, of the Seventy-eighth R.F.A., upon the day of the battle, had the very utmost difficulty with the help of four horses in getting a light Maxim on to the top, and his opinion, with that of other military officers, is that the feat was an impossible one until the path had been prepared. When night fell Colonel Sim was despatched with a party of sappers to clear the track and to prepare two emplacements upon the top, but in his advance he met the retiring infantry.

Throughout the day reinforcements had pushed up the hill, until two full brigades had been drawn into the fight. From the other side of the ridge Lyttelton sent up the Scottish Rifles, who reached the summit, and added their share to the shambles upon the top. As the shades of night closed in, and the glare of the bursting shells became more lurid, the men lay extended upon the rocky ground, parched and exhausted. They were hopelessly jumbled together, with the exception of the Dorsets, whose cohesion may have been due to superior discipline, or to the fact that their khaki differed somewhat in color from that of the others. Twelve hours of so terrible an experience had had a strange effect upon many of the men. Some were dazed and battle-struck, incapable of clear understanding. Some were as incoherent as drunkards. Some lay in an overpowering drowsiness. The most were doggedly patient and long-suffering, with a mighty longing for water obliterating every other motion.

Before evening fell a most gallant and successful attempt had been made by the third battalion of the King's Royal Rifles from Lyttelton's Brigade to relieve the pressure upon the comrades on Spion Kop. In order to draw part of the Boer fire away they ascended from the northern side, and carried the hills which formed a continuation of the same ridge. The movement was meant to be no more than a strong demonstration, but the riflemen pushed it until, breathless but victorious, they stood upon the very crest of the position, leaving nearly a hundred dead or dying to show the path which they had taken. Their advance being much farther than was desired, they were recalled, and it was at the moment that Buchanan Riddell, their brave colonel stood up to read Lyttelton's note that he fell with a Boer bullet through

his brain, making one more of those gallant leaders who died as they had lived, at the head of their regiments. Chisholm, Dick Cunynham, Downman, Wilford, Gunning, Sherston, Thackeray, Sitwell, Airlie—they have led their men up to and through the gates of death. It was a fine exploit of the Third Rifles. "A finer bit of skirmishing, a finer bit of climbing, and a finer bit of fighting, I have never seen," said their brigadier. It is certain that if Lyttelton had not thrown his two regiments into the fight the pressure upon the hilltop might have become unendurable.

And now, under the shadow of night, but with the shells bursting thickly over the plateau, the much-tired Thorneycroft, wounded and wearied, had to make up his mind as to whether he should hold on for another such day as he had endured, or whether now, in the friendly darkness, he should remove his shattered force. Could he have seen the discouragement of the Boers and the preparations which they had made for retirement he would have held his ground. But this was hidden from him, while the horror of his own losses was but too apparent. Forty per cent. of his men were down. Thirteen hundred dead and dying are a grim sight upon a wide-spread battlefield, and when this number is heaped upon a confined place, where from a single high rock the whole litter of broken and shattered bodies can be seen, and the groans of the stricken rise in one long droning chorus to the ear, then it is an iron mind indeed which can resist such evidence of disaster. In a harder age Wellington was able to survey four thousand bodies piled in the narrow compass of the breach of Badajos, but his resolution was sustained by the knowledge that the military end for which they died had been accomplished. Had his task been unfinished it is doubtful whether even his steadfast soul would not have flinched from its completion. Thorneycroft saw the frightful havoc of one day, and he shrank from the thought of such another. "Better six battalions safely down the hill than a mop up in the morning," said he, and he gave the word to retire. One who had met the troops as they staggered down has told me how far they were from being routed. In mixed array, but steadily and in order, the long thin line trudged through the darkness. Their parched lips would not articulate, but they whispered, "Water! Where is water?" as they toiled upon their way. At the bottom of the hill they formed into regiments once more, and marched back to the camp. In the morning the blood-spattered hilltop, with its piles of dead and of wounded, was in the hands of Botha and his men—whose valor and perseverance deserved the victory which they had won.

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

Snowflakes.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands, brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow,
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly, in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

The Outlaw.....Sir Walter Scott

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily:
"O Brignall Banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen."

"I read you by your bugle horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the King's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May!"

"With burnish'd brand and musketoons
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."

"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!"

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."

Chorus:
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there.
Would grace a summer queen.

*The Sword Song.....Charles Theodore Korner**

Sword, on my left side gleaming,
What means thy bright eye's beaming?
It makes my spirit dance
To see thy friendly glance.
Hurrah!

"A valiant rider bears me;
A free-born German wears me:
That makes my eye so bright;
That is the sword's delight."
Hurrah!

Yes, good sword, I am free,
And love thee heartily,
And clasp thee to my side,
E'en as a plighted bride.
Hurrah!

"And I to thee, by Heaven,
My light steel life have given;
When shall the knot be tied?
When wilt thou take thy bride?"
Hurrah!

The trumpet's solemn warning
Shall hail the bridal morning.
When cannon-thunders wake
Then my true love I take.
Hurrah!

"O blessed, blessed meeting!
My heart is wildly beating;
Come, bridegroom, come for me;
My garland waiteth thee."
Hurrah!

Why in the scabbard rattle,
So wild, so fierce for battle?
What means this restless glow?
My sword, why clatter so?
Hurrah!

*Translation of Charles T. Brooks.

"Well may thy prisoner rattle;
My spirit yearns for battle.
Rider, 'tis war's wild glow
That makes me tremble so."
Hurrah!

Stay in thy chamber near,
My love; what wilt thou here?
Still in thy chamber bide:
Soon, soon I take my bride.
Hurrah!

"Let me not longer wait:
Love's garden blooms in state,
With roses bloody-red,
And many a bright death-bed."
Hurrah!

Now, then, come forth, my bride!
Come forth, thou rider's pride!
Come out, my good sword, come!
Forth to thy father's home!
Hurrah!

"O, in the field to prance
The glorious wedding dance!
How, in the sun's bright beams,
Bride-like the clear steel gleams!"
Hurrah!

Then forward, valiant fighters!
And forward, German riders!
And when the heart grows cold,
Let each his Love infold.
Hurrah!

Once on the left it hung,
And stolen glances flung;
Now clearly on your right
Doth God each fond bride plight.
Hurrah!

Then let your hot lips feel
That virgin cheek of steel;
One kiss—and woe betide
Him who forsakes the bride.
Hurrah!

Now let the loved one sing;
Now let the clear blade ring,
Till the bright sparks shall fly,
Heralds of victory!
Hurrah!

For hark! the trumpet's warning
Proclaims the marriage morning;
It dawns in festal pride;
Hurrah, thou Iron Bride!
Hurrah!

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.....Oliver Goldsmith

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite;
The dog it was that died.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.....Alfred Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and night,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand.
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

Animal Instinct of Locality....W. T. Stillman.....London Spectator

A case of animal intelligence, bearing on the question of the instinct of locality, connected with the squirrel, seems to me worth recording. Last year I bought from a local squirrel catcher a family of baby squirrels, with the intention of liberating them when reared to run in my wood. I had intended that the loosing should take place when the food in the woodland was in the state to give them sustenance, but one of them began to mope and grow sulky, which is a sign of illness and generally ends in early death, so I decided to give him the chance of Nature's healing, and put him out of my study window, outside which there is a shelf with food for the wild squirrels, a sleeping box, and water. He had been brought to me when a baby, unable to walk or eat, and he had to be nursed with a bit of sponge, and was taken at a distance from here as our landlords protect the squirrels, and he had never been outside my study since he entered it as a baby. When turned out he wandered about the house for two days and the next was missing. The day after I found in my tool-house, sitting on a bag of durra, a squirrel, which immediately hid amongst the boxes, and which I took for a wild one accidentally shut in. I routed him out, and instead of taking to the trees, he ran across the garden walks to the house and went in at the scullery door, and pursuing him I saw that he ran through the scullery, the kitchen, the hall, which runs through the centre of the house, a summer-room which is beyond it, and the windows of which were open and offered escape to the garden beyond, then up the winding stairway to the upper story where my study is, and there we lost him, supposing he had jumped out of an open window and had gone. That night the servants made an outcry, finding a squirrel under their beds, and we turned out to secure him, for I now saw that it was my liberated prisoner, who, unable to get into the study, had taken refuge in the servants' room opposite it. Driven out, he gave us another chase through the house before I opened my study door, and then he immediately rushed in and went into the sleeping-box with his fellows. Now, admitting that he might have learned the topography of the house on the outside, how could he, except by a pure instinct, have known the way through the intricate passages to his old quarters? He had to turn four right angles, pass through three rooms and two halls and up a crooked staircase, none of which had he ever been in; but he went in straight to my

room as he could have done if he had been accustomed to going about the house, and only on finding my door closed took refuge across the hall. And he was still only a half-grown creature, with instincts probably dulled by domestication. Crossing miles of open country seems to me nothing to it, for it was purely artificial ground, but he did not hesitate an instant.

The Life of a Porcupine.....W. D. Hulbert.....Pearson's

Of all the animals in the woods the porcupine is probably the safest from starvation, for he can eat anything, from the soft green leaves of the water plants to the bark and the small twigs of the tallest fir tree. Summer and winter, his storehouse is always full. The young lions may lack, and suffer hunger, and seek their meat from God; but the young porky has only to climb a tree and set his teeth at work. And, by the way, the porcupine's front teeth were a great institution, and were quite worth talking about. They were long, and yellow, and sharp, and there were two in the upper jaw, and two in the lower, with a wide gap on each side between them and the molars. Like a beaver's, they were formed of thin shells of hard enamel in front, backed up by softer pulp behind; and of course the softer parts wore away first, and left the enamel projecting in sharp, chisel-like edges that could gnaw crumbs from an oak chest. The next few months were pleasant ones, with plenty to eat, and nothing to do but keep his jaws going. By-and-by the leaves began to fall, and whenever the porky walked abroad they rustled around him like a silk skirt going down the aisle of a church. A little later the beechnuts came down from the sky, and the porky feasted on them till his short legs could hardly hold his fat little body off the ground. Then came the first light snow, and his feet left tracks which bore a faint resemblance to a baby's—that is, if your imagination was sufficiently vigorous. It grew deeper and deeper, and after a while he had to plough his way from the hollow log to the trees where he took his meals. It was hard work, for his clumsy legs were not made for wading, and at every step he had to lift and drag himself forward, and then let his body drop while he shifted his feet. A porcupine's feet will not go of themselves, as other animals' do. They have to be picked up one at a time and lifted forward as far as they can reach—not very far at the best, for they are situated at the ends of very short legs. It almost seems as if he could

run faster if he could drop them off and leave them behind. But no matter how difficult the walk might be, there was always a good square meal at the end of it, and he pushed valiantly on till he reached his dinner-table. Sometimes he stayed in the same tree for several days at a time, quenching his thirst with snow, and sleeping in a crotch. He was not by any means the only porcupine in the woods round Glimmerglass, although weeks sometimes passed without his seeing any of his relatives. At other times there were from one to half a dozen porkies in the trees close by, and when they happened to feel like it they would call backward and forward to each other in queer, harsh and often querulous voices.

The long, long winter dragged slowly onward, the snow piled up higher and deeper, and the cold grew sharper and keener. Night after night the pitiless stars seemed sucking every last bit of warmth out of the old earth, and leaving it cold and dead for ever. And famine, too, came stalking through the woods. The buck and the doe had to live on hemlock twigs till they grew thin and poor, and their flesh came to have the flavor of resin. The partridges, huddled together to keep warm during some driving storm, were buried in a drift; the hard, icy crust closed over them, and they starved to death. The lynxes and the wildcats hunted and hunted and hunted, and found no prey; and it was well for the bears that they could sleep all the winter and did not need food. Only the porcupine had plenty and to spare. Starvation had no terrors for him. Yet the hunger of another may mean danger for us, as the porcupine discovered. In ordinary times most of the animals let him severely alone. They knew better than to attack such a living pin-cushion as he; or, if they did try it, one touch was generally enough. But when you are ready to perish with hunger you will take risks which at other times you would not even think about, and so it happened that one afternoon a fierce-looking animal, with dark fur, bushy tail, and pointed nose, sprang at the porcupine from behind a tree and tried to catch him by the throat, where there were no quills—nothing but soft, warm fur. The porky promptly made himself into a prickly ball, very much as his mother had done seven or eight months before, his head to the ground and his fore-paws clasped over his face; but the sharp little nose dug into the snow and wriggled its way nearer and nearer to where the jugular vein was waiting to be tapped. The raider must have understood his business, for he had chosen the one and only way by which a porcupine may be successfully attacked. Another inch and he would have won the game, but he was in such a hurry

that he grew reckless and did not notice that he had wheeled part way round, and that his hind-quarters were alongside the porcupine's.

Now, sluggish and slow though a porcupine may be, there is one of his members that is as quick as a steel trap, and that is his tail. Something hit the raider a whack on his flank, and he gave a cry of pain and fury, and jumped back with half a dozen spears sticking in his flesh. He must have been so badly scared that he did not know what he was doing, for in a moment his face also had come within range of that terrible tail and its quick, vicious jerks. That ended the battle, and he fled away across the snow, almost mad with the agony in his nose, his eyes, his forehead, and his left flank. The bay lynx fared still worse, for he did not know the very first thing about the proper way to hunt porcupines. He ought not to have tried it at all, but he was literally starving, and the temptation was too much for him. Here was something alive, something that had warm red blood in its veins and a good thick layer of flesh over its bones, and that was too slow to get away from him; and so he sailed right in, tooth and claw, regardless of the consequences. The next second he had forgot all about the porcupine, his own hunger, and everything else but the terrible pain in his face and his fore-paws. He made the woods rairly ring with his howls, and he jumped up and down on the snow-crust, rubbing his head with his paws, and driving the little barbed spears deeper and deeper into the flesh. And then, all of a sudden, he ceased his leaping and bounding and howling, and dropped on the snow in a limp, lifeless heap. One of the quills had driven straight through his left eye and into his brain.

Ambulance Dogs.....F. A. Tabbot.....Strand

The German military authorities have trained the dog to become a four-footed member of the Red Cross Society, to minister to and to succor the wounded on the battlefield, besides fulfilling other duties which it would be either impossible, or undesirable, for an ordinary soldier to fulfil. Needless to say the dog, with its innate proclivity, has accommodated itself to the requirements of its new duties, notwithstanding their arduous nature, with great readiness, and has already proved itself to be, under certain conditions, a more apt and thorough servant than the soldier himself.

The idea of utilizing the dog upon the battlefield emanated from Herr J. Bungartz, the celebrated German animal painter and author. It was fifteen years ago, in 1885, that he first devoted his energies toward the training of these

clever little animals, and with such success have his efforts been crowned that he has received the grateful thanks of all the leading officers in the German army. Questioned as to what induced Herr Bungartz to employ the dog in this unique capacity, he replied:

"In reading the results of sanguinary conflicts I have always been impressed with the large number of men that are counted as 'missing.' The term is far-reaching and ambiguous in its significance. It neither implies that the men are prisoners, wounded, killed, or escaped. In the Franco-German War the loss on the German side in 'missing' alone was proved to be very large indeed. I considered that some means should be established to discover the wounded. It occurred to me that it would be possible to utilize the canine intelligence and sagacity to accomplish such a humane and beneficial object."

"Did you experience any difficulty in the training of the animals?" I asked.

"Well, the work was arduous at first," he replied. "It required unremitting attention, since the work was absolutely new to them. But by dint of perseverance and patience, together with kind treatment, the clever animals soon became accustomed to the work. They are mainly employed for the searching of the battlefield for wounded soldiers, and bringing those found to the notice of the ambulance-bearers, also to act as messengers; but the former duty is that for which they have been principally trained. A big battle, the fighting-line of which may, as has been the case in South Africa, stretch over a frontage of twenty miles, and be followed up for several miles, necessarily means a large expanse of country for the stretcher-bearers to search for those who have fallen. If the battle has been a keenly contested one, the number of wounded is necessarily large, and it is impossible for the ambulance-bearers to attend to them with that urgency and dispatch which it is expedient should be employed. When they have been brought to the ground, the wounded soldiers with their last remaining strength drag themselves away to some sheltered position so as to be safe from the fierce rays of the sun, and also to escape the enemy's fire. They crawl along until forced to stop from sheer exhaustion. They lose consciousness, and, perhaps, in that interval of senselessness the ambulance-bearers pass that way, and the wounded man is overlooked. Or, again, he may be so exhausted that, although the ambulance-bearers may pass within a few feet of him, he may be too weak to cry out for help. Still, he hopes against hope, and looks anxiously for that assistance which never comes, and after hours of hard struggling

dies. If he had remained where he had fallen he would have been found and succored. Many a wounded soldier has been found dead, where it was proved that had help reached him an hour or two before he would have been saved. After nightfall the work of the ambulance-bearers, difficult though it has been throughout the day, is rendered exceedingly more so. Then they are only able to render aid to those who are lying immediately in their path, while those who have sought shelter in the ditches, furrows, or in the undergrowth are unconsciously left to languish in their pain. But with the employment of ambulance dogs such is not the case. The wonderful instinct of the animals guides them directly to the spot where a wounded man is lying, and the ambulance-bearers following up in the rear are piloted to the spot by the dog."

The outfit of the dog consists of a little saddle-bag fastened round his body. This contains a small quantity of nourishing and stimulating refreshments. Then he also carries a small supply of surgical bandages in a wallet something similar to that which is sewn up in the coat of every English soldier, and which the man can utilize for the purpose of binding up his own wounds if he is sufficiently strong to do so. Over these two bags is wound a coverlet with a large Red Cross imprinted upon it, to designate the mission in which the dog is engaged. The dog is accompanied by a conductor. When the battlefield is reached the dog immediately commences its search, and so sensitive are its faculties that it will trace out the concealed wounded with astonishing celerity and surety. When it has found the man it lies down beside him and attracts his attention. The man, if he be not too exhausted, releases the saddle bag containing the refreshments, and also the surgical bandages. The dog remains by him, and presently, if the man has regained his strength and bound up his wounds, he follows the dog, who guides him quickly back to the conductor, who in turn signals the ambulance-bearers, and the rescued soldier is quickly removed to the hospital. If, when the dog reaches a wounded man, and after lying beside him for a few minutes finds that the soldier makes no effort to obtain the food, the animal recognizes intuitively that something serious is amiss, and accordingly hastens back to his conductor, who, seeing that the bag on the animal's back has not been touched, and answering the dog's mute appeals, follows it, and is soon brought to the wounded soldier, who was, perhaps, too weak to assist himself upon the dog's former visit.

But it is at night that the dog displays its cleverness to the best advantage. In addition to

the foregoing accoutrements adjusted to its body the animal is provided with a little bell upon its collar, something similar to the sheep-bell, which is constantly tinkling. The wounded soldiers are able to hear this tinkling, and the slightest movement they may make is immediately realized by the dog, since its ear is far more sensitive than the human ear, so that it is enabled to perceive sounds which are absolutely inaudible to the conductor. The tinkling bell also serves as a guide to the latter when he is being piloted to the spot where the wounded man is lying. The conductor is provided with a small acetylene lamp, with a powerful reflector, so that a brilliant white light is cast over a wide area upon the ground. The sagacity and intelligence displayed by these dogs are marvelous. They are indefatigable in their efforts and they never make a mistake, though some of the conditions under which they pursue their errands of mercy and humanity are sufficiently trying to render them almost incapable.

The kennels for the dogs are at Lechenich, at which place they also undergo their systematic training under the supervision of Herr J. Bungartz himself, assisted by his son and one or two other interested gentlemen and military officers. The Red Cross dogs are owned by a society of which Herr Bungartz is the president, and which now possesses some 700 members, who pay an annual subscription toward the support of the association. The society has received the highest patronage in the country, and all the prominent officials, both in the Civil and Military Administrations, are interested in its welfare and the introduction of the dogs upon the battlefield. The training of the dogs is purely complimentary, neither is any charge levied upon the dogs when they are taken over by the military authorities.

It will undoubtedly be a satisfactory point to the inhabitants of this country to know that the dogs best adapted, and indeed the only ones that can accomplish this task, are the Scotch collies. Not the modern collie, however, which has somewhat deteriorated in the essential characteristics for which it has so long been famed, but the old type of collie, which is somewhat difficult to obtain nowadays. Naturally the dogs should be taken in hand while they are young, as the labor of training is thus much facilitated.

"Have you yet been able to adequately prove the services these dogs would render upon the battlefield?" I then inquired.

"We have not yet experimented with them upon an actual battlefield," was his reply, "but we have attended several military manoeuvres, in which the dogs have acquitted themselves so magnificently that they have earned unstinted praise

from some of the leading officers in the German army. One of the most comprehensive and difficult trials we have conducted was at Coblenz last year by the order of the officer commanding the Eighth Army Corps. The dogs were subjected to a very exacting test under adverse conditions, both by day and night. As may be supposed, the latter was the more difficult. Two hundred soldiers were ordered to lie out upon the field to represent the wounded. Some of them simply lay in the open, but others were ordered to conceal themselves in the shrubbery, undergrowth, and in such places. A base hospital was improvised, and at first the ambulance-bearers, to the number of 500, equipped with lanterns throwing a brilliant light, were ordered to search the field to minister to the wounded and to bring all those they discovered back to the hospital. When they had searched the field the dogs were called out together with their conductors. There were four dogs: Castor, with Mr. Moers; Tominka, with Non-commissioned Officer Henn; Sepp, with my son; and Resi, conducted by myself. I started first with Resi, followed shortly afterward by my son and the others. The ground was terribly uneven and quite strange to the dogs. Then, again, we were followed by the principal officers conducting the experiments, riding on horseback, with the ambulance-bearers bringing up the rear. The noise of the horses' hoofs, together with that of the stretcher-bearers, considerably disturbed the dogs, so that no little difficulty was experienced in inducing them to settle down to the work in hand. Presently, however, they regained their usual quietness and proceeded steadily with their task. The search commenced in the Forest of Coblenz, where twelve men had successfully concealed themselves. The work, therefore, under these circumstances, could not have been more difficult had it been conducted under the conditions of grim reality. In one place, while jumping a wide ditch, Resi broke a small lantern which she was carrying. The twelve men, however, were very soon revealed by the two dogs Resi and Sepp, while the other two animals also discovered six men that had been well hidden in another part of the forest.

"The following day a similar test was undertaken, this time in broad daylight. The same number of soldiers were laid out as wounded, and the Ambulance Corps made a thorough search of the field. Then the dogs were brought into action, and at the end of twenty minutes, when the command of 'halt' was given, they had discovered no fewer than eighteen men concealed in ditches, among the dense undergrowth, who had been completely overlooked by the stretcher-bearers.

Bolivian Llama Trains

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

The following description is from *Between the Andes and the Ocean*,* an account of a journey down the west coast of South America from the Isthmus of Panama to the Straits of Magellan. The book contains an unusual amount of picturesque, interesting and valuable information.

In the old times before the railway was built it was a journey of twenty or thirty days across the desert to reach Bolivia, and even now, strange as it may appear, some primitive-minded people prefer to go that way. Thousands of burros and llamas are still engaged in competition with the railways transporting ore, wool, hides coca, chinchona and other natural products from the interior to Arica and other ports, and carrying back into the mountains cotton goods, hardware and other merchandise of all sorts from England and France, and even more from Germany, as the Germans are rapidly assuming the lion's share of the trade. The distance by railway to Lake Titicaca is 325 miles. The burro trail is considerably shorter, averaging 250 miles, because the animals can climb mountains that are impassable for railway trains, and many men, women and even families spend their entire lives upon it. You can see them at the stations when they are resting, and from the car windows when the trail and the railway track run in parallel lines. They trudge along, patient, enduring and oblivious to the value of time and the sense of fatigue.

The arrierios in charge of llama and burro trains are usually accompanied by their entire families, and as their lives are spent in coming and going over the burning sands and the sharp rocks of the desert it is a matter of comparative indifference to them how long the journey lasts. The animals are the capital of the arrierio. The desert is his home. His wife helps in the driving and sleeps by his side on the sand. They have no tent or other shelter, but wrap their ponchos around them and lie down to pleasant dreams in the frosty air with their bare feet and legs exposed, while the ice forms in the little streams beside them.

Sometimes they are overtaken by snowstorms in the mountains, but they do not seem to suffer and are seldom known to perish in the cold, although they wade along in their bare feet. When you express surprise as their endurance those who have had experience in both continents remind you that in Canada and the northern parts of the

United States people drive long distances with the thermometer at 40 below zero without covering their faces, and the boys snowball and skate in a very low temperature without freezing their hands or their heads. It is merely a matter of habit. The South American Indian bundles all the blankets he can find around his head and keeps his feet cool. The North American keeps his feet warm and exposes his head and arms.

Children who are too small to walk, babies two or three days old, are allowed to ride on the donkeys when their parents are driving the train. They are born by the wayside like the lambs of the flocks, and no more fuss is made by the mother than you hear from the patient ewe. They spend the first years of their lives in a pannier on the side of a burro or a llama, where they roll around among the surplus clothing and cooking utensils of the family. For a change the mother wraps the babe in a poncho and slips it over her back, and when it makes a requisition for supplies she sits down by the roadside and issues rations from the bountiful commissary departments which Nature had provided. Thus life begins for many an arrierio, and thus it ends. You see old men and women, as well as children, stumbling over the stones in the dust of a llama train or a pack of burros whose weary, eventless years have been spent following those same animals, and whose first and only home is the mud hut in which sooner or later they must lie down and die.

It takes from twenty to thirty days, as I have said, for pack trains to travel from the seaports on the western coast of South America to the interior cities that lie in the puna, as they call the great basin between the two ranges of the Andes, and they carry everything. The steamers upon Lake Titicaca were brought piece by piece from Arica, a distance of 50 miles, on the backs of mules, and were put together on their arrival at Puno. The machinery in most of the mines had the same experience, and before the railway was built everything had to go that way. Nowadays transportation is comparatively easy and cheap. The freight charges on the pack trains are surprisingly low, even as low as those charged by the railway—from 20 to 25 shillings a ton for a distance of 300 miles or less. Mr. Grundy, who runs the smelter at Maravillas, tells me that they pay only 10 cents a load for ore brought in by the llamas, no matter what the distance may be.

A llama will bear 100 pounds and no more.

*Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$2.50.

He will carry his load of ore and wood or coca or other merchandise up and down precipitous pathways, where no other beast of burden can go, and where it is difficult for man to follow, but when he is overloaded he resents it and lies down. No amount of bullying or beating or coaxing can induce him to rise until the excess is removed from his back when he solemnly resumes his feet and marches off with his legitimate load.

The reports from the custom house at Arica for 1898, the latest obtainable, show that 11,932 cargoes were transported by mules to Bolivia, 24,522 by burros and 25,999 by llamas, making a total of 62,456, having a total weight of 9,851,000 pounds. As the average cargo for a mule is 255 pounds, for a donkey 150 pounds, and for a llama 100 pounds, the amount of freight thus carried over the desert and the mountains to the interior of Bolivia alone from that one port would furnish cargoes for 43,338 mules, 65,673 donkeys or 98,510 llamas.

It is quite probable that an equal amount of cargo was carried by the same means to the interior of Peru.

As the camel is to the people of the deserts of Asia and Africa, so is the llama to those who dwell in the Andes, a faithful, patient and enduring beast, docile, sure-footed and speedy, without which the inhabitants would be utterly helpless in some sections, for mules and horses cannot endure the high altitude and the rarefied atmosphere. Even the burros have their nostrils slit or large round holes punched through them in order to make it easier for them to breathe. When a horse is first brought into the high altitude of the Andes the blood drips from his mouth, ears and nose, and it takes a long time for him to become acclimated. Mules are more enduring and burros are better still, but the llama is native to the snow-clad peaks and thrives best where other animals find existence difficult if not impossible.

It costs nothing to keep llamas. They pick up their food by the wayside. It looks incredible to one who travels over the terrible deserts, but it is nevertheless a fact. Like camels, they can go a long time without food or water, and grow fat on amazing short rations at all times, but when the arrerio comes to a good piece of grazing he lets his animals linger and feed until they are satisfied. It may be an hour or it may be two or three days, if the grass is good and plenty. Time is no object, and the welfare of the beasts is very important.

Llamas are stately creatures, proud and dignified. Their little heads are always in the air, and their giraffe-like necks are proudly and gracefully curved. Their eyes are large, lustrous, intelligent

and melancholy, and have an expression of suspicion or constant inquiry. Their ears are shapely and quiver continually like those of a high-mettled stallion, as if to catch the first sound of approaching danger. When frightened they scatter over the desert in every direction, and when cornered they cluster in groups with their tails together and their heads out to meet the enemy. Their only weapon of defence is their saliva, which, when angry, they squirt through their teeth in showers, as a Chinese laundryman sprinkles clothes. A drop of this saliva falling in the ear or eye or on any part of the body where the skin is broken will produce a painful irritation and dangerous sores like the venom of a serpent.

The drivers keep them together by throwing coils of rope over their heads so that the neck of one is a hitching post for another. They are such fools that they will not run in the same direction, nor even in couples, but every one strikes out for himself when they become excited. When they lie down they fold their long and slender legs under them in some mysterious manner and chew their cuds with an air of contemplation and content. The kids afford excellent food, but old llamas who have been on the road a long time are rank and tough masses of muscle, tendon and gristle.

They always go in packs, and will follow a leader, which is usually a pet animal decorated with bits of calico and ribbons braided in its wool. It carries a little tinkling bell around its neck, like a *madrina*, the gray mare that is usually found in every drove of mules. The *arrerio* or his wife goes ahead on foot or on a burro. The pet follows, and the pack follow him, stopping to graze as they go. If kindly treated, the llama can be trained to all sorts of tricks, like a colt or a lamb, but it is not naturally intelligent. It is one of the most stupid of animals. The female llama is never loaded, but is kept in the pasture. She costs about \$1.50 when young, and twice as much when in her prime. The males cost from \$2.50 to \$5, according to age and condition. A burro is worth from \$7 to \$10. An Indian who has twenty-five to thirty llamas or burros is therefore well fixed and can make a good living. He is an independent transportation company all by himself, and can always find something to do. His rates of freight are fixed by a custom that is as old as the trail he follows, and are never changed. The value of money may go up and down according to the rates of exchange, but the charges for transportation by a llama train go on the same forever, and the *arrerio* insists upon being paid in Bolivian money, the little silver coin that was originally intended to correspond to a franc.

Australia: The Island Continent*

BY SIDNEY DICKENSON, F.R.G.S.

It is in the interior that the visitor finds the characteristic life, both human and animal of Australia. Cities everywhere—barring the national peculiarities of their inhabitants—are much alike; but in no part of the world is the transition from urban to rural life so striking as in the Antipodes. It is not upon its scenery that Australia can found her claims to interest; no country of the globe is so lacking, on the whole, in the elements of the picturesque, yet, on the other hand, hardly any other country is so profoundly interesting; and this because of the strangeness of vegetation and life, the vast sweep of its monotonous plains and the effect of space, to which only the prairies of America can offer a parallel. The monotony of form in the Australian landscape is matched by its monotony of vegetation; hardly any other tree than the eucalyptus, with its dusty green foliage, is to be seen, and although it boasts some five hundred varieties, there is little to differentiate them for the ordinary observer. One of the strange contradictions of nature for which Australia is famous is seen in the eucalyptus, or "gum," as it is more generally known. It does not shed its leaves, but its bark, and although densely foliaged, casts no shade—its leaves being set with their edges, instead of their sides, against the sun, so that the light falls through them as through a cobweb. In clearing land these trees are "ring-barked," being thus left to die and fall by their own decay, or felled and destroyed by fire; nor can the imagination create a more ghastly and desolate prospect than is produced by the constant sight of square mile after square mile of this bleached and ghostly timber. The destruction of the eucalyptus is necessary, however, in preparing the soil for cultivation, or even for the purpose of grazing sheep thereon, since little or no grass will grow beneath its branches. Once cleared, however, the land demonstrates great potentialities, and if water for irrigation purposes were everywhere available, the great interior plains of Australia would soon rival in fertility the finest districts of Southern California. Lack of water, however, forbidding Australia's rapid development agriculturally, vast areas of the interior are given up to sheep, and, in some particularly favored districts, cattle raising, with surprisingly successful results.

The great sheep "stations," or ranches, of Aus-

tralia are among the most remarkable features of the country. The late millionaire, "Old Jimmie Tyson," as he was generally known, used to pasture seventy thousand head of cattle on a single one of his Queensland properties, and owned sheep stations in this colony and New South Wales, each of which is larger than Bavaria. It is a common thing to ride in a straight line for fifty miles in Australia within the confines of a single property, and I have myself stood on the border-line between two stations—both owned by one man—which together exceeded Belgium in area. These enormous stretches of country are necessary for the proper feeding of the sheep, especially in the seasons of drought which are only too common incidents in the experience of colonial shepherds. The sparseness of grass, even in its best estate, is a revelation to the visitor, who is surprised to learn that some of the best sheep-growing country in Australia will carry but one sheep to the acre. The grass, springing to the height of one's knee during a few days of the autumn rains, rapidly withers under the intense dry heat of summer, and covers the ground with what seems a powdery kind of thin hay, which, however, has decided nutritive qualities for sheep, although any other animal would starve upon it. In former days a dry season often saw the death of twenty thousand sheep upon a single run; now, however, advantage is taken of a particularly fat year to store the superabundance of grass in ensilage and fodder pits, thus providing against possible danger in the future. Despite the gold and silver output of the country, more millionaires have, doubtless, been made by the sheep and wool industry; annual incomes of \$50,000 and upward are common, and one pastoral "king," who owns some thirty stations in Victoria, Queensland and New South Wales, informed me that his net profit in 1890 was, in American money, \$946,000. The importance of the wool industry to Australia is shown by the fact that the sheep and land upon which they are pastured are valued at not less than \$2,500,000,000. The weights of Australian fleeces are phenomenal; those weighing six pounds when scoured are common, and some are recorded of nearly twice that weight.

Life on an Australian station is exceedingly novel and interesting. Many of the station-owners reside in substantial stone houses, which are equipped with all modern conveniences and often

*Scientific American Supplement.

luxuriously furnished; their children enjoy education in England, France or Germany, and although the homestead may be a hundred miles from the railway and fifty from the nearest neighbor, the freedom of existence on the broad plains has in it much to compensate for its isolation. The family is more likely than not to spend the winters in Melbourne or Sydney, the station being carried on meanwhile by a manager, and a trip "home," as England is always referred to, is undertaken every few years. Visitors are received at these stations with a cordiality unmatched in any other part of the world; whether introduced or not, any tourist of refinement and discretion is warmly welcomed, and is at liberty to stay as long as he chooses. During his sojourn everything about the house or station is at his service; horses, traps, guns, fishing-tackle, all are indicated to him as his property for the time being. Should he wear out his welcome, and I have known one instance where a self-invited guest remained at a Victorian station for two years—he never learns of it, and indeed persons from the outside world are sufficiently rare to be welcomed warmly and separated from with regret.

The stranger who is fond of out-door life can have few dull moments on an Australian station, particularly if he is there during the shearing season. On a large station a hundred or so shearers may be encountered, most of whom are professionals, members of that army of nomads which, starting from the hot districts of Northern Queensland in February (a month corresponding to August in the Northern Hemisphere), spreads slowly down the country until it finishes its work in New South Wales and Victoria, nine months later. When the season is over they slowly work their way northward again, and are ready for another year's labor and travel. An interesting feature of station life in North Queensland is found in the gathering together of vast herds of cattle, which are then slowly "overlanded," or driven across the country, to Melbourne or Sydney, a distance, in some cases, of three thousand miles, to cover which some eight or nine months are required.

Of out-door sports the stations afford great variety. On the plains there is kangaroo-running, and coursing with the great hares of the country for the quarry; along the lakes and rivers there is abundance of wild fowl shooting, while if other game fails, there are always the omnipresent rabbits to fall back upon. Official reports of the extent of the rabbit pest in Australia read like travelers' tales; it may be enough to say that the average annual expense of the three principal colonies of Australia, New Zealand and

Tasmania, simply to keep the animals within bounds, is over \$3,500,000. All this trouble came from the introduction into the country of seventeen rabbits of assorted sexes, by Mr. Austin, a wealthy station owner near Geelong, Victoria, who was homesick for England, and thought the sight of a few familiar "bunnies" skipping about his acres would alleviate the malady. The prescription, as he himself told me, had cost him in forty years over \$250,000, while the amounts represented by the losses of station owners generally on this account are simply incalculable.

The wholesale slaughter of kangaroos for their valuable hides has resulted in the practical extinction of these remarkable animals except in the remoter regions of the country, and most visitors make their only experience of Australia's typical quadrupeds in the zoological gardens of the principal cities. In the "back blocks," as the interior parts of Australia are called, they are still to be found in considerable numbers, and afford exciting sport to the hunter. The tribe of Australian kangaroos includes, besides these animals proper, a constantly dwindling succession of related species, wallaroos, wallabies, paddymeloes, and so on, ending with the diminutive and dainty kangaroo rat.

Retiring with the kangaroos and other specimens of the indigenous fauna of Australia, and, like them, gradually disappearing from the face of the earth, are the "blackfellows," or native inhabitants. The casual visitor sees very little of these singular people outside the battered, besotted specimens which hang around the small settlements, or perform the lowest and most menial work in this or that station stable. The major part of them have retreated before the white man into the interior, where they live a nomadic life, wandering hither and thither as the abundance or scarcity of their food compels them. They are the most degraded of all the South Sea peoples, building no shelters; having no arts of manufacture or decoration, in which the Maoris of New Zealand, the Fijians, Samoans, and others are so proficient; going about naked or only partly covered by the mangy skins of kangaroo or opossum and securing their game either by rude throwing sticks or by spears made simply of a piece of straight wood pointed and hardened in the fire. The men are spare, wiry fellows, with skins resembling the color of a rusty stove, and heads with prominent, overhanging brows, and a covering of thick, matted hair on head and chin, which has a decidedly reddish cast of color. Their women are fat, oleaginous, with low foreheads and small eyes, narrow chests, and unsightly pendulous bosoms.

Rousseau's Country*

It is announced that Les Charmettes, the home of Madame de Warenes, where Rousseau for a time found shelter, is to be sold. In these days of improvements few more interesting and genuine private houses are to be found, and certainly few more charming. The place is scarcely more than a mile from the quiet arcaded old city of Chambéry, which, it is to be feared, the tourist knows rather because of its proximity to Aix-les-Bains than for its own sake. But there are few more pleasant cities in France than Chambéry, with its fresh green public garden watered by a stream, its cathedral, its dignified old streets with their arcades, and its glorious situation. Lift your eyes above the roofs and you see the white cross high on its mountain summit, while in every direction charming walks invite your footsteps. For Rousseau, the genuine lover of Nature, the pioneer of the modern Rambler, no place could have held greater attractions.

After winding one's way past those big barracks which form the least attractive feature of an average French city, one arrives at a leafy country lane, bordered with woodland, and in autumn thick with wild berries. A few straggling passengers and an occasional cart form the sole indications of active life. Les Charmettes is on the right, and you reach it along a path cut in the garden. Such a garden, redolent of the last century, suggestive of the age before the modern life-scramble began! Thick walls of box, old-fashioned flowers, sunny walls with burdens of luscious fruit, ancient pear trees, large melons—one's thoughts instantly revert to that delightful poem on a garden by Marvell, and one sinks in sensuous ease into a rustic seat:

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

In a sense the garden pleases more than the house. You feel the charm of Nature, the beauty of a garden that is still attended to with industrious care, but you would not so greatly desire to live in the house. It is rather musty, the doors do not fit, there is a suggestion of cold, and perhaps damp. The historic associations are not altogether satisfactory, and a long tenantless gap makes the place seem homeless. Interesting, however, it certainly is, and well preserved, with many indications of the singular woman and of the strange, erratic, impulsive genius whom Dr. Johnson thought more deserving of hanging than

most of the criminals of Newgate. Taken altogether, the tourist can scarcely feel anything but pleasure in looking on so famous a scene.

To the reader of the Confessions the whole region round Chambéry should be full of interest, if not for Rousseau's sake, then for the sake of history and scenery. Is it possible that the English people do not read the famous book which Rousseau composed in England, or that they do not dream of the glorious and varied scenery to be found in this part of France which skirts the mighty eastern borderland of Mont Blanc? Certain it is that outside Aix-les-Bains scarcely any English tourists are to be found. The present writer, during a long series of pedestrian rambles, only found three, and those at a hotel in Annecy. Yet scarcely any part of Europe possesses more charm. You are not in the midst of the high Alps, but you see the great snow-clad peaks and "aiguilles" of Mont Blanc from many points of view, and if you have imagination it is perhaps stirred more by the thought of the tremendous crevasses from which you are separated by the smiling green slopes and lovely sheets of water and secluded valleys just because of the contrast between the awful and the beautiful aspects of Nature. Neither in Switzerland nor the Bavarian or Styrian Alps is the scenery more varied. No wonder that Taine loved the Lake of Annecy and did much of his work there. It has not the supreme grandeur of Lucerne, Geneva, or the Königs-see, but it is as good a lake to live by as any, perhaps better, for you feel more at home amid its emerald meadows and swelling green hills dotted over with pretty chalets, and you are never overwhelmed by the tourist element. The majority of the passengers on the steamer are country folk returning with their purchases from Annecy, and alighting at the little wooden piers, until, by the time you have reached the other end, but few people are left. Annecy itself cannot be praised too highly as a place of sojourn for a few golden, restful days. The quaint streets, the canals, the old houses with their carved timber balconies, the lovely shaded park on the edge of the placid, deep blue lake.—Europe or the world has not much to show more beautiful. The mountains are not close by Annecy as they are by Chambéry; there is a greater sense of space, as there is a more vivid impression of luscious green. Either place is very near to an earthly paradise, affording rest for heart and brain, and a golden harvest of loveliness for the quiet eye.

*London Spectator.

Applied Science: Invention and Industry

Wonderful New Heat Producer.....New York Evening Post

Electrical engineers are much interested in a remarkable chemical reaction recently discovered by Dr. H. Goldschmidt, of Essen, Germany, which makes it possible to "bottle-up" and store away in concentrated form the heat energy of a large electrical plant. Fully 3,000 degrees Centigrade (about 5,400 degrees F.) is the temperature of the hottest portion of the electric arc. This is such an excessive heat that it is difficult to realize its intensity. It is over seventeen times as hot as boiling water, nearly four times as hot as melted copper, and about twice as hot as melted platinum, the most refractory of the common metals. At this temperature steel is a thin and mobile liquid, which behaves much like water; and the diamond melts away like ice in a gas flame. And yet this enormous temperature may be obtained, it seems, by the simple combustion of a metal in the presence of iron rust and a metallic superoxide.

Previous to Dr. Goldschmidt's discovery this degree of heat has not been commercially attainable in any other way than by the use of the electric furnace, such as the great one at Niagara Falls; and hence its use has been more or less limited by the necessity for an electrical generating station, and a considerable amount of special apparatus. The new furnace depends on the enormous heat generated by the combustion of powdered aluminum. The great reducing power of this metal, that is, its ability to take oxygen away from other substances, has, of course, been known for many years, and indeed would have been expected from the tenacity with which it holds onto the oxygen when it has once gathered it in, requiring as it does the heat of the electric furnace to loosen its grip, as in the well-known process of separating the pure metal from common clay, which is an oxide of aluminum. Into the aluminum furnace, whose walls must be lined with some very refractory substance, and well insulated, ground aluminum is introduced, and well mixed with some metallic oxide, iron oxide, for instance (iron rust). Then there is added a small quantity of a superoxide (Dr. Goldschmidt has used barium peroxide) for the purpose of starting the oxidation of the aluminum at a low temperature. The barium peroxide is ignited by means of a magnesium ribbon or powdered magnesium, the substance ordinarily used for making flashlight photographs. The magnesium is simply lighted with a match and thrown into the fur-

nace. The aluminum mixture begins to burn fiercely and soon changes into a liquid mass, consisting of two layers; at the bottom molten iron, covered by a scum of aluminum oxide. The temperature soon becomes intense, and the brilliance of the reaction is so blinding that the use of darkened glasses is necessary. The slag of aluminum oxide can be poured off, and some idea gained of the temperature of the molten iron underneath by pouring a little of it out on a steel plate, or along the side of a steel bar, when it will be seen to cut channels and holes in the cold metal, like hot water upon ice.

The Ferry Bridge.....Scientific American

The crossing of channels much frequented by shipping is a matter which has given no little concern to engineers. The solution of the problem is attended either with a temporary interruption of traffic or with no interruption at all. In other words, ferries or bridges must be employed. Floating ferries are the more defective, owing to their limited capacity, their liability to interruption by the action of tides, storms, fogs. They can be used only when the traffic along and across the waterway is small.

A system of bridge-ferriage has, however, been devised by F. Arnodin and De Palacio, which, in the last few years, has found increasing favor in the eyes of engineers. The system, it is claimed, leaves the channel entirely clear at all hours, requires no long and steep approaches, and transports persons and goods without change of level.

The Arnodin-Palacio ferry consists primarily of a straight, horizontal bridge crossing the channel at a sufficient height to permit tall-masted vessels to pass at high tide. The platform of the bridge carries two lines of rails, on which a carrier travels by means of wheels varying in number with the weight to be carried. From the carrier a platform or car is suspended by means of wire stirrups, at the level of the quays on each side of the channel. The carrier comprises a frame suspended below the level of the rails, and moves from one end to the other of the bridge. The car or ferry platform is decked, the suspending wires being arranged in triangles, so as to secure the necessary stiffness and to prevent oscillation. The carrier is driven by motive power of any kind. The carrier-wheels are arranged in pairs working on parallel rails placed closely together, forming each track, by which arrangement the carrier cannot leave the track.

The ferry-platform or car can be designed to meet the most varied conditions of traffic. The bridge itself, constructed so as to comprise only those parts indispensable to strength, is provided with a framework of latticed girders well braced together. Evidently the type of structure most suitable for this railway is the suspension bridge, because it is strong enough to sustain the load to be transported, because intermediate supports are unnecessary, and because but little resisting surface is offered to the wind. Messrs. Arnodin and Palacio therefore employ only stiffened suspension bridges of a special type with removable parts, supported on skeleton or built towers, with mooring cables anchored to shore.

The most recent application of the Arnodin-Palacio ferry-bridge system is to be found at Bizerta. The deep-water canal which connects the magnificent lake of Bizerta with the Mediterranean Sea cuts through the road which leads from Bizerta to Tunis. In order that traffic might not suffer from this destruction of the road, it was necessary to provide some means for bridging the canal. At first it was decided to employ row-boats; but the traffic was so great that a steam ferry-boat was constructed in 1892. Although the Mediterranean has no appreciable tides, there are, nevertheless, ebb and flood currents which vary with the condition of the sea. Against these currents the steam ferry proved ineffective when they were reinforced by the wind; for which reason the ferry-boat was guided to the slip on either shore by a heavy steel cable. This arrangement would no doubt have proved satisfactory enough under ordinary circumstances; but there was constant danger of the cable's blocking the passage of a ship. It was therefore decided to build a ferry-bridge after the system of Arnodin and Palacio.

The rails, in the Bizerta structure, are supported by the girders of a metallic platform. The cables whereby the platform is suspended are eight in number, anchored to the top of the towers. The strain on the towers is taken up by eight additional cables (four on each side of the channel), securely anchored in masonry on shore. Forty smaller cables extend from the towers and assist the main cables in supporting the rail platform. The distance between the towers is exactly equal to the width of the canal, namely, 109 meters (357.5 feet).

The platform is supported at a height of 45 meters (147.6 feet) above the quays. The car is 10 meters (32.8 feet) long and 7.5 meters (24.6 feet) wide. This car, together with the cables and carrier by which it is supported, weighs (unloaded) 24 tons and has a carrying capacity of over 56 tons. Sufficient room is to be found in the

car for two large and four small carriages, together with 90 foot passengers, or for 270 passengers without any vehicles. The carrier is propelled by a steam engine placed above the great arch in the tower on the left bank. The steam engine drives a drum about which a steel cable is wound, passing over pulleys at each end of the railway and secured to the carrier. Although the engine is nominally of 15 horse-power, a boiler of only 10 horse-power is used, since the ferry is operated only intermittently. The car crosses the canal in about 45 seconds.

To Cut a Way to the Pole.....New York Sun

According to London despatches the Russian ice-breaking ship Yermak is being prepared at the Armstrong yards at Elswick, England, for an attempt to smash her way through the ice to the North Pole next summer. The Yermak was built by the Armstrongs after plans made by Vice-Admiral Makaroff.

Admiral Makaroff has long held the theory that if a vessel powerful enough to keep open communication with St. Petersburg in the winter could be built, it would be possible to construct another vessel, with greater power, with a specially designed bow and with other special features, that would be able to cut its way through to the pole, the ice of the northern sea in summer having so slight a resistance that it cannot withstand the shock of 8,000 tons displacement and 10,000 horse-power. He was directed in 1898 to prepare plans and the Armstrongs got the contract.

Like most ice-breakers, the Yermak was built of steel and has much greater beam than ships of her length usually have. The plans required that she should be remarkably shallow forward so that her bow might be pushed up on the ice which her great weight forward was expected to assist in breaking. She was fitted with four screws, three at the stern and one at the bow, under her forefoot. Her engines were of 10,000 horse-power and her plans called for a greater coal carrying capacity than any ice-breaker ever had before.

The Yermak was completed in March, 1899, and was immediately put at work. On April 4 of that year she smashed into the ice of the Gulf of Finland, freed six vessels that had been held fast in the ice for a long time and brought them to St. Petersburg. Three days later she found twenty-six other vessels fast behind an ice bank. She sailed into that bank as a football team smashes an opposing rush line, opening a channel through which the ice-bound craft came out. A third trip resulted in setting ten more ships free, while, a little later, she attacked the

ice packs at the mouth of the Neva and brought out ninety vessels which had been held in the river for weeks.

In July, 1899, the Yermak was sent farther north. On July 25 she struck the ice north of the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, in latitude 80 degrees 20 minutes north and longitude 9 degrees 21 minutes east. From there she proceeded north slowly, smashing the ice before her as she went. She ran into ice fields of from 4.08 to 4.77 meters in thickness and these were broken up without the slightest difficulty. At times she encountered ice 14.9 meters thick, rising 6.13 meters above the surface of the sea. Smashing into these fields, she sailed on northward as serenely as if through tropic seas.

On July 26, having been out a little more than twenty-four hours, the Yermak struck another of these towering ice packs and the comparatively weak underpart of her hull was pierced by a spur of the ice and she sprang a leak. The hole was temporarily stopped up and the trip continued. The ice breaker pushed steadily northward, breaking ice of every kind, form, height and thickness which she met, until about the middle of August. Then she struck hard against a low-lying block of ice, the old hole was made larger and, on August 17, the voyage was abandoned and the Yermak put back to St. Petersburg.

Shortly after her arrival there she was sent to Elswick, it was said, at the time, for repairs. Nothing could be learned then about the extent of the repairs or what they would be. Now, after more than a year at the Armstrongs' yards, it comes out that the Yermak, under the personal supervision of Admiral Makaroff, has been provided with a great, new bow, and is being otherwise improved and refitted to start again on a pole-hunting voyage early next summer.

Tea Tasting.....New York Herald

American judges of tea grow up in the business. They begin at about the age of eighteen years, and work for at least five years before their judgments are accepted as final. There are so many kinds of tea, separated by slight differences, that the expert must feel the delicate gradations as though by instinct, and must know all the methods of curing tea and be familiar with every trick and artifice which might be employed to enhance the value of inferior leaves. The government maintains a Board of Experts, and every large tea importing house has in its employ a competent judge of the quality of tea. The tea taster is gradually evolved from the apprentice. The master has no time to calmly and deliberately give instructions, so the student sits at the teacups

of Gamaliel and learns a little day by day. He first serves as the attendant.

In the large importing houses the most conspicuous feature is the table where the teas are tasted. It is about four feet in diameter. The top is poised on a pivot, so that it can be easily turned about at the touch. On it is placed a second slab of wood about three feet in diameter, which is raised an inch from the surface of the first layer. On the higher portion are placed the scales, the cans of tea, and the spoons. On the lower layer are ranged the cups from which the subtle brew is to be tasted. The liquid made from a sample is always placed exactly opposite the can from which the tea to be tasted was taken. The judge, sitting in his chair, by turning the table top, may bring any sample which he wishes to examine within his reach.

Before the actual tasting of the tea the appraiser makes an examination of the dry leaf. He takes a handful of the tea and sifts it from one palm to the other, carefully looking at it. He feels its weight. He looks at it keenly to detect the presence of adulteration or of deleterious coloring matter. He smells it to get an idea of its aroma. He studies the shifting leaves in his hands in order that he may see if the tea has been properly cured. The appearance of the dry leaf is depended upon to guide the judge in the first rough classification.

The expert then takes an amount of tea equivalent to the weight of a five-cent piece, which he places in a cup of the finest Limoges ware. The vessel is devoid of decoration, and has no handle. The cups are the only articles in the dingy store-rooms of the tea importers which suggest luxury. Upon the herb is poured boiling water from a brass or copper tea kettle, which is always standing on the gas stove. The tea taster permits the leaves to steep until they are opened out by the action of the hot water. The size, form and color of the leaves play an important part in forming an opinion as to the value of the commodity.

The leaf at the top of the plant is the tenderest and has the best flavor. The small leaf is, therefore, a sign of quality. The wily Celestial knows this, and he therefore chops up the large leaves before they are cured. The leaves are taken from the hot water and carefully opened out. If they are small and perfect they are of extra quality. They are graded down the stalk as regular firsts, seconds, thirds and fourths. The expert can readily determine by looking at a chopped leaf how large the original leaf was. The tea taster carefully inspects the liquid which results from the steeping of the leaves. The color and the consistency of the steaming fluid tell him all manner of things which the layman would not

know. The aroma as it ascends from the cup tells its own story.

Sight and smell have done their part, and it is now for the sense of taste to confirm the judgment. The expert dips a spoon into it and conveys the liquid to his mouth. Very little of the tea which the examiner takes into his mouth is swallowed. The tea taster expels all that he can of it as soon as his sense has reached a verdict. Still a small quantity finds its way to the stomach. The spitting out of the liquid takes from the mouth a certain quantity of saliva and the result is an impaired digestion. The continual absorption of tea has a bad effect upon the kidneys. It is no unusual thing for tea tasters to stop work for a time in order to give their internal organs a chance to get back to their normal state.

Wireless Telephony.....Sir W. H. Preece.....Electrical World*

The first experiments in this direction were made in the month of February, 1894, across Loch Ness, in the Highlands. On that occasion trials were made to determine the laws governing the transmission of Morse signals by my electromagnetic method of wireless telegraphy, which has formed the subject of frequent reports to this section since 1884. Two parallel wires well earthed were taken, one on each side of the lake, and arrangements were made by means of which the wires could be systematically shortened, with a view of ascertaining the minimum length necessary to record satisfactory signals. *It occurred to Mr. Gavey, who was experimenting, to compare telephonic with telegraphic signals, i. e., to ascertain whether articulate speech could be maintained under the same conditions as Morse signaling. The trials showed that it was then possible to exchange speech across the Loch at an average distance of 1-3 miles between the parallel wires, when the length of the wires themselves was reduced to four miles on each side of the water. What led to this train of thought was the fact that, although the volume of a telegraphic current was immensely greater than that of a telephonic current, whenever through want of balance in a loop disturbance was evident, then telephonic cross-talk was also manifest. In other words, a weak telephone current was as powerful a disturber as a strong telegraphic current.

The sensation created in 1897 by Mr. Marconi's application of Hertbian waves distracted attention from the more practical, simpler and older method. Mr. Evershed and Principal Oliver Lodge had in the meantime much advanced the system by intro-

ducing admirable call systems. In 1899, I conducted some careful experiment on the Menai Straits, which determined the fact that the maximum effects are produced when the parallel wires are terminated by earth plates in the sea itself. It became quite evident that the ordinary indicative effects are much enhanced by conducive effects through the water and that in consequence shorter wires are practical. No special apparatus seems necessary. The ordinary telephonic transmitters and receivers were used.

It became desirable to establish communication between the islands or rocks known as the Skerries and the mainland of Anglesey, and it was determined to do this by means of wireless telephony. The lighthouse at the Skerries was wanted to be in communication with the coast-guard station at Cemlyn, which is connected with the Post Office system. The bottom of the channel is too rough and the current too violent for a cable. A wire 750 yards in length was therefore erected along the Skerries, and on the mainland one of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from a point opposite the Skerries to Cemlyn. Each line terminates by an earth plate in the sea. The average distance between the parallel portions of the two wires is 2.8 miles. Telephonic communication is readily maintained and the service is a good one. Lodge's call system will be used.

Further experiments with wireless telephony have recently been made between Rathlin Island, on the north coast of Ireland, and the mainland. The east and west portion of the island of Rathlin is about eight miles from the mainland, but a tongue of land projects southward to within a distance of four miles. Communication was required between the lighthouse near the north-eastern corner of the island and the mainland, and the question for solution was whether an overhead line running the whole length of the island from east to west was necessary to obtain good communication, or whether a shorter line across the neck of the southern peninsula would serve. The preliminary experiments that have been made proved conclusively that communication, both telegraphic and telephonic, has been readily maintained by means of temporary wires established across the neck of the peninsula along the shorter line. Wireless telephony across the sea is now a practical and commercial system.

No experiments have yet been made with ships, but it would appear simple to speak by telephone between ship and ship, or between ship and shore, to considerable distances across space by means of a circuit formed of copper wire terminating at each end of the ship in the sea, passing over the topmast and using simple telephones.

*Abstract of paper read at British Association meeting at Bradford, England.

Facts and Figures: The Little Encyclopedia

—The number of plants known to commerce is placed at 4,200 and of these 420 are applied to the making of perfumes.

—The city of Baltimore has resolved to dispense with gas entirely and use electricity unless the gas companies reduce the rate for gas from that now charged—\$1.10 per 1,000 feet.

—Goshen, a small city in Indiana, has a lower water rate than any other city in the United States. The plant is owned by the municipality, as is also the electric light plant.

—In Denmark a respectable aged person over sixty, who has never been convicted of crime, and has for the ten years previous never received poor relief, is either admitted into an almshouse or receives in Copenhagen £6 19s. a year, or in a trading town £7 15s., or in a village £3 11s 10d.

—Paris is said to be the cleanest city in the world. Every morning 2,000 male and 600 female scavengers, divided into 149 brigades, turn out to perform the toilet of the capital. The men work from four in the morning till four in the evening, less two hours off for meals, or ten hours a day. The women are engaged in the morning only.

—Mexico in the past nine years has doubled its revenues, doubled its exports, doubled the number of its factories and multiplied by three its banking capital, and the continuance of this great prosperity is now quite as pronounced as ever during the decade.

—The curved pages of the ordinary book are injurious to the eye of the reader. The curvature necessitates a constant change of the focus of the eye as it reads from one side to another, and the ciliary muscles are under constant strain. Moreover, the light falls unequally upon both sides of the page, further interfering with a continued clear field of vision.

—Criminal statistics just published in Germany reveal the fact that the most marked increase in crime is shown by the agricultural provinces rather than by those containing the industrial centres. It is an exclusively agricultural province on the Eastern frontier which is the most criminal. The statistics, it is claimed, also show an increasing tendency to crime in the empire as a whole.

—Navassa Island—which lies south of Haiti in the Caribbean Sea, and can be sighted from the decks of vessels passing from New York to the isthmus—was the only outlying possession of the United States until we acquired Puerto Rico and the Philippines. It is covered with

phosphates, but was uninhabited until a Baltimore company discovered its riches and sent a gang of men to work the mines.

—In England the law looks upon every one over the age of seven as a responsible being; and every child beyond that age can be prosecuted as a criminal. The same age is accepted in Russia and Portugal. In France and Belgium the age is eight, in Italy and Spain it is nine; Norway, Greece, Austria, Denmark and Holland decline to prosecute a child under ten; and this is the rule, also in some of the Swiss cantons. In Germany the limit of responsibility is fixed at twelve.

—Prof. Drake estimates that within the 150 square miles around Tse-chau there are about 3,000 million metric tons of coal, and it must be remembered that this area is only a little of the ragged edge of the great coal fields of Shan-si. Most of Shan-si has been found underlain by large coal beds. Richthofen estimates that the anthracite coal alone of Shan-si amounts to 630,000 million tons, and that the coal area is greater than that of Pennsylvania.

—So accustomed have Americans become to think of the United States as a new country that the statement of Mr. Albion W. Tourgée that "we are one of the oldest existing civilized nations," seems to require an explanation. Since the foundation of the government, almost one hundred and twelve years ago, there has been no break in our Presidential succession. During that period, according to Judge Tourgée, the form of government in France has change ten times. "Germany," he adds, "is but thirty years old. Austria, as a nation, is the outcome of the Hungarian rebellion. Italy is a still later product of popular evolution."

—An experiment on a large scale with a higher speed electric railway is about to be made in England. Between Liverpool and Manchester, which are thirty-three miles apart, a so-called "monorail" line is under construction, and it is expected that speeds of more than 100 miles an hour will be attained on it. The trip, one way, is to be made in twenty minutes, and the headway, or interval between trains, is to be ten minutes. The cars run on a single rail, and are suspended from it: that is, the rail is above the cars. Each car has two wheels, one at each end, with small guide wheels arranged to keep it on the track. The new line will have no intermediate stations and no grade crossings, and will be practically without curves.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

Question and Answer.....Life

O gentle reader, do you never hanker
To smash the midriff of some hoary cad,
Some bull-necked plutocrat or bloated banker,
Whose wine is good and conversation bad?

Do you not feel, when in your morning paper
You read the praises of some social trump,
As if you'd like with number tens to caper
Upon the gushing editorial chump?

Do you not wish that with ungoverned passion
You might go ramping through both church and
State,
Smashing the idols that are "quite the fashion,"
And jolting every "most respected" skate?

Well, if you don't—if your down-trodden liver
Ne'er makes you long such righteous things to
do,
O gentle reader, I am all a-quiver
To rise and kick the sawdust out of you.

An Auto-Biography.....Town Topics

This is the Auto Jones bought.

This is the Owner, who with pride
Climbs up for his first inspiring ride.

This is the Avenue, nice and broad,
Through which he hurtles, overawed.

This is the Gong that clamors loud
And paralyzes a luckless crowd.

These are the mounted Coppers grim
Who gallop to succor life and limb.

This is the Ambulance here and there
Collecting specimens past repair.

These are the Things the auto hits
And butts to pieces before it quits.

These are the Bills brought in—boo hoo!—
For arms and legs, and funerals, too.

AND:

This is the Street Car which to-day
Carries along his humble way
That chap who settles the Bills—boo hoo!—
For arms and legs, and funerals, too,
And of numerous Things his auto hit
And butted to pieces before it quit,
The while the Ambulance here and there
Collected specimens past repair.
Following close the Coppers grim,
Who galloped to succor life and limb
In the wake of the Gong that clamored loud,
Quite paralyzing the luckless crowd
Upon the Avenue, nice and broad,
Along which hurtled, overawed,
A man who took, with an Owner's pride,
His post for the first inspiring ride
In the Automobile that Jones bought.

Ye Caddie !.....Colorado Springs Gazette

Who, at the golfer's soft behest,
Comes running with a short-lived zest?

Ye caddie!
Who starteth out with good intents
And seizeth bag and implements
Because he scenteth fifteen cents?
Ye caddie!

Who, at the start, keeps watchful eye
And knoweth where the ball doth lie?

Ye caddie!
Who goeth soon into a trance,
Nor at the flying sphere doth glance,
But with your putter slayeth ants?
Ye caddie!

Who, not content with being blind
Drags leisurely along behind?

Ye caddie!
And while the golfer at the tee
Waits for his driver angrily,
Who sleepeth on yon hills, care-free?
Ye caddie!

Who ne'er with flag in hand is seen
Till all are waiting on the green?

Ye caddie!
Who telleth us the mode of play,
And grinneth if we go astray,
Until we long his hide to slay?
Ye caddie!

Who, when we wildly, vainly try
To leave a bunker's sand, doth guy?

Ye caddie!
Who doth our rival balls confuse,
And with our clubs himself amuse,
And our new balls for marbles use?
Ye caddie!

Who, with suggestions bold doth teem
And maketh life a hideous dream?

Ye caddie!
Who loses three balls every day,
Yet waits, persistent, for his pay?
Whom we do often long to slay?
Ye caddie!

Pass It Along.....Denver Times

There was trouble in the office of the old P.
D. & Q.

When the news came in that No. 4 had smashed
with No. 2

And distributed calamity for half a mile around
Till it was impossible to see the color of the
ground,

And the Chairman of executives said to the Presi-
dent:

"It strikes me that you can't run a railroad worth
a copper cent!"

Whereupon the General Manager was called upon
the floor

And informed that he was careless in the case of
2 and 4:

And the General Manager remarked: "I very
plainly see

That the General Superintendent needs a red-hot
 roast from me—"
 Which the same induced the General Superintend-
 ent to call in
 The Division Superintendent, whom he criticised
 like sin,
 And who straightway had the master of the road
 report to him
 For a roasting then and there administered with
 dash and vim.
 Said the master of the road: "The section foreman
 is the chap
 Who has caused this great disaster, and I'll knock
 him out a rap."
 So he called the section foreman, and he said: "You
 careless cuss,
 Your remarkable stupidity has made scapegoats
 of us—"
 Which the section foreman took as quite a per-
 sonal affront
 And resolved right then and there to do a criti-
 cizing stunt
 On his own hook, so he called the man who greases
 up the track,
 And he said: "It seems to me you ought to find a
 friendly crack
 And crawl into it and pull your carcass after you,
 you chump,
 For neglect of duty on your part has got us on
 the jump!
 If you'd greased your tracks this accident would
 never have occurred—
 You just go and draw your salary, without another
 word!"

* * * * *

So the greaser took the order for his cash and
 drew his roll,
 And remarked, with much emphatic language:
 "Well, upon my soul,
 Dis road's de cheapest lot o' guys dat I has ever
 saw,
 An' 'is t'ing o' takin' blame f'r udders rankles in
 ma craw;
 Wy, de Chairman o' de board spon's all de money
 in de Eas',
 An', by gosh, I can't be greasin' w'en I ain't got
 any grease!"

The Old Meeting-House. N. Albert Sherman. Springfield Republican

Through memory's magic I behold
 The meeting-house, a structure old,
 Well streaked with weather stains and mold,
 Despite its guard of firs;
 While just beyond the rustic mill
 Stretched wide a rugged, briery hill,
 Alive with warbles, song and trill
 Of rival worshipers.

Through varied pastimes lured the boy
 A season, each to pall and cloy.
 It was a more abiding joy
 When dawned the morning fair
 That ushered in a duty of rest
 To don his suit of Sunday best
 And drive with eager, youthful zest
 Unto the house of prayer.

There country folk in groups and bands
 From hillside farms and valley lands

Stood round and joined in shaking hands,
 And common aims reviewed;
 There neighbor greeted neighbor fair;
 The humblest brother had a share.
 None wounded him with haughty stare,
 Or salutation rude.

Ere invocation down they file
 Through vestibule and narrow aisle,
 Their garments mirroring every style
 Seen there for many a year;
 The sexes part, each take their way
 Alone; the unconverted say
 That sheep and goats on Sabbath day
 Are separated here.

Then music! bass and tenor beat
 The time with heavy thumping feet
 To strains that sounded wondrous sweet
 When set to solemn rhymes;
 Again I hear the viol's chord;
 Again, Forever with the Lord;
 And Boylston that I so abhorred
 Ring out like belfry chimes.

The sermon follows, more of good
 And doctrine than we understood,
 Yet strangely fancied mental food
 Was better served too strong
 For our digestion; with a zest
 We listened, pondered, nor confessed
 That simple homilies were best,
 And liked them rather long.

There men with eager interest heard
 The wise persuasion, threatening word,
 Of lofty faith and creed absurd.
 With broad or narrow scope;
 The Wesleyan's exhortation wild,
 Stern Calvinism undefiled,
 And Murray's theologies mild
 Of universal hope.

Around the spot what memories throng
 Of earnest prayer and discourse long
 And soul-uplifting sacred song;
 And many a dream in sooth,
 And cherished hope would I forego
 To hear once more their accents flow
 And feel the spirit's fervent glow
 With buoyancy of youth.

Tit for Tat. Carolyn Wells. Judge

Secure from observation,
 A bookworm made his home
 And pursued his occupation
 In a dry and ponderous tome

Writ by some wise old sages
 That lesser minds might learn.
 The bookworm turned the pages
 (For even a worm will turn).

He said, "What prosy leaders!
 And, judging by its look,
 This book has bored its readers,
 Now I will bore the book."

The Sketch Book: Character in Outline

*The Fable of the Grass Widow.....George Ade**

One Day a keen Business manager who thought nobody could Show him was sitting at his Desk. A Grass Widow floated in, and stood Smiling at him. She was a Blonde, and had a Gown that fit her as if she had been Packed into it by Hydraulic Pressure. She was just as Demure as Edna May ever tried to be, but the Business Manager was a Lightning Calculator, and he Surmised that the Bunk was about to be Handed to him. The Cold Chills went down his Spine when he caught a Flash of the Half-Morocco Prospectus.

If it had been a Man Agent he would have shouted "Sick 'em" and reached for a Paper-Weight. But when the Agent has the Venus de Milo beaten on Points and Style, and when the Way the Skirt sets isn't so Poor, and she is Coy and introduces the Startled Fawn way of backing up without getting any farther away, and when she comes on with short Steps, and he gets the remote Swish of the Real Silk, to say nothing of the Fair Aroma of New-Mown Hay, and her Hesitating Manner seems to ask, "Have I or have I not met a Friend?"—in a Case of that kind the Victim is just the same as Strapped to the Operating-Table.

The timorous but trusting little Grass Widow sat beside the Business Manager and told him her Hard-Luck Story in low, bird-like Notes. She said she was the only Support of her Little Boy, who was attending a Military School at Syracuse, N. Y. She turned the Liquid Orbs on him and had him to the Bad. He thought he would tell her that already he had more Books at Home than he could get on the Shelves, but when he tried to Talk he only Yammered. She Kept on with her little Song, and Smiled all the Time, and sat a little Closer, and he got so Dizzy he had to lock his Legs under the Office Chair to keep from Sinking Away.

When she had him in the Hypnotic State she pushed the Silver Pencil into his Right Hand, and showed him where to sign his Name. He wrote it, while the dim Sub-Consciousness told him that probably he was the Softest Thing the Lady Robber had Stood Up that Season. Then she recovered the Pencil, which he was confusedly trying to put into his Vest Pocket, and missing it about Six Inches, and with a cheery Good-Bye she was gone.

He shook himself and took a Long Breath, and

asked where he was. Then it all came back to him and he felt Ornery, and called himself Names and roasted the Office Boy in the Next Room, and made a Rule that hereafter Nobody could get at him except by Card, and if any Blonde Sharks in Expensive Costumes asked for him, to call up the Chief and ask for a Squad.

He was so Wrothy at himself for being Held Up that he could not find any Consolation except in the Fact that he had seen on the List of Subscribers the name of nearly every well-known Married Citizen above the Age of 35. He was not the Only One. She had Corralled the Street.

When the Man came around to deliver the seven-pound copy of Happy Hours with the Poets, and he paid out his Six Silver Pieces for a queer Volume that he would not have Read for Six an Hour, he hated himself worse than ever. He thought some of giving the Book to the Office Boy, by way of Revenge, but he hit upon a Better Use for it. He put it back into the Box and Carried it Home, and said to his Wife, "See what I have Bought for you."

It occurred to him that after getting a Present like that she ought to let him stay out every Night for a Month. But she could not see it that Way. He had to tell her that Some Women never seem to Appreciate having Husbands to Grind and Toil all day, so as to be able to purchase Beautiful Gifts for them. Then she told him that all the Women of her Acquaintance had received these Books as Presents, and a crowd of Married Men must have been given a Club Rate. Then he Spunked up and said that if she was going to look a Gift Horse in the Mouth, they wouldn't Talk about it any more.

In the meantime the Grass Widow was living at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Moral: Those who are Entitled to it Get it sooner or later.

*Why Essie's Tall Friend Got the Fresh Air.....George Ade**

The Owner of a Furnishing Store gave employment to a Boy with Dreamy Eyes, who took care of his Nails and used Scented Soap and carried a Pocket Looking-Glass. It was his Delight to stand in the Doorway and watch the Girls all Color Up when they caught Sight of him. He was said to be a Divine Waltzer.

There was a Girl named Essie who was Hanging Around the Front of the Store about half of the Time, waiting to get a Chance to Speak to

*From More Fables. Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.00.

Bert. She Chewed Gum and kept her Sailor Hat pulled down to her Eyebrows and had her Name worked out in Wire and used it as a Breastpin. After she had waited an Hour or so, and he had Broken Away long enough to take her aside, she would want to know what it was that Net had said about her, or else she would ask why he had not Answered her Note. It was always just about as Momentous as that.

Bert was so Engrossed with his Love Affairs and the Pleasure Club and the Bundle of Correspondence that he carried with him that he had little Time for Furnishing Goods. It used to Annoy him considerably when any one came in and wanted to Spend Money. He would set out the Goods in a Manner that showed it to be something of a Come-Down for him to be compelled to Wait on Outsiders. While the Customer would be asking Questions, Bert would be working the Flexible Neck to see if Essie was still waiting for him. Sometimes when there was a Rush he would get real Cross, and if People did not Buy in a Hurry he would slam the Boxes around and be Lippy and give them the Eye. Yet he wondered why he did not get a Raise in Salary.

During the Holiday Season, when the Eucalyptus Pleasure Club was simply in a Delirium of All-Night Dances and Fried-Oyster Suppers, and when Essie had worn a Path in the Snow coming down to tell Bert not to Forget, the Proprietor decided that the Boy's Job was interfering with his Gaiety. So when Bert came to get his Envelope the Furnisher told him he needed more Out-door Life and Exercise, and he had better find it by moving around Town and looking for another Job.

Moral: Omit the Essie Proposition.

Philatelic.....London Outlook

I was fifteen: she was my first love. Our fathers had known each other all their lives: we lived in close proximity. We could see their garden wall from our dining-room windows: a row of elms hid their house from the street. It is pleasant to remember that row of trees.

I used to call in the springtime, at night, a little after seven—a poet might speak of the gloaming—and she talked to me from her bedroom window. She collected postage stamps; perhaps that is why I remember her. One's lovers grow so numerous and difficult to remember after twenty years; it is helpful when we can remember what they collected. Our love flourished. I had the good fortune to find a collection of postage stamps in my brother's box. For the time he had forgotten it. At first I was lavish; ten a day was nothing unusual, but experience taught me that five would

serve equally well. So our love prospered. By and by the collection came to an end; it was never very large. I learned later that my brother valued it rather for its quality than for its quantity. Unfortunately, I knew little of postage stamps. Supplied in quantities, they earned me smiles. I did not trouble to learn their value. French five-cents and Black English were much the same to me: I was no collector. I have come to think that her love was dearly bought.

With autumn my visits to her window were shortened, lest she suffered from the effects of the night air. There was a sameness in my wooing.

"Madelaide," I would whisper.

"Ah!—you are late."

"I am sorry, Madelaide; it was your brother."

"You have seen him?"

"He spoke to me at the gate."

"Did he tell you of the Uruguayan tenth issue?"

I groaned. She was reminding me.

"No, Madelaide; he told me about the new dog."

She would laugh, and would withdraw a moment, to return with her hateful stamp album.

"It is a lovely specimen. It was sweet of Jack Sourman to give it to me."

"Is it so valuable?" I groaned.

"Very," was her prompt reply: "he must have bought it for me. Who would write to the Sourman's from Uruguay?"

"Madelaide," I cried, "I have some bill stamps here: Russian, Turks, and Austrian. I—I bought them."

Of Turks she had plenty; she hoped I had not paid much for the Russian, for they were common. Truly her love was dearly bought.

It was her brother who exposed me. We had a difference, a matter of no consequence, utterly out of proportion to his revenge. He told her to whom the stamps belonged—I had it from him later that she made very certain the collection was exhausted. So was I heartbroken. Her scorn was so bitter that it amazed me she did not return the accursed things. What trouble it would have spared me with my brother!

The Language of the Dead.....Barry Pain.....Black and White

It is possible that some may remember the case of Richard Gell, who was the subject of a few newspaper paragraphs in May and June, 1873. He was an uneducated man, the son of a North-country miner. He came to London to exhibit what was supposed to be a trick, and to make what money he could out of it. Richard Gell was accustomed to drink hard, and he was certainly not honest. His trick was never quite satisfactorily explained, but the man had discredited him-

self and respectable students of psychology did not think it worth while, as a rule, to have anything to do with him.

His trick was this. He took a seat in a room, and a high screen was placed all round him, so that he could not be seen. In the same room, but at a distance from the screen, a table was placed with a sheet of paper on it. On the paper was a model of a hand, rather less than life size, made apparently of some kind of pumice-stone. This hand held a pencil. Questions were asked by people in the room, and the hand, moving with no apparent cause, wrote replies. The trick was done in any room, and any screen and table could be used. The model of the hand could be examined by anybody and at any time; for instance, it might be raised from the paper while it was in the act of writing. It was shown that the hand could not be influenced by a powerful magnet, and this disposed of the first explanation suggested. But before he had been in London a fortnight Gell was fined at a police-court for being drunk and disorderly. And people who had been inclined to take him seriously left him alone. They could not think it possible that a man of that type should be possessed of any abnormal psychic power. They took a view which would still be held to be quite natural by many people. At the same time an unprejudiced inquirer might be disposed to ask why abnormal powers of this description should be confined to the respectable and the ascetic. Is it not, in fact, a little absurd to lay down rules for a world of which we practically know nothing? That was the opinion of a few doctors who had interested themselves in Gell's case; they paid his fine at the police-court, and looked after him; they also investigated his trick, if it could be called a trick.

Toward the end of June, 1873, Gell died suddenly in a house in Harley street. The cause of death was some form of heart failure, and the jury found a verdict accordingly. The actual circumstances of the death were not disclosed at the inquest. I am enabled to give them by one of the doctors who was present at the time.

Gell had taken no stimulants that day; he was shaky and complained that he "felt bad." But he was quite willing, and even anxious, that the test of his powers should proceed. He was very proud of them, and quite realized that a report favorable to their genuine character coming from scientific men would be of great value to him. His one object was to make money out of the trick; he said that he neither knew nor cared how he did it. The answers to questions that had been written by the model hand so far had contained nothing very extraordinary. They were answers

that might have been written by Gell himself directly, and even reproduced the misspellings which were habitual with him.

The test took place at eight o'clock in the evening in the drawing-room of the house, on the first floor, overlooking the street. Beside Gell there were four doctors present, one of whom was the tenant of the house. Gell took his place as usual in the middle of the room, and a heavy gilt leather screen which had been fetched from the consulting-room was placed round him. The table on which the hand and sheet of paper were placed was ten or twelve feet distant from the screen. To the first question the hand wrote a childish answer at once. Then one of the doctors asked, "What is my age?"

The hand trembled, but did not move. Gell spoke from behind the screen and asked for something to drink. A glass of water was handed to him behind the screen. The question was then repeated, and the hand began to write, and suddenly stopped. Other questions were suggested, but the hand remained absolutely motionless. The host turned round toward the screen, and called out, "What's the matter with you, Gell?" Immediately the hand began to write.

It wrote from right to left, and in a character which was not that of any language with which any of the doctors present was acquainted. The writing was done with great smoothness and regularity. Suddenly the hand shot over the side of the table, fell on the floor, and broke in fragments. The host called out again, "What's the matter with you, Gell?" There was no answer, and for a moment or two there was absolute silence in the room. Then one of the men said, "We had better look into this," and went up to the screen. In attempting to pull it back the whole thing fell over with a crash. Behind it on his chair, with his head back and his jaw dropped, sat Gell, stone dead! He was in his lifetime an ugly man, and now with the gas flaring above him he looked very ghastly. He was wearing, I am told, a dirty light suit and a tie of striking colors, with an impossible diamond in it.

The body was quite cold, and "rigor mortis" had already set in. One would have said that it had been dead at least three hours. There was little or nothing to be done, but the doctors discussed it, and never mentioned what they were all thinking. That was only said when they came downstairs afterward. All were agreed on the point—Richard Gell must have been dead while the hand was still writing. "It can never be proved," said one of them, "but I believe he died just before the hand reversed, and wrote in the strange character from right to left."

Woman and the Wits*

By G. F. MONKSHOOD

- Love decreases when it ceases to increase.
Chateaubriand.
- If women were humbler men would be honest.
Vanbrugh.
- A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.
George Eliot.
- Love is a bird that sings in the heart of a woman.
Karr.
- A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.
George Eliot.
- A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.
Mirabeau.
- Coquetry is the desire to please, without the want of love.
Rocheperdre.
- Men never are consoled for their first love, nor women for their last.
Weiss.
- One should choose a wife with the ears rather than with the eyes.
Proverb.
- Consideration for woman is the measure of a nation's progress in social life.
Gregoire.
- Women especially are to be talked to as below men and above children.
Chesterfield.
- When we speed to the devil's house, woman takes the lead by a thousand steps.
Goethe.
- It is born in maidens that they should wish to please everything that has eyes.
Gleim.
- There are people who are almost in love, almost famous, and almost happy.
De Krudener.
- The two pleasantest days of a woman are her marriage and the day of her funeral.
Hipponax.
- Let a man pray that none of his woman-kind should form a just estimation of him.
Thackeray.
- Heaven has refused genius to woman, in order to concentrate all the fire in her heart.
Rivarol.
- If woman did turn man out of Paradise, she has done her best ever since to make it up to him.
Sheldon.
- There will always remain something to be said of woman, as long as there is one on the earth.
De Boufflers.
- A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.
Rousseau.
- The woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself to be so, even amidst an army of soldiers.
Cervantes.
- A man should choose for a wife only such a woman as he would choose for a friend, were she a man.
Joubert.
- If you would make a pair of good shoes, take for the sole the tongue of a woman; it never wears out.
Alsatian Proverb.
- A woman cannot guarantee her heart, even though her husband be the greatest and most perfect of men.
George Sand.
- Before going to war say a prayer; before going to sea say two prayers; before marrying say three prayers.
Proverb.
- Woman—the gods be thanked!—is not even collaterally related to that sentimental abstraction called an angel.
Browne.
- A woman who writes commits two sins; she increases the number of books, and decreases the number of women.
Karr.
- It is neither honor nor love which makes a betrayed man think of killing a woman. Murder comes of the senses.
Bourget.
- The nervous fluid in man is consumed by the brain, in woman by the heart; it is there that they are most sensitive.
Bayle.
- Most women who have had what is considered as an education, have no idea of an education progressive through life.
Foster.
- There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons.
Malherbe.
- There are some women who think virtue was given them as claws were given to cats—to do nothing but scratch with.
Jerrold.
- The Bible says that woman is the last thing which God made. He must have made it on Saturday night. It shows a fatigue.
Dumas.
- To remain virtuous, a man has only to combat his own desires; a woman must resist her own inclinations and the continual attack of man.
De Latena.
- We ask four things of a woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, modesty in her forehead, sweetness in her mouth, and labor in her hands.
Chinese Proverb.
- When a woman explicitly condemns a given action, she apparently gathers courage for its commission under a little different conditions.
Howells.
- To give you nothing and to make you expect everything, to dawdle on the threshold of love while the doors are closed, this is all the science of a coquette.
De Bernard.

*Compiled from Woman and the Wits. A. Wessels Company. \$1.25.

The Convict's Return

BY WILL N. HARBEN

We reprint the following story from *North Georgia Sketches*,* by Will N. Harben. This little volume contains a number of unusually good stories. They describe comfortable homely people, and people blighted by poverty. But it is the poverty of the South. The door is always open, and though about the cabin there may be traces of thriftlessness, nature, sunny and beautiful, lies in limitless stretches beyond. The style is simple, direct and convincing, while humor relieves the pathos of stunted lives. We recommend the volume as one which will give enjoyment.

The pedestrian trudged down the tortuous declivitous road of the mountain amidst the splendor of autumn-tinted leafage and occasional dashes of rhododendron flowers. Now and then he would stop and deeply breathe in the crisp air, as if it were a palpable substance which was pleasing to his palate. At such moments, when the interstices of trunks and boulders would permit, his eyes, large with weariness, would rest on a certain farmhouse in the valley below.

"It's identical the same," he said, when he had completed the descent of the mountain and was drawing near to it. "As fer as I can make out, it hain't altered one bit sence the day they tuk me away. Ef ever'thing seems purtier now, it may be beca'se it's in the fall of the year an' the maple-trees an' the laurel look so fancy."

Approaching the barn, the only appurtenance to the four-roomed house, farther on by a hundred yards, he leaned on the rail fence and looked over into the barnyard at the screw of blue smoke which was rising from a fire under a huge iron boiler.

"Marty's killin' hogs," he said, reflectively. "I mought 'a' picked a better day fer gittin' back; she never was knowed to be in a good humor durin' hog-killin'."

He half climbed, half vaulted over the fence, and approached the woman, who was bowed over an improvised table of undressed planks on which were heaped the dismembered sides, shoulders, and hams of pork. His heart was in his mouth, owing to the carking doubt as to his welcome which had been oozing into the joy of freedom ever since he began his homeward journey. But it was not his wife who looked up as his step rustled the corn-husks near her, but her unmarried sister, Lucinda Dykes.

"Well, I never!" she ejaculated. "It's Dick Wakeman, as I am alive!" She wiped her hand

on her apron and gave it to him, limp and cold. "We all heerd you was pardoned out, but none of us 'lowed you'd make so straight fer home."

His features shrank, as if battered by the blow she had unwittingly dealt him.

"I say!" he grunted. "Whar else in the name o' common sense would a feller go? A body that's been penned up in the penitentiary fer four years don't keer to be losin' time monkeyin' round amongst plumb strangers, when his own folks—when he hain't laid eyes on his—"

But, after all, good reasons for his haste in returning could not be found outside of a certain sentimentality which lay deep beneath Wakeman's rugged exterior, and to which no one had ever heard him refer.

"Shorely," said the old maid, taking a wrong grasp of the situation—"shorely you knowed, Dick, that Marty has got 'er divorce?"

"Oh, yes. Bad news takes a bee-line shoot fer its mark. I heerd the court had granted 'er a release, but that don't matter. A lawyer down thar told me that it all could be fixed up now I'm out. Ef I's 'a' been at home, Marty never would 'a' made sech a goose of 'erse'f. How much did the divorce set 'er back?"

"About a hundred dollars," answered Lucinda.

"Money liter'ly throwed away," said the convict, with irrepressible indignation. "Marty never did quite sech a silly thing while I was at home."

The old maid stared at him, a half-amused smile playing over her thin face.

"But it was her money," she said, argumentatively. "She owned the farm an' every stick an' head o' stock on it when you an' 'er got married."

"You needn't tell me that," said Wakeman, sharply. "I know that; but that ain't no reason fer 'er to throw 'er money away gittin' a divorce."

Lucinda filled her hand with salt and began to sprinkle it on a side of meat. "Law me," she tittered, "I'll bet you hain't heerd about Marty an' Jeff Goardley."

"Yes, I have. Meddlin' busybodies has writ me about that, too," said Wakeman, sitting down on the hopper of a corn-sheller and idly swinging his foot.

"He's a-courtin' of 'er like a broom-sedge field afire," added the sister, tentatively.

"She's got too much sense to marry 'im after 'er promises to me," said the convict, firmly.

"She lets 'im come reg'lar ev'ry Tuesday night."

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Wakeman was not ready with a reply, and Lucinda began to salt another piece of pork.

"Ev'ry Tuesday night, rain or shine," she said. The words released Wakeman's tongue.

"Huh, he's the most triflin' fop in the county."

"Looks like some o' the neighbors is powerful bent on the match," continued Lucinda, her tone betraying her own lack of sympathy for the thing in question. "Marty was a-standin' over thar at the fence jest 'fore you come an' whirled all of a sudden an' went up to the house. She said she was afeered her cracklin's would burn, but I'll bet she seed you down the road. I never have been able to make 'er out. She ain't once mentioned yore name sence you went off. Dick, I'm one that don't, nur never did, believe you meant to steal Williams' hoss, kase you was too drunk to know what you was a-doin', but Marty never says whether she does ur doesn't. The day the news come back that you was sentenced I ketched 'er in the back room a-cryin' as ef 'er heart would break, but that night 'Lonzo Spann come in an' said that you had let it out in the court-room that you'd be glad even to go to the penitentiary to git a rest from Marty's tongue, an'—"

"Lucinda, as thar's a God on high, them words never passed my lips," the convict interrupted.

"I 'lowed not," the old maid returned. "But it has got to be a sort of standin' joke ag'in Marty, an' she hears it ev'ry now an' then. But I'm yore friend, Dick. I've had respect fer you ever sence I noticed how you suffered when Annie got sick an' died. Thar ain't many men that has sech feeling fer their dead children."

Wakeman's face softened.

"I was jest a-wonderin', comin' on, ef—ef anybody has been a-lookin' after the grave sence I went off. The boys in the penitentiary used to mention the'r dead once in a while, an' I'd always tell 'em about my grave. Pris'ners, Lucinda, git to relyin' on the company o' the'r dead about as much as the'r livin' folks. In the four years that I was in confinement not one friend o' mine ever come to ax how I was gittin' on."

"Marty has been a-lookin' after the grave," said Lucinda, in the suppressed tone peculiar to people who desire to disown deep emotion. She turned her face toward the house. "I wish you wouldn't talk about yore bein' neglected down thar, Dick. The Lord knows I've laid awake many an' many a cold night a-wonderin' ef they give you'uns enough cover, an' ef they tuk them cold chains off'n you at night. An' I reckon Marty did, too, fer she used to roll an' tumble as ef 'er mind wasn't at ease."

Wakeman took off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves.

"I'm itchin' to set in to farm-work ag'in," he said. "Let me salt fer you, an' you run up thar an' tell 'er I'm back. Maybe she'll come down heer."

Lucinda gave him her place at the table, a troubled expression taking hold of her features.

"The great drawback is Jeff Goardley," she said. "It really does look like him an' Marty will come to a understandin'. I don't know raily but what she may have promised him; he has seemed mighty confident heer lately."

Wakeman shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. He filled his hands with the salt from a pail and began to rub it on the pork.

Lingeringly the woman left him and turned up the slight incline toward the house. His eyes did not follow her. He was scrutinizing the pile of pork she had salted.

"Goodness gracious!" he grunted. "Lucindy has wasted fifteen pound o' salt. Ef I'd 'a' done that Marty'd 'a' tuk the top o' my head off. I wonder ef Marty could 'a' got careless sence she's had all the work to look after."

He had salted the last piece of meat when, looking up, he saw Lucinda standing near him.

"She wouldn't come a step," she announced, with some awkwardness of delivery. "When I told 'er you wuz down heer she jest come to the door an' looked down at you a-workin' an' grunted an' went back to 'er cracklin's. But that's Marty."

The convict dipped his hands into a tub of hot water and wiped them on an empty salt-bag.

"I wonder," he began, "ef I'd better—" But he proceeded no further.

"I think I would," said the angular mindreader, sympathetically.

"Well, you come on up thar, too," Wakeman proposed. "I've always noticed that when you are about handy she never has as much to say as she does commonly."

"I'll have to go," said Lucinda. "Ef Marty gits to talkin' to you she'll let the cracklin's burn, and then—then she'd marry Goardley out o' pure spite."

As the pair reached the steps of the back porch the convict caught a glimpse of a gingham skirt within, and its stiff flounce as it vanished behind the half-closed door-shutter suddenly flung an aspect of seriousness into his countenance. He paused, his foot on the lowest step, and peered into the sitting-room. Seeing it empty, he smiled. "I'll go in thar an' take a cheer. Tell 'er I want to see 'er."

His air of returning self-confidence provoked a faint laugh from his well-wisher.

"Yo' 're a case," she said, nodding her consent to his request. "You are different frum 'most

anybody else. Somehow I can't think about you ever havin' been jailed fer hoss-stealin'."

"It all depends on a body's feelin's," the convict returned. "Down thar in the penitentiary we had a little gang of us that knowed we wuz innocent of wrong intentions, an' we kinder flocked together. All the rest sorter looked up to us an' believed we wuz all right. It was a comfort. I'll step in an' git it over."

He walked as erectly as an Indian up the steps and into the sitting-room. To his surprise Mrs. Wakeman started to enter the room from the adjoining kitchen, and seeing him, turned and began to beat a hasty retreat.

"Hold on thar, Marty," he called out, in the old tone which had formerly made strangers suppose that the farm and all pertaining to it had been his when he married her.

She paused in the doorway, white and sullen.

"Ain't you a-goin' to tell a feller howdy an' shake hands?" he asked, with considerable self-possession.

"What 'ud I do that fur?"

"Beca'se I'm home ag'in," he said.

"Huh, nobody hain't missed you." The words followed a forced shrug.

"I know a sight better'n that, Marty," he said. "I know a woman that 'ud take a duck fit jest when I was gone to drive the cows home an' got delayed a little would fret consider'ble durin' four years of sech a—a trip as I've had. Set down here an' let's have a talk."

"I've got my work to do," she returned, after half a minute of speechlessness, her helpless anger standing between her and satisfactory expression.

"Oh, all right!" he exclaimed. "I ain't no hand to waste time durin' work hours with dillydallyin'. Any other time'll do me jest as well. I 'lowed maybe it would suit you better to have it over with. I must git out the hoss an' wagon an' haul that hog-meat up to the smokehouse. Whar's Cato? I'll bet that triflin' nigger has give you the slip ag'in this hog-killin', like he always did."

Mrs. Wakeman stared at the speaker in a sort of thwarted, defiant way without deigning to reply; her sneer was the only thing about her bearing which seemed at all expressive of the vast contempt for him that she really did not feel. She felt that her silence was cowardly, her failure to assert her rights as a divorced woman an admission that she was glad of his return.

At this critical juncture Lucinda Dykes sauntered into the room and leaned against the dingy, once sky-blue wall. Her air of interested amusement over the matrimonial predicament had left her. It had dawned upon her, now that her sister

had taken refuge in obstinate silence, that a vast responsibility rested on her as intermediary.

"Cato went with some more niggers to a shindig over at Squire Camp's yesterday an' hain't showed up sence," she explained. "Ef I was you'uns—ef I was Marty, I mean—I'd turn 'im off fer good an' all. Dick, sence you went off me nur Marty hain't been able to do a thing with 'im."

The convict grunted. It was as if he had succeeded in rolling the last four years from his memory as completely as if they had never passed.

"Jest wait till I see the black scamp," he growled. "I reckon I'll have to do every lick of the work myself." With that Wakeman turned into the entry and thence went to the stable-yard near by.

"He hain't altered a smidgin'," Lucinda commented. "It may be kase he has on the identical same clothes; he's been a-wearin' striped ones down thar, you know, an' they laid away his old ones. To save me I can't realize that he's been off even a week." The old maid snickered softly. "He's the only one that could ever manage you, Marty. Now Jeff Goardley would let you have yore own way, but Dick's a caution! It's always been a question with me as to whether a woman would ruther lead a man ur be led."

There was a white stare in Mrs. Wakeman's eyes which indicated that she was pondering the man's chief aggression rather than heeding her sister's nagging remarks. The sudden appearance of the convict's head and shoulders above a near-at-hand window-sill rendered a reply unnecessary. His face was flushed.

"Can you-uns tell me whar under the sun the halter is?" he broke forth, in a turbulent tone. "I tuk the trouble to put a iron hook up in the shed-room jest fer that halter, an' now somebody has tore down the hook an' I can't find hair nur hide o' the halter."

Mrs. Wakeman tried to sneer again as she turned aside, and the gaunt intermediary, spurred on to her duty, approached the window.

"The blacksmith tuk that hook to mend the harrow with," she said, with a warning glance at Marty. "You'll find the halter on the joist above the hoss-trough. Ef I was you, on this fust day, I'd try to—" But Wakeman had dropped out of sight, and muttering unintelligible sounds indicative of discomfiture, was striding toward the stable.

All the rest of that afternoon the convict toiled in the smoke-house, hanging the meat on hooks along the joists over a slow, partly smothered fire of chips and pieces of bark. When the work was finished his eyes were red from smoke and brine. He stabled the horse and fed him, and then, real-

izing that he had nothing more to do, he felt hungry. He wanted to go into the sitting-room and sit down in his old place in the chimney-corner, but a growing appreciation of the extreme delicacy of the situation had taken hold of him. He wandered about the stable-yard in a desultory way, going to the pig-pen, now empty and blood-stained, and to the well-filled corn-crib, but these objects had little claim on his interest. The evening shadows had begun to stalk like dank amphibious monsters over the carpet of turf along the creek-banks, and pencils of light were streaming out of the windows of the family-room. Suddenly his eyes took in the woodpile; he went to it, and picking up the ax, began to cut wood. He was tired, but he felt that he would rather be seen occupied than remaining outside without a visible excuse for so doing. In a few minutes he was joined by Lucinda.

"Dick," she intoned, "you've worked enough, the Lord Almighty knows. Come in the house an' rest 'fore supper; it's mighty nigh ready."

He avoided her glance, and shamefacedly touched a big log he had just cut into the proper length for the fireplace.

"Cato, the triflin' scamp, hain't cut you-uns a single backlog," he said, in a tone that she had never heard from him.

"We hain't had a decent one sence you went off, Brother Richard," she returned. "An' a fire's no fire without a backlog."

Their eyes met. She saw that he was deeply stirred by her tenderness, and that opened the floodgates of her sympathy. She began to rub her eyes.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so miser'ble; ef you an' Marty don't quit actin' like you are I don't know what I will do."

She saw him make a motion as if he had swallowed something; then he stooped and shouldered the heavy backlog and some smaller sticks.

"I'll give you-uns one more backlog to set by, anyhow," he said, huskily.

She preceded him into the sitting-room and stood over him while he raked out the hot coals and deposited the log against the back part of the fireplace. Then she turned into the kitchen and approached her sister, who was frying meat in an iron pan on the coals.

"Marty," she said, unsteadily, "ef you begin on Dick I'll go off fer good. I can't stand that."

Mrs. Wakeman folded her stern lips, as if to keep them under check, and shrugged her shoulders. That was all the response she made.

Lucinda turned back into the sitting-room, where the dining-table stood. To-night she put three plates on the white cloth; one of them had

been Dick's for years. She put it at the end of the table where he had sat when he was the head of the house. As she did so she caught his shifting glance and smiled.

"I want to make you feel as ef nothin' in the world had happened, Dick," she said. "I've been a-fixin' you a bed in the company-room, but you jest must be sensible about that."

"Law! anything will suit me," he began. But the entrance of Marty interrupted his remark.

She put the bread, the coffee, the meat, and the gravy on the table, and sat down in her place without a word. Lucinda glanced at Wakeman.

"Come on, Dick," she called out. "I'll bet yo're hungry as a bear."

He drew out the chair that had been placed for him and sat down. Now an awkward situation presented itself. In the absence of a man Marty always asked the blessing. Lucinda wondered what would take place; one thing she knew well, and that was that Marty was too punctilious in religious matters to touch a bite of food before grace had been said by some one. But just then she noticed something about Wakeman that sent a little thrill of horror through her. Evidently his long life in prison had caused him to retrograde into utter forgetfulness of the existence of table etiquette, for he had drawn the great dish of fried meat toward him and was critically eying the various parts as he slowly turned it round.

"What a fool I am," he said, the delightful savor of the meat rendering him momentarily oblivious of his former wife's forbidding aspect. "I laid aside the lights o' that littlest shote an' intended to ax you to fry 'em fer me, but—"

Lucinda's stare convinced him that something had gone wrong.

"Marty's waitin' fer somebody to ax the blessin'," she explained.

"Blessin'? Good gracious!" he grunted, his effusiveness dried up. "That went clean out'n my mind. But a body that's tuk his meals on a tin plate in a row o' fellers waitin' fer the'r turn four years hand-runnin', ain't expected to—"

He went no further, seeming to realize that the picture he was drawing was tending to widen the distance between him and the uncompromising figure opposite him. He folded his hands so that his arms formed a frame for his plate, and said in a mellow bass voice:

"Good Lord, make us duly thankful fer the bounteous repast that Thy angels has seed fit to spread before us to-night. Cause each of us to inculcate sech a frame of mind as will not let us harbor ill will ag'in our neighbors, an' finally, when this shadowy abode is dispersed by the light

of Thy glory, receive us all into Thy grace. This we beg in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

He ended in some confusion. A red spot hovered over each of his cheek-bones. "I clean forgot that part about good crops an' fair weather," he said to Lucinda. "But you see it's been four year sence I said it over, an' a man o' my age ought n't to be expected to know a thing like a younger person."

"Help yorese'f to the meat an' pass the dish to Marty," replied Miss Dykes. "Ef I was you, I'd not be continually a-bringin' up things about the last four year."

He made a hurried but bounteous choice of the parts of meat on the dish, and then gave it over into the outstretched hands of Lucinda. Marty was pouring out the coffee. She passed the old-fashioned mustache-cup to her sister, and that lady transferred it to Wakeman. He sipped from it lingeringly.

"My Lord!" he cried, impulsively. "I tell you the God's truth; sech good coffee as this hain't been in a mile o' my lips sence I went—sence I was heer," he corrected, as Lucinda's warning stare bore down on him.

After that the meal proceeded in silence. When he had finished, Dick went back to his chair in the chimney-corner near the battered woodbox. After putting away the dishes and removing the cloth from the table, Lucinda came and sat down near him. Mrs. Wakeman, casting occasional furtive glances toward the front door, appropriated her share of the general silence in a seat where the firelight faded. Richard wore an unsettled air, as if getting into old harness came as awkward as putting on the new had come when he married, years before. After a few minutes he became a little drowsy, and began to act naturally, as if by force of returning habit. He unlaced his shoes, took them off, rubbed the bottoms of his feet, thrust those members toward the fire, and worked his toes. He also took a chew of tobacco. Profound silence was in the room; the thoughts of three minds percolated through it. Marty picked up the Christian Advocate and pretended to read, but she dropped it in her lap and cast another look toward the door.

The rustling of the paper attracted Richard.

"Is she expectin'—is anybody a-comin'?" He directed the question to Lucinda.

"I wouldn't be much surprised," was the answer. "It's Jeff Goardley's night."

"You don't say!"

Silence again. Lucinda broke it.

"You hain't never told us how you happened to git yore pardon," she ventured.

"By a streak o' luck," Wakeman said, the languid largeness of his eyes showing that he was still struggling against the inclination to sleep. "T'other day the governor sent word to our superintendent that he was comin' to see fer hisse'f how he wus treated. The minute I heerd it, I said to myself, I did, 'Wakeman, you must have a talk with that man.' So the mornin' he got thar we wus all give a sort of vacation an' stood up in rows-like for inspection. When I seed 'im a-comin' toward me I jest gazed at 'im with all my might an' he got to lookin' at me. When he got nigh me he stopped short an' said:

"'Looky' heer, my man,' said he; 'yore face seems mighty familiar to me. Have I ever seed you before?'

"'Not unless you remember me a-throwin' up my hat in front o' the stan' an' yellin' when you wus stump-speakin' in Murray jest 'fore yore 'lection,' said I.

"Then he laughed kinder good-natured like, an' said: 'I'm sorry to see a voter o' mine in a fix like yo'r'n. What can I do fer you?'

"'I want to have a talk with you, yore Honor, an' that bad,' said I.

"'I am at yore disposal,' said he. 'That's what I'm heer fer.'

"'I eased my ball an' chain down on the skin of a big-eyed varmint o' some sort, an' stood up straight.

"'What is it?' said he.

"'I want to put my case before you, yore Honor,' said I. 'An' I'm not a-goin' to begin, as every convict does, by sayin' he ain't guilty, fer I know you've heerd that tale tell yo' 're heartily sick of it.'

"'But are you guilty?' said the governor. 'I have seed men sent up fer crimes they never committed.'

"'Yore Honor,' said I, 'I didn't no more intend to steal that hoss o' Pike Williams' than you did—not a bit. Gittin' on a spree about once a year is my main fault, an' it was Christmas, an' all of us was full o' devilment. It was at the Spring-place bar, an' Alf Moreland struck me a whack across the face with his whip, an' bein' astraddle of a fine nag he made off. Pike's nag was hitched at the rack nigh me, an', without hardly knowin' what I was doin', I jumped on it an' spurred off after Alf. I run 'im nip an' tuck fer about seven mile, an' then me an' him rid on fer more whisky down the valley. The next day I was arrested, so drunk they had to haul me to jail in a wagon. They tried me before a jury o' men that never did like me, an' I got five year.'

"When I stopped thar to draw a fresh breath

the governor axed, 'Is that what you wanted to say, Wakeman?'

"Not a word of it, yore Honor," said I. 'I jest wanted to put a straight question to you about the law. Ef you knowed that a man was a-sufferin' a sight more on account of imprisonment than his sentence called fer, would that be right?'

"The governor studied a minute, then he kinder smiled at the superintendent, an' said:

"That's a question fer the conscience. Ef a man is imprisoned fer a crime, an' jail life breaks his health down, an' is killin' 'im, then he ort to be pardoned out.'

"Then I had 'im right whar I wanted 'im, an' I up an' told 'im that I had a wife that was all the world to me, an' that durin' my term mischievous folks had lied ag'in me an' persuaded 'er to git a divorce, an' that a oily-tongued scamp was a-tryin' to marry 'er fer what little land she had. I reminded 'im that I was put in fer stealin', an' that I had worked four yeer o' my sentence, an' that it looked like a good deal o' punishment fer jest one spree, but that I wouldn't complain, bein' as I was cured of the liquor habit an' never intended to put the neck of a bottle to my mouth ag'in, but that I did kinder want to hurry back home 'fore too much damage was done.

"Well, I'm not lyin' when I say the governor's eyes was wet.

"I feel shore you never intended to steal that hoss, Wakeman.'

"My wife never has believed it fer one instant," said the superintendent. 'An' it takes a woman to ferret out guilt.'

"The governor tuk a sheet o' paper an' a pen an' said:

"Wakeman, I'm a-goin' to pardon you, an' what's more, I inten' to send a statement to all the newspapers that I'm convinced you are a wronged man. I've done wuss than you was accused of in my young days, an' had the cheek to run fer the office of governor.'

"Then the superintendent's wife come in an' stood up thar an' cried, an' axed to be allowed to unlock my manacles. She got out my old suit—this un heer—an' breshed it 'erself, an' kept on a-cryin' an' a-laughin' at the same time. The last words that she said to me was:

"Wakeman, go home an' make up with yore wife; she won't turn ag'in you when you git back to the old place whar you an' her has lived together so long, an' whar yore child's grave is.'

The speaker paused. For a man so coarse in appearance, his tone had grown remarkably tender. Lucinda was staring wide-eyed, with a fixed aspect of features, as if she were half frightened at the unwonted commotion within herself and

the danger of its appearing on the surface. Finally she took refuge in the act of raising her apron to her eyes.

Mrs. Wakeman had excellent command over herself, drawing upon a vast fund of offended pride, the interest of which had compounded within the last four years. Just at this crisis the steady beat of a horse's hoofs broke into the hushed stillness of the room. Lucinda lowered her apron with wrists that seemed jointless bone, and stared at her sister.

"Are you a-goin' to let that feller stick his head inside that door to-night?"

The question was ill-timed, for it produced only a haughty, contemptuous shrug in the woman from whom it rebounded. Wakeman did not take his eyes from the fire. They heard the gate-latch click, and then a heavy-booted and spurred foot fell on the entry step. The next instant the door was unceremoniously opened and a tall, lank mountaineer entered. He was at the fag-end of bachelorhood, had sharp, thin features, a small mustache dyed black, and reddish locks which were long and curling. He wore a heavy gray shawl over his shoulders. At first he did not see Wakeman, for his eyes had found employment in trying to discover why Marty had not risen as he came in. He glanced inquiringly at Lucinda, and then he recognized Richard.

"My Lord!" he muttered. "I had no idee you—I 'lowed you—"

"I didn't nuther," Richard sneered, the red fire-light revealing strange flashes in his eyes.

For some instants the visitor stood on the hearth awkwardly disrobing his sinewy hands. Finally, unheeding Lucinda's admonitory glances toward the door, and the prayerful current from her eyes to his, he sat down near Marty. Ten minutes by the clock on the mantelpiece passed, in which time nothing was heard except the lowing of the cattle in the cow-lot and the sizzling of the coals when Richard spat. At last a portion of Wakeman's wandering self-confidence resettled upon him, and it became him well. He crossed his legs easily, dropped his quid of tobacco into the fire, and with a determined gaze began to prod his squirming rival.

"Lookye heer," he said, suddenly. "What did you come heer fur, anyhow?"

Goardley leaned forward and spat between his linked hands. He accomplished it with no slight effort, for the inactivity of his mouth, which was not chewing anything, had produced a hot dryness.

"I don't know," he managed to say.

"Ride?"

"Yes, hoss-back."

"Do you know whar you hitched?"

Goardley hesitated and glanced helplessly at Marty, who, stern-faced, inflexible, was looking at the paper in her lap.

"I hitched under the cherry-tree out thar," he answered, with scarcely a touch of self-confidence.

"Well, go unhitch an' git astraddle of yore animal."

Goardley blinked, but did not rise.

"I didn't have the least idee you had got free, Dick, an'—"

"Well, you know it now, so git out to that hoss, ur by all that's holy—"

Mrs. Wakeman drew herself erect and crumpled the paper in her bony hand.

"This is my house," she said, "an' I ain't no married woman."

The white fixity of Goardley's countenance relaxed in a slow grin. An automatic affair it was, but as he took in the situation it was a recognition of the aid which had arrived at the last minute.

Wakeman stood up in his stocking feet. He was still unruffled. "That's a fact; the place is her'n," he admitted. "But I'll tell you one article that ain't. It's that thar shootin'-iron on them deer-horns up thar, an' ef you don't git out'n heer forth-with it'll make the fust hole in meat that it's made in four year. Maybe me'n Marty ain't man an' wife, but when we wuz married the preacher said, 'What the Lord had j'ined together let no man put asunder,' an' I ain't a-goin' to set still an' see a dirty, oily-tongued scamp like you try to undo the Lord's work. You know the way out, an' I was too late fer hog-killin'. I went into the penitentiary fer jest one spree, but I'll go in fer manslaughter next time an' serve my term more cheerful—I mought say with Christian fortitude."

Cowardice produced the dominant expression in Goardley's face. He rose and backed from the room. The convict thumped across the resounding floor to the door and looked out after the departing man.

"Run like a skeered dog," he laughed, impulsively, as he turned back into the room. And then he waxed serious as he entered the atmosphere circling about Marty, who, with a stormy brow, sat immovable, her eyes downcast.

"I couldn't help it, to save me," he began, apologetically, to her profile. "But I reckon you an' me can manage to git along like we used to, an' I never would 'a' had any respect fer myself ef I had a-let that scamp set heer an' think he was a-courtin' of you right before my eyes."

Marty made no reply. A flush of suppressed emotion had risen in her cheeks and was taking on a deeper tinge. Richard grunted, and looked at her again. Seeing her eyes still averted, he grunted aloud, and went to his chair and sat down.

Several minutes passed. Then Lucinda's prayerful eyes saw his hand, now quivering, reach behind him and draw his shoes in front of him. He put them on, but did not tie the strings.

"Somehow," he said, rising, "somehow, now that I come to think of it, I don't feel exactly right—exactly as I used to—an' I reckon, maybe, I ort to go some's else. I reckon, as you said jest now, that in the eyes o' some folks you ain't no married woman, an' I have been makin' purty free fer a jail-bird. Old Uncle Billy Hodkins won't set his dogs on me, an' I'll go over thar to-night. After that the Lord only knows whar I will head fer. Uncle Billy never did believe I was guilty; he's writ me that a dozen times."

As he moved toward the door, in a clattering, slipshod fashion, Lucinda fixed Marty with a fierce stare.

"Are you a-goin' to set thar an' let Dick leave us fer good?" she hurled at her fiercely.

Marty made no reply save that which was embodied in a would-be defiant shrug, but the flow of blood had receded from her face.

"Ef you do, you ain't no Christian woman, that's all," was Lucinda's half-sobbing, half-shrieked accusation. "Yo' 're a purty thing to set up an' drink the sacrament with a heart in you that the Old Nick's fire couldn't melt."

The convict smiled back at his defender from the threshold; then they heard him cross the entry and step down on the gravel walk. He had passed the bars and was turning up the side of a little hill, on the brow of which a few gravestones shimmered in the moonlight, when he heard his name called from the entry. It was Lucinda's voice; she came to him, her hair flying in the wind.

"I 'lowed," he said, sheepishly, as she paused to catch her breath, "I jest 'lowed I'd go up thar an' see ef the water had been washin' out round Annie's grave. The last time I looked at it the foot-rock was a little sagged to one side."

"Come back in the house, Dick," cried the old maid. "Marty has completely broke down. She's cryin' like a baby. She has been actin' stubborn beca'se she was proud an' afeerd folks would think she was a fool about you. As soon as I told 'er you didn't say that about bein' willin' to go to jail to git out'n reach o' 'er tongue, she axed me to run after you. She's consented to make it up ef we will send over fer the justice an' have the marryin' done to-night."

"Are you a-tellin' me the truth, Lucinda?"

"As the Lord is my witness."

He stared at the farmhouse; then said:

"Well, you an' her git everything ready, an' I'll git Squire Dow an' the license. I'll be back as soon as I kin."

Put the Soul in Command

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER

We have taken the following page from *Education and the Philosophical Ideal*.^{*} The author's main thesis is, "all life should be adapted with a spiritual ideal in view. Life itself is educational. The individual possesses instincts which, if freely followed, lead the way to fullest self-expression, and the service of humanity. Self-knowledge, self-discipline and self-mastery are of more importance than any knowledge which the teacher can give."

The soul expresses itself through the body by means of the mind, or consciousness. It is the soul that acts, compelling the body to respond. It is the soul that possesses the intelligence. And the soul can be master of its states of consciousness, and through them master of the body.

The mind need not be swayed by emotion and passion, it need not be the slave of fear or of physical sensation, if the soul comes to consciousness of its power, and turns the thought into another channel. He who possesses sufficient self-control may stop these trouble-bearing thoughts before they go forth to action. He can cultivate those states of mind which invite health, happiness, and peace. He may make hope a fine art, trust a habit, and love a boon companion. And so, little by little, the soul may not only master the mind, but with equal success extend its dominion to all parts of the body and keep it in perfect health or equilibrium.

Much of this may sound vague and impossible at first. But put it to the test. Observe yourself; and when fears, violent emotions, and painful sensations arise, pause for a moment, gather your forces, quiet the mind, and compel the rising activities to subside.

If an angry, excited man were to rush up to you, urging you to join him in a venturesome undertaking, you would say: "Let us be calm. Let us quietly reason together." Proceed in the same way with yourself. First find the quiet centre within, then calmly reason. Do not permit your mind to dwell upon the painful, the unpleasant, the selfish thought. Let the higher self (the Christ) command the lower self: "Peace, be still!" "I and my Father are one," the higher self says. Think of that. Live in that. Rise above all that is distressing, in the strength and confidence of the Spirit, the greatest power in the world, the conqueror of the flesh, the master of the mind.

By this time, the reader is ready to leap to the conclusion that we are advocating a merely mental theory of health and healing. Not at all. We are

contending for a recognition of both the physical and mental factors, for a sound mind in a sound body, a mind which draws upon its own resources and acquires mastery over the body. It is only in this broad sense that the problem of health becomes part of philosophical education, namely, through the lessons which pain may teach as a factor in self-development and self-expression.

To be sure, a man must change his belief in order to conquer disease. But what is the decisive factor, day by day, and year by year, the belief or the mode of physical and mental life?

It seems strange that man has so long delayed the discovery that it is his life, his state of development, that causes disease, that disease is disturbed rhythm. But the case is perfectly plain. The natural rhythm of all the functions is maintained only when the body is kept in equilibrium. The slightest variation from the normal in any part is likely to affect the rhythm of the whole. The result is accurately determined by the disturbing cause.

The equilibrium of the body is maintained through the equilibrium of the emotions, through equanimity, and through the proper care and development of the body. Man must control both his mind and his body if he wishes to be sound. The only way to keep the mind habitually even is by living a poised life. Poise is thus the keynote of all the harmonies of the body. This is the price which Nature demands of man; and if he is unwilling to pay it, he must suffer. If he habitually pays it, he may acquire perfect health.

Whenever the equilibrium of the body is disturbed, there is one sovereign remedy; namely, to seek poise, then let Nature restore harmony. There is seldom need of doctors, there is no need of medicine after man has discovered his own resources. It is foolish to fear. Nature is competent. But one must meet her demands.

If you are nervously wrought up, settle down, quietly, peacefully, restfully. Do not wholly "let go." That is an extreme. Discover the central point between passivity and activity; namely, poised coöperation.

If there is violent disturbance of the body, take complete rest, soothe the mind, quiet the nerves, banish all fear, and give the disturbance full opportunity to subside. Remember that the disturbance originated in your own body, and that the resident forces of the body are able to restore you, if you maintain equanimity.

^{*}G. P. Putnam. \$1.25.

Reflections on Life

We have compiled the following pages from a new and attractive edition of the *Essays of Francis Bacon*.^{*} The edition follows the text of 1625, the last issued during Bacon's lifetime. Professor George E. Woodberry contributes an introduction to the volume.

Since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life, let men by all means endeavor to obtain good customs.

No man can be secret, except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation, which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy.

There be some that think their wits have been asleep except they dart out something that is piquant and to the quick; that is a vein which should be bridled.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely, and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity.

Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, specially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself.

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom, for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth and to do it. Therefore it is the weaker sort of policies that are the great dissemblers.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by proceeding to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to the more ought law to weed out; for as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office.

Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy,

to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men.

There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received; therefore care should be had that (as it fareth in ill purgings) the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel nor man come in danger by it.

To speak truth, no man knows the lists of his own patience, nor can divine how able he shall be in his sufferings, till the storm come (the perfectest virtue being tried in action); but I would (out of a care to do the best business well) ever keep a guard, and stand upon keeping faith and a good conscience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?

He that questioneth much shall learn much and content much, but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.

^{*}Century Co. \$1.00.

As for talkers and futile persons, they are constantly vain and credulous withal; for he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not. Therefore set it down that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral; and in this part it is good that a man's face give his tongue leave to speak, for the discovery of a man's self by the tracts of his countenance is a great weakness and betraying, by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little he had need have a present wit; and if he read little he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets; witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) "turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front and no hold taken," or, at least, turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp.

The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands, first to watch and then to speed; for the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the council and celerity in the execution; for when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall; it is the wisdom of crocodiles, that

shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are "*sui amantes, sine rivali*," are many times unfortunate; and whereas they have all their times sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarsa to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and of sleep and of exercise is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inward, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of Nature.

Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them, and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public, and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment. Likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt, and but the painted sepulchers of alms which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure. And defer not charities till death; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

Roddy Mor the Rover... Author of "Father O'Flynn"... Blackwood's

Of all the roamin' jacks that yet to Farranfore kem
over,
As paramount I'd surely count ould Roddy Mor the
Rover,
Wid steeple hat and stiff cravat and nate nankeen
knee-breeches,
And on his back a pedlar's pack just rowlin' o'er
wid riches.

For so it was, when o'er the hill his coat-tails they'd
come flyin',
The sharpest tongue of all was still, the crossest
child quit cryin';
Ould women even left their tay, ould men their
glass of toddy,
An', spoon in hand, a welcome grand would wave
and wave to Roddy.

An' when his treasures he'd unlade in view of all the
village,
In from her milkin' ran the maid, the boy from out
the tillage;
The while the rogue in each new vogue the lasses
he'd go drapin',
Until their lads his ribbons, plaids, and rings had
no escapin'.

"Now whisht your prate, and take your toys," cried
he, "my darlin' childer,
Or my new ballads wid your noise complately you'll
bewilder."

Then his Come-All-Ye he'd advance wid such a
quare comether
That you might say he tuk away our since and
pince together.

But there! of all the roamin' jacks that trass the
country over,
For paramount I'd ever count ould Roddy Mor the
Rover;
For 'deed an' I believe that when his sperrit parts
his body,
If he's allowed, he'll draw a crowd in Heaven itself
will Roddy!

Tim Murphy's Fiddle.....New York Sun

Faith, I'm goin' to the party down at Casey's,
Where they'll have the bottles poppin' by the
score,

An' sweetmeats from a dago named Morasy's
That'll make you no more aisy than before.
But 'tis not the sweets that lure me to the party,
Nor all the foam'n' liquors brewed in France.
I'm goin' fleet o' foot an' feelin' hearty,
For Murphy's goin' to fiddle for the dance.
Whin I hear Tim Murphy's fiddle,
Sure, me heart cracks up the middle,
Lettin' all me thoughts go out beneath the moon,
Till I'm back in ould Kilkenny
Widout nary pang nor penny,
An' me feet a-trip-trip-trippin' to the tune.

'Tis the queerest feelin' comes to ye entirely,
Whin he draws that bow o' his across the string;
Ye'll be thinkin' o' yer poor dead granddad direly,
But at that sound ye'll give yer leg a fling,

An' ye'll dance and dance agin, till the day comes
stealin'

In streaks o' gold at windy an' at door.

A tired lot o' dancin' folk revealin',

An' Tim too drunk to fiddle any more.

For it's bottle after bottle

That he pours into his throttle

Till he doesn't know a candle from the moon.

Och, he's no more good, is Murphy

Than a bit o' peat that's turfy;

But he keeps ye trip-trip-trippin' to the tune.

I belave if Tim should pass away to glory

An' wint marchin' up to Peter at the gate,

He wouldn't have to tell the saint his story,

He wouldn't have a minute for to wait.

"Ye're a helpless boy," sez Peter; "ye're a clown,
sir!

Ye need lookin' after sadly. Step in sharp.

In place of that ould hat jist take this crown, sir,

In place o' that ould fiddle take this harp!"

Thin the blessed would come 'round him,

I don't think that would astound him;

No, he'd sit and twang his harp, the gay gossoon,

An' before they could be knowin'

Sure the angels would be goin'

Wid their feet a-trip-trip-trippin' to the tune.

A Thanksgiving Turkey.....James D. Carrothers.....Century

'Cindy, reach dah 'hine yo' back

'N han' me dat ah almanac.

W'y, Laud! t'-morrer's Thanksgiving!

Got to git out an' make hay—

Don' keer whut de preachah say,—

We mus' eat Thanksgiving' Day,

Uz sho' uz you's a-libbin'.

You know whah Mahs Hudson libs?

Dey's a turkey dah dat gibbs

Me a heap o' trouble.

Some day Hudson g'ine to mis

Dat owdashus fowl o' his;

I's g'ine ober dah an' twis'

'At gobblah's nake plumb double.

Goin' pas' dah t' othah day,

Turkey strutted up an' say:

"A-gobble, gobble, gobble!"

Much uz ef he mout remahk:

"Don' you wish 'at it waz dahk?

Ain't I temptin'?" S' I: "You hahk,

Er else dey'll be a squabble.

"Take an' wring yo' nake right quick,

Light on you lak a thousan' brick.

'N' you won't know whut befell you."

'N' I went on. Yit, evah day,

When I goes by that-a-way,

'At fowl hab too much to say;

'N' I'm tiahd uv it, I tell you.

G'ine to go dis bressed night,

An' put out dat turkey's light,

'N' I'll lam 'em lak a cobblah.

Take keer, 'Cindy, lemme pass;

Got to do ma wo'k up fas'

Ain't a-g'ine to take no sass

Off o' no man's turkey-gobblah.

La Senorita Nita.....*St. Louis Dispatch*

O, negra are her tresses,
Obscura are her eyes;
Her delicada dresses
Set off her poca size;
I feel that I could eat her,
So grata is her smile—
La Senorita Nita,
Of Puerto Rico Isle.

I know six words of Spanish,
She knows three English words;
But we all language banish
And twitter like the birds.
Our courting, it is cooing;
Our tender glances speak
(Sufficient for our wooing)
The best of Volapuk.

O, raven are her tresses,
And dark her dreamy eyes;
I'm sure her dainty dresses
Set off her slender size;
I feel that I could eat her,
So sweet I find her smile—
The Senorita Nita,
Of Puerto Rico Isle.

Boxing the Compass....*F. W. Hutt*...*New Orleans Times-Democrat*

Jack's ol' boat's hauled up fer winter,
An' the trawls is stowed away,
An' he's mighty glad to listen
While the nor' wind hez its say;
But the lads 'll gather 'round him.
Fer a story er a song,
An' ter heern him box the compass
When the nights is dark an' long.

Roarin' fire's good for suthin'
When the winds is howlin' roun',
An' the chimble's whistlin' sea-songs
An' the snow is beatin' down;
Winter evenin' 's good fer suthin'
With a story an' a song,
An' Jack boxin' of the compass
When the nights is dark an' long.

Lots o' comfort, when ye're knowin'
Jack's ter home, all safe, an' soun',
An' his lines, an' hooks an' dory
Lays all snug an' weather-boun',
Nothin' like defyin' winter
With a story an' a song,
An' ter hev Jack box the compass
When the nights is dark an' long.

Fill the kitchen stove with driftwood,
Make the darkest corners bright,
Fer a storm booms up the harbor,
An' the winds is bleak to-night;
An' the children is a-lissenin'
Fer a story er a song,
An' ter heern Jack box the compass
When the nights is dark an' long.

Home From the City.....*Edwin L. Sabin*.....*Lippincott's*

Wa'al, Jane, I'm mighty glad I'm back, an' that
I'm here to stay.
It don't agree with me, I swan, to go so fur away.
Them city people ain't my kind—an' I'm not thern,
I guess;
Tho' I was treated purty well, 'consid'rin', I confess.

Of course the city folks are rushed—they git there,
thick an' thin,
Ez busy ev'ry day ez us when crops are comin' in,
But 'twarn't the people made me wish that I
warn't there—I vum
I missed the good ol' animiles we hev aroun' to
hum.

When I arriv I sot out quick, jes' boun' to give the
slip
To all them pesky fellers who were tuggin' at my
grip,
An' when I'd nearly reached the street I felt a
stranger grab
A-holt my coat-tails, an' he sez, sez he: "D'ye
want a cab?"
Sez I: "Where is it?" jes' to show that I was up to
snuff;
An' then, by jinks, he pintoed out a kirrige, sure
enough!
But when I looked I guessed he thought that I
was green ez moss—
For 'twas a kerrige, wheels an' all, but, sakes,
there warn't no hoss!

Sez I: "You'd better git a hoss—I only see a
mule!"—
An' then I laughed to let him know I warn't the
bigges' fool.
Wa-al, I'll be switched—he was ez mad ez you hev
ever see!
An' I was sartin he had learned he couldn't bunko
me.
But here a p'liceman sez, sez he: "What ails ye,
Uncle Sol?"
That there's an auto!" An' I sez, sez I: "Dew tell
me! Wa-al,
Out West we take the chaps like him a ridin' on a
rail!
If he's an auto, then, b' gosh, he ought to be in jail."

But, marcy, Jane, there warn't no fraud—an' I
was mighty green.
Afore I'd gone a half a mile a dozen rigs I'd seen
A'kitin' up and down the streets—an' blessed if I
could fin'
What made 'em go, excep' a man perched high an'
dry behin'!
An' even women in the seats ez calm ez all git
aout—
Should think 'twould scare 'em into fits to slide an'
scoot about.
No hoofs ner puffs—an' rubber tired—you couldn't
hear a thing
Till on a sudden right at han' a gong would up an'
ring!

With auto carts an' 'lectric lines an' cable cars an'
sich
A-runnin' loose I didn't know ez much ez What
from Which.
Now we wuz riz with hosses, Jane; an', gracious,
me an' you
Put down where there's some hosses, why, we'd tell
jes' what to do;
But where there ain't no hosses—wa'al, there ain't
much use of us,
Fer I fer one don't care to ride in any patent bus,
But I'm content to take my rides behin' our spank-
in' grays
An' let them city people go their pesky hossless
ways.

Sayings of the Children*

Contributions to this department are requested. For every anecdote accepted Short Stories or Current Literature will be sent for three months to any address the contributors may designate.

—A precocious five-year-old was explaining to his mother that he intended to spend seventy-five cents for her Christmas present, and twenty-five cents for his father's, at which his mother demurred. "That wouldn't be fair, Willie, why not divide your dollar equally, and spend fifty cents apiece for our gifts?" "No," promptly objected the youngster. "I ain't going to do that, 'cause I guess you're more relation to me than papa is. I'm only related to him by marriage, but I'm related to you by bornation."†

—The Superintendent of Schools of Spokane, Wash., wishing to test the powers of composition existing in a class of eight-year-olds, requested that three sentences be written, each to contain one of the three words, "bees," "boys" and "bear." A small girl laboriously concocted the following sentence: "Boys bees bare when they go in swimming."†

—Visitor at the Sunday School (who has been requested by the pastor to examine a class of little ones)—Now, my dear children, can any one of you tell me what is Heaven? Small Girl—Heaven is eternal bliss, sir. Visitor—A very good description. It could not be better. Now who can tell me what is Hell? Small Boy (shouting excitedly)—Hell is eternal blist-ter, if you please, sir.†

—Little Dorothy, aged three, has reached the stage where habits of conversation are formed. Her father has had many occasions, lately, to correct her misuse of "done" for "did." One evening recently father saw an interesting witticism in the paper attributed to a famous ex-sheriff. Calling mother's attention, he said to her: "Here is a clever bon-mot that ex-Sheriff Dunn—" He never finished the sentence. Imitating as best she could father's tone of reproof, Dorothy instantly broke in with, "Why, papa! 'ex-Sheriff Did' you must say."†

—A little tot, who had bitten her tongue, came running into the house crying. "What is the matter, Carrie?" asked her mamma. "Oh, mamma, my toof stuck a pin in my tongue," sobbed the child.†

—James had heard some of the older members of the family tell of some monstrosities they

had seen in a side show that afternoon. When he knelt to say his prayers that night, he added: "God, please give me two heads so I can join the show."†

—At a circus one evening, as they were watching the trapeze performers, a gentleman turned to a little boy sitting beside him and said: "Jimmie, don't you wish you could perform like that?" The little fellow answered in a mournful tone. "Yes, I do, but my mamma always will make me go to school and never will let me be nothing."†

—The twins, aged six, were on the steps when a baby passed in its carriage. Mabel remarked that she had heard babies "just grew," whereupon Clare turned and said, "Do you s'pose their mammas go and plant them and then pick them when they get done, right off their roots?"†

—A mother sent her small boy into the country and after a week of anxiety received this letter: "I got here all right, but forgot to write before. A fellar and I went out in a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out. I was so full of water that I didn't know anything for a long time. The other boy has to be buried after they find him. His mother came and cried all the time. A horse kicked me over and I've got to have some money for fixin' my head. We are going to set a barn on fire to-night and I should smile if we don't have some bully fun. I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get him in my trunk."

—Small Emily, while visiting her grandmother at an army post, became familiar for the first time with soldiers and soldiers' ways. "Oh, grandma," she sighed after dress parade one day, "I do so want to grow up and be a soldier and wear red stripes down my panties."

—Alice and Dorothy, aged four and three, had caught up certain undesirable words, and mamma had found it necessary to reprove them at different times, and to forbid the words as she heard them. One day she overheard them talking in the corner of the room, Alice giving her little sister a summary of the various lectures: "You see, Dottie, mamma sews and she knits and she crochets and she darns; we can talk about sew and crochet, but we mustn't say knit, 'cause it isn't nice, and we must never say darn, for it's very naughty. Now 'member, Dottie."

—"Mamma," said little four-year-old Harry, as his mother was giving him his bath, "be sure and wipe me real dry so I won't get rusty."

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

Costly Decoration.—Cluny Macpherson, whose death occurred recently in Scotland, on a certain occasion, having dealings in his castle with one of the very poorest of his clansmen, had him into one of the rooms which had just been redecorated at great expense. "What do you think of this?" queried the chieftain; "the varnishing alone of this room cost me £150." "That's naethin' ava," was the astonishing response. "If ye'll come along tae ma bit hoose A'll show ye a room that cost faur mair than that tae be coated." And so an appointment was made, the Colonel wondering that he had never heard of it before. When he visited the place, a poor-looking, thatched little "bigging," he was shown into a room so dark that he could scarcely see, with its walls literally blackened by the smoke from a peat fire. "Here's ma room," exclaimed the triumphant tenant. "A mak oot that it took five hunner loads o' peat tae coat it, and at 10s. the load that makes two hunner and fifty pun!"

An Addition to the Apocrypha.—A good old colored preacher one night announced to his flock that his text was found in "Pisalamciv." The look of wonder on the faces of his more intelligent listeners vanished when he read a familiar verse from Psalm civ., which the old man had pronounced according to his own system of phonics. It may be of interest to note that in the town of Hillsboro, Ohio, where this happened, the members of a social club adopted the name of "Pisalamcives."

A Curtailed Courtship.—A Western writer lately received the following letter from an Eastern widower: "Dear Miss:—I am a widower thirty years of age; my wife, a beautiful woman, died some six months ago, and soon after her death I read a poem entitled 'False,' written by you. I was greatly impressed by it and when last week I found another one of yours in my Christian Herald I decided that you were the only woman in all the world that could take the place of my dear lost darling. I am writing you now to beg that you will consent to a correspondence with me with view to matrimony. Affectionately yours, George R—."

The Western writer answered as follows: "Dear Sir:—Your kind and very complimentary

letter received. In answer will say that were it not for the fact that I have been matrimonally encumbered for the last forty-five years, I should be pleased to consider your proposition; as it is I will engage to place you in correspondence with some bright young lady friend, and if in the near future I should find myself unencumbered, I will notify you forthwith. Your humble servant, M. H. G—."

A Literal Expression.—The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, has a magnificent voice. An Englishman said to him one day: "Doctor, how do you pronounce your name?" The Doctor was somewhat taken aback, but answered with dignity and some force, "Think of a cloud, sir, a dark storm cloud." "Thank you, Doctor; but you need not use the voice of thunder to carry out the illustration."

Spurgeon and His Pun.—Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the nonconformist preacher, was a great punster. One day, while an invalid at Mentone, he was walking by the seashore at a time when the Mediterranean was raging furiously. Suddenly he interrupted the conversation and asked: "What are the wild waves saying?" and then he gave his own witty answer to the question: "Let us (s)pray!"

A Knockout Blow.—At one of their joint discussions which took place in Kentucky some years ago Tom Stuart, then editor of the Winchester Democrat, gave his opponent, I. N. Boone, a descendant of the great Daniel, a blow that fairly knocked him out of the race for the Legislature. Boone was making his regular speech, and at the proper place in it he referred to the matter of his relation to the toiling masses. "My friends," said he, holding up a pair of hands that looked as if they had not been washed in a week, "to let you see for yourselves that I am a horny-handed son of toil, I ask you to look at these hands. And," turning to Stuart, "I would ask my pale-faced young friend from the city what he thinks of them?" Stuart was on his feet in a minute. "I do not desire to embarrass my distinguished opponent, ladies and gentlemen," he said with a bow, "but I would say that I think they need soap and water." It was such an apparent case that the crowd took hold at once with a shout and Boone was completely floored, and later Stuart was elected.

*Compiled from Anecdote Department Short Stories Magazine.

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

—Marion Crawford's *In the Palace of the King* has reached its 75th thousand.

—John Morley's *Study of Cromwell* is having a very large sale in England.

—The Caxton Club of Chicago has in press an illustrated and descriptive catalogue of the etchings of James McNeil Whistler.

—Rudyard Kipling is to sell Naulahka, his home near Brattleboro, Vt., and it is announced that he will not return to this country.

—William Dean Howells says his four favorites in literature are Shakespeare, Dante, Homer, and Goethe. These he considers the masters as regards genius, style and execution.

—Count Tolstoi has finished the drama, *The Corpse*, upon which he has been engaged for some time past. The play is in twelve scenes and will be produced immediately after its publication.

—Prof. George R. Carpenter, of Columbia University, has undertaken a *Longfellow* for the *Beacon Biographies*. Prof. Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota, will prepare a sketch of Whittier for the same series.

—Prof. Blake, of the Territorial University, Tucson, Arizona, is preparing a bibliography of the Territory, which promises to be of special value in the matter of titles relating to the Indian tribes, cliff dwellers, and Pueblos, as well as in many evidences of a prehistoric life.

—The authoritative history of the Dreyfus case will shortly appear in Paris in two volumes. It is the work of M. Joseph Reinach, who from being a mere spectator in the affair became one of the most ardent and eloquent advocates of the unfortunate soldier.

—*The Laughter of the Sphinx*, by Albert White Vorce, has gone into a second edition. It is a collection of short stories dealing with arctic life—stories setting forth the inside history of arctic expeditions. The new edition has a glossary of Eskimo words.

—Macmillan & Company have taken over from Harper & Brothers the publication of James Ford Rhodes' *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*. The four volumes which are ready bring the history down to 1862. A new edition is on the press and will be published at once.

—Early this month Mme. Sarah Grand will make her debut upon the lecture platform in the United States. Her lectures will not consist of mere readings from her novels or essays, with anecdotes interpolated, but will comprise a series

of carefully prepared addresses upon literary, artistic and sociological subjects.

—The weekly magazine called *Science* has become the organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Although established in 1883, the magazine was reorganized six years ago, and has since been under the charge of an editorial committee, with Prof. J. McKeen Cattell, head of the department of psychology and anthropology of Columbia University, as its responsible head.

—Already the first edition of Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon: The Last Phase*, consisting of 10,000 copies, has been exhausted in England. To a peculiarly large extent English criticism is inspired by the political position of the author. The *Athenæum* utters many disparaging wails over the book, and says that it is written in a style not historical, but rather adapted to that of after-dinner speaking.

—The late Charles Dudley Warner's *My Summer in a Garden* had been refused by two Boston publishers when one evening the author met Henry Ward Beecher at the house of Harriet Beecher Stowe, near whom he lived in Hartford. Mrs. Stowe spoke so well of the book that Mr. Beecher asked to see it, and, having read the manuscript, exerted his influence and had it published.

—Mrs. Paget Toynbee has undertaken to prepare for the Clarendon Press a new edition of the *Letters of Horace Walpole*, and desires to make it as complete as possible. Nearly two hundred letters which are not included in current editions have already been secured. Others doubtless remain in private hands, and the loan of such or of careful copies is requested. Mrs. Toynbee's address is Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks, England.

—The Scribners have just issued Worthington C. Ford's elaborately illustrated production entitled *George Washington*, in two volumes. Besides the text it includes, as illustrated matter, probably the finest collection in reproduction of *Washingtoniana* that has ever been made. Mr. Ford's literary work appears to be most careful and cultured. His tone throughout is personal, and he attempts to show what sort of a man Washington was in the eyes of his contemporaries.

—The house in Market Square, Lichfield, in which Dr. Samuel Johnson was born, has been purchased for \$1,250 by the city corporation. It was sold at public auction in 1887, and purchased

for \$4,000 by a gentleman who was a namesake but not a relative of the lexicographer's family. He restored it on its original lines, and now that he is dead his trustees have given it to the city as a public memorial at a nominal sum.

—Miss Manetta Holley has a little play arranged from her books, in which the different characters of the books appear, Samantha Allen, of course, taking a prominent part. It is having a great success in young people's societies, Epworth Leagues, college entertainments, etc. It is called Betsy Bobbet, and, like all this author's writings, carries a good healthful influence, mingled with a good deal of fun. The books can only be obtained from the author.

—A hitherto unknown portrait of Goethe, a sketch by J. H. Ramberg, has lately been presented to the Goethe and Schiller Archives at Weimar. The artist was at Korner's house when Goethe described the meeting with the young Roman woman which inspired him to write the poem "Der Wanderer." Ramberg, delighted with the poet's recitation, seized his pencil and sketched the scene portrayed by Goethe—the poet himself, the young mother with the singing boy and a background of architectural ruins.

—The New York Times is the authority for the statement that a new, collected, definitive edition of the works of John Ruskin is in contemplation. Ever since the return of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton to this country communications have passed between him and Ruskin's literary trustees in England, which have now reached a point which makes the edition a certainty. It merely remains to arrange the details, and that an official announcement may be expected in the early spring.

—With the current issue of *The Critic* that magazine increases its number of pages, its size in general, and celebrates the innovation with the first instalment of a serial, a feature heretofore eschewed by this literary periodical. The story is a translation from the German by Frances E. Skinner of Peter Rosegger's *The Forest Schoolmaster*. It is said to contain in its prose all the poetry and awe inspired by the forests of Germany, the heart of so much tradition and romance.

—A pathetic story of the last and failing days of Emerson is told in Mr. Howells' *Literary Friends and Acquaintances*. The transcendentalist had come from his home to be present at the funeral of Longfellow. He was a wreck of what he had been and his memory had altogether failed him. He stood for some time beside the bier looking down into the dead poet's face, struggling to recall him. When the last ceremonies were over he said simply to the last friend who accom-

panied him, "The gentleman we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I forget his name."

—The Burrows Brothers Company announce a new and complete edition of *The History and General Description of New France*, by the Rev. P. F. X. De Charlevoix, S.J., translated from the original edition and edited with historical and other notes, by Dr. John Gilmar Shea, with a new memoir and bibliography of the translator by Noah Farnham Morrison, and numerous steel portraits, facsimiles of ancient maps, etc. It will be in six volumes and the edition is limited to 750 copies.

—John Jacob Astor owns one of the most valuable manuscripts in the United States—the famous Sforza Missal, valued at \$15,000. The work measures 13 $\frac{7}{8}$ by 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches, has 184 pages of vellum, and is bound in red morocco. It was made and decorated for Galeazzo Sforza by the great Florentine artist, Francesca Filippo Lipp, Secretary Hay's collection of literary manuscripts, one of the most valuable in this country, has recently been added to by a chapter of the original manuscript of *Quo Vadis*.

—Mr. Herbert Friedenwald has undertaken, on behalf of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of the American Historical Association, to edit for publication (nominally by that Association, really by the Government) the papers of Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase. For this purpose he has already the loan of the largest body of Chase papers extant from the Massachusetts Historical Society. He desires to procure as many Chase letters and papers in private hands as possible, for copying with speedy return; or exact copies in default of the originals being lent. Mr. Friedenwald may be addressed at No. 1300 Locust street, Philadelphia (Historical Society of Pennsylvania).

—After many wanderings, the remains of Dante are preserved in a case in the National Central Library of Florence. Signor Chilovi, the head of this institution, has in mind to give the precious relic a fitting monumental place in the contemplated new library building, where a Dante Gallery will be provided. A Deputy, Giuseppe Pescetti, looking to this end, commissioned the sculptor Prof. Rinaldo Barbetti to make a design for an urn, which was duly offered last autumn to Signor Chilovi. The Librarian, however, felt under obligations to prefer a design made by the sculptor Enrico Pazzi in 1899, on occasion of turning over to the Library the bones which had been in his custody since 1865. This "splendid opera," Signor Chilovi trusts, may be duly executed by the authorities.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

Chefs d'Oeuvre of the Exposition Universelle. By Victor Champier, André Saglio and William Walton. In twenty-five parts. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Son. \$25.00.

The Paris Exposition has been the world-centre of modern art during the past summer. In a measure it is a gauge of the artistic accomplishment of all civilized countries during the past decade, or one might almost say during the time of the present generation. This exposition is only removed from our World's Fair by seven years, but it is eleven years since the Paris Exposition of '89 was held. While our Centennial and World's Fairs were landmarks in material progress, the Parisian expositions have been equally noted for the completeness of their artistic displays. For this reason a record of the masterpieces shown in Paris becomes a valued index to the actual progress of the whole world in painting, sculpture and the fine arts in general. George Barrie & Son of Philadelphia have just brought out the first parts to a subscription set of twenty-five volumes devoted to the *Chefs d'Oeuvre* of the Exposition, which aims to fulfill this special mission. Each part contains a liberal amount of text, written by Victor Champier, André Saglio and William Walton, which is illustrated by a large number of etchings, photogravures and half-tone plates. The work itself is divided into various sections, devoted to the Arts of France and her colonies, the arts of the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Spain and so on. The later numbers are to be given over to modern decorative arts, which at the present time are making noteworthy departures from old beaten tracks, and which on that account possess unusual interest. These volumes are sold by subscription only.—Current Literature.

A Little Tour in France. By Henry James. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

Along French Byways. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

There is an interesting round of pleasure travel in France which is not commonly followed, at least by American tourists. It takes one out of Paris in a southwest direction, to Chartres, Orleans, and Tours, and into what may be called the chateau country; then to Poitiers and Angoulême, and so on to Toulouse and Carcassonne, Nîmes and Arles, Tarascon and Avignon, the Pont du Gard and Aigues-Mortes; coming out at

Marseilles, or further north, at Lyons, Macon, and Dijon; a wide sweep, which may be profitably extended so as to include Bordeaux and Arcachon, and Pau with its view of the Pyrenees, not to speak of Lourdes, its legends and pilgrims, and Cette with its odors of commerce and the sea. This substantially is the route followed by Mr. Henry James in his *Little Tour*, the guiding purpose of which was to see as much as possible in a studious way of the historic and romantic chateaux which embellish the country around Blois, particularly Chambord, Amboise, and Chenonceaux, Bourges and its cathedral, and the Bay of Biscay as seen from Nantes and La Rochelle. The book is not new, having first been published in the eighties, but Mr. Pennell's drawings give it a new face, and these drawings represent well the charms of the ancient and picturesque architecture to which so much of its space is devoted.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's path is somewhat different; his object is different; and his style is his own. He sets out in Normandy, works eastward through Fontainebleau to Barbizon the centre of the Millet country; then across into the valley of Chamonix under Mont Blanc; and then by way of the Rhone Valley into a part of the tracks covered by Mr. James. The landscape with which Mr. Johnson is concerned, both with pen and his camera, may be described as the landscape of one of Millet's pictures: that, namely, of the field and the peasant, the farmyard door and the evening meal, the modest inn and the silent forest, the family group around the dooryard; with glimpses toward the close of points of interest on the Channel, such as Mont St. Michel and the town of St. Malo, two of the most picturesque spots in Europe, and too often missed by the American traveler.

Both of these books furnish delightful reading for coming winter days, and the illustrations in each are a decided addition to the letterpress. Mr. James' is the more intellectual and scholarly, Mr. Johnson's the more personal and familiar.—Literary World.

Colonial Days and Ways. As Gathered from Family Papers. By Helen Evertson Smith, of Sharon, Conn. With Decorations by T. Guernsey Moore. New York: The Century Co. \$2.50.

Books on Colonial times continue to appear, and of such good ones as Miss Helen Evertson Smith's *Colonial Days and Ways*, now before us, there can hardly be too many. Readers of Marion

Harland's popular Colonial Homesteads may remember her account of the rich accumulation of family papers, "hampers, corded boxes, and trunks full of them," stored away for generations in the spacious garret of a certain old mansion, the Smith homestead, at Sharon, Connecticut. These papers, including many thousands of letters, with diaries, legal writings, account-books, and so on, form a ramifying chronicle covering the years extending from the landings of the earlier immigrants in Massachusetts and Connecticut, down to the middle of the present century. In exploiting these documents, some of which turn out to be of rather exceptional historical or pictorial value, Miss Smith has lent her pen, not merely to the naturally congenial task of compiling the annals of the Sharon branch of the extensive house of Smith, but also to the more weighty and useful one of constructing, on the "*ex pede Herculem*" principle, from the memorials of a representative family a general picture of the domestic ways and economy of the class of Colonial society to which the family belonged. Nor has Miss Smith been content, like some of her predecessors, with merely skimming the cream of her material, and making a book of extracts. . . .

But we must now desist from our perhaps too liberal poachings on Miss Smith's entertaining and instructive pages. The book is distinctly one that the student of Colonial manners should read, and the publishers have done their best to make it outwardly attractive. The frontispiece is a pretty drawing of the Sharon homestead, and the decorations, by Mr. T. Guernsey Moore, are tasteful and not cumbersome.—Dial.

The Mantle of Elijah. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Mr. Zangwill has brought up his big gun in the "war against war." The Mantle of Elijah is both a "*roman à clef*" and a "*livre de circonstance*"; which is to say at once that it is not a great novel. The "*livre de circonstance*" has occasionally risen above its conditions and achieved greatness. The "*roman à clef*" is by its very nature a "*tour de force*" without artistic value. It has to be judged by the standards of the parody and the burlesque, not by the standards of creative art. Robert Broser, "fighting Bob," is the offending and offensive portrait in this book, and it seems to us not only to trifle with the serious moral purpose of the work, but also to be a crude and superficial way of expressing the interesting political idea suggested in the title. The methods of the Morning Mirror may be valuable in politics, but they are only repulsive in fiction. The truth is that there are two Mr. Zangwills—the author of With-

out Prejudice and the author of The Dreamers of the Ghetto. The former is a shrewd, amusing, and liberal-minded observer of current events; the latter is the gifted exponent of a profoundly interesting temperament. They have collaborated and have met with the fate of collaborators.

There is much that is clever on the political side of the book and occasional sayings that ring the bell. "All intelligent Jews are anti-Semites—and all unintelligent Christians" perhaps rather surpasses the legitimate limits of the paradox; but "all these arguments put forward the compensations of a righteous war as the reasons for a wicked war" is good. "International traitors" is, too, a phrase worth remembering. The discussion on Broser's remark that the hegemony of the world is to the cold-tubbing races is one of the most amusing passages in the book. On the more serious side of the question he maintains with great effect the view that strenuousness is not only to be sought at the bayonet's point. His great example—a very beautiful example—of strenuousness in the battle of life is the story of Margaret Engelborne, whom, by a really artistic touch, he makes a strong Imperialist. Mr. Zangwill does not appear to have much knowledge of the workings of the political machine in England, but he is as well qualified as any novelist to express an opinion on the results. He brings a valuable point of view and his attitude is well worth taking into account.

The two important characters in The Mantle of Elijah, besides Margaret, are Allegra and the Jewish poet, Raphael Dominick. Dominick satisfies that idealistic side of Allegra which is soon repelled, as it was once attracted, by the vulgar Broser. She, however, refuses to leave the politician for the poet. Raphael is, as he describes himself, an "outsider"—Mr. Zangwill shows well the pathos of such a position. He has in him something of the devil of Mr. Jones' Tempter, and yet, with the possible exception of Allegra, he is the most real figure in the book.

Mr. Zangwill is very clever and has the amplitude and careless fecundity if not the insight of genius. His book should, therefore, be read by all who are interested in politics and should not be neglected by those who want to keep up with what is near the front rank in modern fiction. Yet we much express a hope that the next book of Mr. Zangwill's will not be political.—Speaker.

The Golden Book of Venice. By Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

The charm of names that still shine brightly in history, of palaces, churches, and stately halls of council, of magnificence and brilliant color, of

beauty, chivalry, and romance, of noble joys and uncomplaining sorrows, rests on every page of Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull's novel, *The Golden Book of Venice*. It is a story of Venice in the sixteenth century, and its historical value alone makes the work notable. More of the glory of the republic, the stress of clashing interests of Church and State, the dignity and courage of the senators, the pageantry of ceremonial occasions, the intimate life of the nobility and the people, may be found here than in most annals of the period. And beyond all this, it holds a tender love-story, the wooing and marriage of a daughter of the people by the son of one of Venetia's proudest families. In the *Book of Gold* was inscribed the names of those of noble birth in Venice and the few who had been granted the favor by the senate. The young noble who had fallen in love with the daughter of the master glass-worker of Murano could not secure the approval of his choice by his parents while she was of lowly station, and with courage and eloquence he won the decree of the Doge that raised her to his side. The young woman honored was so beautiful that Paul Cagliari, the Veronese, had chosen her as his model for a painting of the Madonna, and the picture is still the admiration of all who have seen it. Among the prominent figures in the story is that of Fra Paolo Sarpi, a learned priest of the Servi, whose wonderful appearance in the pulpit, when a boy of thirteen, as a disputant in a contest with the opposing order, the Frari, is described in the first chapter. It was his wisdom and eloquence that encouraged the Venetian senators to withstand the demands of the Pope, and one of the tragic scenes in the story is the picture of his death by assassins on the Fondamenta. Paul Cagliari, the last of the great Venetian painters, is also connected with some of its moving interests. —Argonaut.

Mr. Dooley's Philosophy. New York: R. H. Russell. \$1.50.

The time has come when one must be convinced that Mr. Martin Dooley is here to stay, at least for some time. He represents something in American national life; and were he to go out of the business of keeping a saloon in opposition to Schwartzmeister and pelting Mr. Hennessey with the philosophy of the Archey Road, his passing would leave a distinct gap in American humor. Besides, Mr. Dooley should not be regarded merely as a humorist. During the past two or three months, when Mr. Roosevelt has been abusing the Democratic party and Mr. Bryan hurling broadsides at the Republican party; when the newspapers have fairly frothed with invective, and peaceful,

law-abiding citizens have had their dreams haunted by monsters symbolic of expansion or anti-expansion, of free silver and of trusts, Mr. Dooley has been particularly refreshing. There is something in his sanity and his cynicism that tends to keep the balance in such times of turmoil. Taken by itself Mr. Dooley's Philosophy is a little bit below Mr. Dooley in War and in Peace and Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. This is said without any wish to disparage Mr. Dooley's Philosophy. It is in all respects droll and excellent, and we very cheerfully commend it to those who enjoy Mr. Dooley, and we judge that they must include about everybody in this country, and a good half of the population of the British isles.—Bookman.

The Gray Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Gray usually denotes dullness, but *The Gray Fairy Book* is bright and light. By producing such a series of fairy books as *Blue*, *Red*, *Yellow*, *Pink*, and *Gray*, Mr. Lang has shown himself to be a veritable Arabian Nights entertainer. He selects the tales from the fairy lore of all lands and puts them into excellent form for young English readers. Mr. H. J. Ford illustrates them splendidly and lavishly. One of the thirty-five stories in the Gray collection is *Udea and her Seven Brothers*. Miss Udea, at the age of fifteen, or thereabouts, set out through the world on camel-back to find the fraternal septette, for the young gentlemen had disappeared on the day she was born. For bodyguard her mother sent with her a negro couple, a certain Mr. and Mrs. Barka, who acted rather shabbily. "Get down," said the negro, "and let the negress ride instead of you," and as Udea hesitated he seized her, threw her on the ground, and said to his wife, "climb up," which she did, and you may see her dainty form ensconced upon the "ship of the desert," the while she devours melons with a saucy air. Udea walked until she could walk no more; then the villains, learning that the seven brethren lived near at hand, smeared pitch over the damsel until she was as dark as themselves, if not darker, and threatened to slay her if she let any one suspect that she was not born black. Before long the colored couple were deprived of their kinky heads, while Udea lived to undergo many remarkable experiences with her family and a very wonderful cat. Another story concerns two lovely Circassian maidens, who were compelled by evil charms to dance when they felt least like doing so, and who were sought in marriage by nearly every one they encountered. A saintly Dervish, who befriended them and lent them invaluable talismans, finally

broke the spell which had caused much misery and unhappiness to them and to other people by drowning some little black pigs. This touching fatality having been achieved, every one was free to marry as he or she chose, and six weddings resulted. Yet another story, which is sure to be a prime favorite, is *The Goat-Faced Girl*. The young lady came by her curious countenance in this way: a fairy had adopted her and given her a large dowry, but the girl was ungrateful, therefore "in a moment *Renzolla's* pretty mouth stretched out into a snout with a beard a yard long at the end of it; her cheeks sank in and her shining plaits of hair changed into two sharp horns." *Renzolla* had trouble enough before she was herself again, and after recovering her looks she rigorously abstained from actions of ingratitude. Like the other fairy books of various hues, this volume is produced in very dainty style.—*London Literary World*.

Home Folks. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

A new volume of poems by Mr. Riley is something to be glad over; for it is sure to be alive with the magnetism of a sweet and cheering genius. In the book now before us there is not the preponderance of Hoosier dialect pieces which we have come to expect of Riley; still there are many and admirable examples of that form of verse. What is most characteristic of the poet's individuality, if we may so phrase it, is abundantly present, and we have proof that he is not in the least dependent upon mere jargon for the effect he makes upon our artistic judgment or upon our sense of that fine quality which is at once the general mark and the specific distinction of true poetry. On almost every page of this book Riley maintains his right to a place among the chosen few. We may pick flaws here and there; it is easy to do; but while this thankless task is being done we are aware of the divine fragrance and the haunting beauty by which song is contradistinguished from mere literary art. But there is a plenty of notably excellent literary art in Riley's serious poems. We could prove this by copious quotation. Formal proof, happily, is not necessary. All the world knows Riley and loves him too well to care for criticism in connection with his wholesome and heartening songs and sketches. We fancy that in the present collection we note a ripening and mellowing of the poet's genius. There is a magnetism of rich human sympathy in a piece like *A Song of the Road*. Love of woman for man was never more adequately expressed. We have not space to quote what would give our readers an impression of

the many-sided beauty and fascination of these poems. They are not all Riley's best; but there are many of his very best in the book, which is one of the important American books of the year, a book that everybody will read and be the better for reading.—*Independent*.

Napoleon: The Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.00.

As Lord Rosebery happens to be the only living ex-Prime Minister that Great Britain has, and as it has been customary for Prime Ministers after retiring to produce some serious literary achievement, what the noble Lord has had to say about the career of Napoleon on Saint Helena has aroused more than usual interest. It is a character study, made up after a careful and intelligent reading of all original literature on the subject—diaries, journals, memoirs, etc.—that have been written. Incidentally Lord Rosebery finds considerable fault with the manner in which his country played the jailer to the fallen Emperor. He writes, "Were it possible we would ignore all this literature, as it is peculiarly painful for an Englishman to read. He must regret that his Government ever undertook the custody of Napoleon, and he must regret still more that the duty should have been discharged in a spirit so ignoble and through agents so unfortunate. If Saint Helena recalls painful memories to the French, much more poignant are those that it excites among ourselves." Lord Rosebery's study is written in an easy, graceful style, and, at times, in a mode almost colloquial. In his summing up of the character of Napoleon he shows much sympathy, and in qualifying the definition of "greatness" he demonstrates that Napoleon, in political, military, and diplomatic life, came nearer establishing the criterion of practical greatness than either Cæsar or Alexander.—*New York Times*.

Private Memoirs of Madame Roland. Edited by Edward Gilpin Johnson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

Madame Roland was the soul of the Gironde, a heroine of the French Revolution, and a type and symbol of the finer characteristics of that movement—its quasi religious enthusiasm, its broad philanthropy, and its passion for liberty and social justice. She was the genius of the men whose eloquence overthrew the throne, and these memoirs were written when she was a prisoner awaiting the guillotine. Broken and disillusioned, Madame Roland recounted the story of her life and became her own Plutarch. Conscious of her rectitude, she thus sought to secure in history the esteem which her contemporaries denied her,

and in her tear-stained pages we catch glimpses of her high and misjudged soul. This volume is a revised print of a translation from Bosc's original edition of the memoirs, published in London in 1795, two years after her execution. The memoirs have become a French classic and are in France considered authoritative and illuminative of certain phases of the history of those stirring times. The publishers have now given us something long out of print, and of utmost value and interest. With its reproductions of old portraits, its beautifully engraved pictures of chateaux, its artistic typography and cover, this book is of intense interest and unusual charm.—Home Journal.

The Slavery of Our Times. By Leo Tolstoi. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

This little book will do positive good if the reading public is sufficiently satiated with the preaching it likes to be ready to listen to the preaching it needs. It would be easy in this notice to condemn the literalism with which Count Tolstoi applies Christ's command not to resist wrong by wrong, and easy to defend some of the economic teachings which the author arraigns, but such a review, however judicial, would not contain a tithe as much truth that men need to hear as do the injudicial utterances which might serve as texts. In previous generations, says Count Tolstoi, the public conscience has been awakened to the wrongfulness of conditions which still earlier generations had accepted as a matter of course, and a similar awakening is now essential for our own generation. The overlauded divisions of labor involve, he thinks, divisions of intelligence stupefying to the workers and establishing class relationships which are often as pitiless on the one side and as servile on the other as the old relationships under systems of serfdom and slavery. No recent essay is so well constituted to disturb the smug optimism which is to-day in the name of science doing so much to chill the hearts and benumb the consciences of well-intentioned people.—Outlook.

Heirs of Yesterday. By Emma Wolf. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Jews are in a very special sense Heirs of Yesterday, inasmuch as they have retained their racial characteristics almost unimpaired, and even in the United States, with its enormous power of assimilating all peoples and races, remain what they have always been—"a peculiar people." The iron force of tradition in the Jewish race, the influence of the Ghetto on its descendants of to-day, the injustice and ignorance too often displayed in the attitude of Gentiles toward Jews—

these are the underlying motives of a most interesting novel by Emma Wolf, entitled *Heirs of Yesterday*. But the novel itself is not weighted with a burden of reflection. The reader plunges at once into a swift, breezy story, full of incident, with perfectly individualized characters who leave no doubt that they are alive and not mere puppets; and it is only when the story is ended that the reader realizes that he has traversed with the author a big arc of thought, and spent some hours profitably as well as pleasantly. The author is to be commended for her style, which is clean, strong and fervent. The story is of a young Jew, clever, cultured, strong of intellect and character, who is anxious to be "an individual, and not a class," and who prefers to cast in his lot socially with Gentiles rather than Jews. How the forces of inheritance and tradition, of Gentile prejudice and Jewish exclusiveness, aided by the omnipotent force of love, break down the iron will of this descendant of the Ghetto is told in a highly dramatic and entertaining fashion.—Boston Times.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. Translated and Illustrated by Isaac Taylor Headland, of Peking University, New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

This book comes with all the flavor of a piquant and relishable sauce, to vary a monotonous diet. We have heard so much about the Chinese destroying their own offspring that it is delightful to find rich evidences of parental affection. These abound in such rhymes as *Sweeter than Sugar*, *Little Fat Boy*, *Baby is Sleeping*, and scores of others. Here are over a hundred nursery ditties selected by the translator out of his store of six hundred or more, gathered from only two out of the eighteen provinces of China. He utters his belief that the Chinese have more of these pretty jingles than can be found in England and America. The field, so far from being gleaned, has hardly been more than touched with the sickle of research.

The book itself, as a piece of work for the holidays, is worthy of all praise. It is covered with paper lithographed in many colors. The design on the outside shows the Chinese boys at many kinds of play, under the pine trees and by the rocks. Within, every leaf of the thick paper contains in light-blue ink the same design of frolicking youngsters. Although this book serves the double purpose of opening a great bright window into the joyousness of the Chinese home, while it also belongs in the storehouse of those really informing books which teach us the true life of a people.—New York Evening Post.

Magazine Reference for December, 1900

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- *Actor's Value: A. Laidlaw.....Westm. R.
 *Art and the Woman.....Macmillan.
 Art in Holiday Books: E. Knaufft...Am. R. of R.
 Beauty: H. T. Peck.....Cosmop.
 Beauty—What Is It: B. Winchester.....Metrop.
 *Brothers Van Eyck: K. W. Elwes.....Westm. R.
 Chinese Architecture: W. H. Rees...Mag. of Art.
 *Chinese Masterpieces: C. J. Holmes..Monthly R.
 French Art at Berlin: C. Brinton.....Critic.
 *Gothic Architecture: P. Waterhouse..Monthly R.
 Harris Library and Museum, Preston..Mag. of Art.
 Holiday Gifts: M. Edgewood.....House B.
 New Ideals in Musical Education: Pratt...Atlan.
 Passion Play Seen by an Actress: Golden..Metrop.
 *Plays of Sudermann, The: Jones.....Westm. R.
 Portrait Painting and the State: F. Fowler..Scrib.
 Problems and Playwrights: Zyx.....Fortn. R.
 Professor and Sculptor: A. L. Baldry..Mag. of Art.
 Puvis De Chavannes: J. La Farge.....Scrib.
 †Quentin Metsys: T. M. White.....Scottish R.
 Pure Black Basaltes: N. H. Moore.....House B.
 Spanish Wood Carving: E. Wilson.....Cosmop.
 *Van Eycks, The: W. H. J. Weale.....Nine. Cent.
 *Voice Culture: Mrs. Creyke.....Nine. Cent.
 *Vulgarizing of Oberammergau.....Nine. Cent.
 Windows of Colored Glass: P. King...House B.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- America's Foremost Financier: Bocock..Munsey.
 *Cecil Rhodes.....Monthly R.
 Charles Dudley Warner.....Atlan.
 Charles Dudley Warner: H. W. Mabie.....Critic.
 †Charles Lamb.....Quarterly R.
 Charlotte Bronte and Haworth: Parvy..Leisure H.
 †Daniel Defoe in Scotland.....Scottish R.
 D'Artagnan of Business, The: Fielder...Ainslee.
 †Drummond of Hawthornden: Lorimer..Scottish R.
 E. B. Browning: E. M. Thomas.....Critic.
 From Brakeman to President: J. L. Ford..Munsey.
 George Eliot: W. C. Brownell.....Scrib.
 Governor-Elect Odell: L. Abbott...Am. R. of R.
 Inner Life of Madame Guyon: Hurlburt..Chaut.
 James Lane Allen: L. G. Giltner.....M. Culture.
 Jane Austen: A. Repplier.....Critic.
 Letters of T. E. Brown.....Atlan.
 Marcus Daly: S. E. Moffett.....Am. R. of R.
 Mary Russell Mitford: Mrs. Fields.....Critic.
 Max Müller: B. E. Smith.....Critic.
 Max Müller: C. Johnston.....Am. R. of R.
 Men that Make Our Laws: L. A. Coolidge..Ainslee.
 *Mr. Chamberlain: H. Whates.....Fortn. R.
 Mrs. Kruger at Home: J. A. Ewan.....Canad.
 Old Age of New England Authors...Am. R. of R.
 *Rev. T. E. Brown: S. Hughes-Games..Fortn. R.
 Sarah Siddons: M. Merington.....Critic.
 Sir William Van Horne: H. H. Lewis...Ainslee.
 *Steinitz and Other Chess Players...Contemp. R.
 William Henry Seward: W. Allen.....Atlan.
 William McKinley: A Chronology..Am. R. of R.

Educational.

- Children's Books in Public Libraries....Donahoe.
 Cost of the Kindergarten.....Kinder. R.

*November numbers of English periodicals.

†Current numbers of Quarterlies.

- Economy in Kindergartens: Gilbert...Kinder. R.
 Educational Experiments: A. M. Locke...Chaut.
 Elementary Education at Paris: Smith..Educ. R.
 Girl at Twelve: J. H. Taylor.....T. Motherh.
 Government of Women Students.....Educ. R.
 Higher Education of Women in France...Forum.
 Higher Elementary Schools: Stanley..Contemp. R.
 Limitations of College Presidents: Seelye..Educ. R.
 London School Board: T. J. Macnamara..Fortn. R.
 New Departure: H. M. Hodgman.....Education.
 Old Red School House: W. Sargent...New Eng.
 Pleasure Grounds for Children: Smith..T. Motherh.
 Progress and Providence: J. Ogden...Education.
 R. H. Quick on Examinations: Sabin..Education.
 School and the Home: P. H. Hanus.....Intern. M.
 Six-Year High School Course.....Educ. R.
 Vacation Schools: H. C. Putnam.....Forum.
 Wanted—A Teacher: J. H. Canfield.....Educ. R.

Essays and Miscellanies.

- Art in Language: B. T. Wheeler.....Atlan.
 Beacon of American Literature: Slader..Leisure H.
 Cats of Leisure and Lineage: Martling..Overland.
 Century of Assassinations: E. Mels.....Pearson.
 Chat About Barristers.....Green B.
 †Coming War of American Dreams...Scottish R.
 †Concerning Birds: S. E. Saville.....Scottish R.
 Decline of Intellect: A. Lang.....Critic.
 *Disillusioned Daughters.....Fortn. R.
 Dominance of the Crowd: G. L. Lee.....Atlan.
 East London Types: W. Besant.....Cent.
 Education of the Millionaire: T. Beale...Forum.
 †English Patriotic Poetry.....Quarterly R.
 *Extravagance in Dress: G. Ramsden..Nine. Cent.
 "Few, the Immortal Names," The.....Cent.
 *Friendship Between the Sexes.....Westm. R.
 From the Hill of Dreams: F. Macleod...Bibelot.
 *Gael and His Heritage: F. Macleod...Nine. Cent.
 German Literary Criticism: K. Franke..Intern. M.
 Glittering Generality, Woman, The.....Atlan.
 Historical Background of Reign of Law..M. Cult.
 *"Immortal Hour": F. Macleod.....Fortn. R.
 Is Eating in Public Indecent?.....What to Eat.
 Judicial Costume in England: Walker...Green B.
 †Lost Art, A: O. Smeaton.....Scottish R.
 Map of Great Britain: B. Willson.....Strand.
 *Murder of Pompilia, The: Griffin...Monthly R.
 †Novels of M. Anatole France.....Quarterly R.
 Prehistoric Monsters: H. N. Hutchinson..Pearson.
 Psychology as Literature and Fiction..Pop. Sci. M.
 Pursuit of Happiness: C. D. Warner.....Cent.
 Scolia on Tennyson, The: W. Archer...Critic.
 Shakespeare, The Modern.....Cent.
 †Sources and Uses of Poetry.....Quarterly R.
 Twentieth Century Kitchen: McLaughlin..House B.
 *Wagner and Legends of the Grail...Westm. R.
 War as a Moral Medicine: G. Smith.....Atlan.

Historical, National and Political.

- *Administrative Reform: W. E. Snell...Westm. R.
 †Alleged Failure of Democracy: Bascom..Yale R.
 America in the Pacific: J. Barrett.....Forum.
 †American International Indebtedness...Yale R.
 *American Presidential Election.....Contemp. R.
 Botany Bay: W. H. S. Aubrey.....Chambers.
 Britain of the East: I. T. Headland...Munsey.

*Bryan and McKinley: J. L. Whittle....Fortn. R.
 *Bryanism: S. Brooks.....Contemp. R.
 *Cabinet Government or Departmentalism.Nine. C.
 Can There Be a Cuban Republic?.....Forum.
 Centennial Anniversary of Washington.M. Culture.
 Centennial of the Nation's Capital.....Cosmop.
 *China: A Plea for Justice: Spender....Westm. R.
 †Chinese Crisis.....Quarterly R.
 *Chinese Empire and the Powers: Roe. M. Culture.
 *Cinque Ports, The.....Blackwood.
 Cuban Republic, Limited: Wellman. Am. R. of R.
 District of Columbia: A. Shaw.....Am. R. of R.
 †Early Scottish History.....Quarterly R.
 *Electioneering Women: E. L. Banks. Nine. Cent.
 *Empire Adrift, An: V. Nash.....Contemp. R.
 *Empire and Militarism.....Monthly R.
 *England and Belgium.....Fortn. R.
 *Europe, China and the Peace Conference.Mont. R.
 †Federation in South Africa.....Quarterly R.
 *French Canada and the Empire: Cox. Nine. Cent.
 Galveston Disaster: W. P. Stevens.....Munsey.
 †General Election, The.....Quarterly R.
 *General Election, The: E. Dicey.....Fortn. R.
 German Army, The: R. E. Park.....Munsey.
 *Home Army.....Blackwood.
 *Imperialism in Extremes: J. M. K....Westm. R.
 *Indian Famines: G. Bradshaw.....Longman.
 International Position of Spain.....Intern. M.
 *Khakimania: R. Shuddick.....Westm. R.
 Lessons of the Campaign: P. S. Heath.....Munsey.
 *Limitations of Democracy.....Blackwood.
 Modern Russian Officer: A. Anderson.....Strand.
 †Morocco, Past and Present.....Quarterly R.
 *National Defence: R. Neville.....Monthly R.
 New Parliament, The.....Blackwood.
 *Our Army and Its Critics: Fortesque..Macmillan.
 *Patriotic Election, The: Spender....Contemp. R.
 Peking Legations, The: R. Hart.....Cosmop.
 *Peking Legations, The: R. Hart.....Fortn. R.
 *Position in Italy, The: B. King.....Contemp. R.
 †Recent Political Theory and Practice.Quarterly R.
 Rival "Foreign Devils": H. Knollys..Blackwood.
 Root of Evil in Japan: S. Yamaguchi....Guntton.
 *Settlement in South Africa, The.....Macmillan.
 *South African Settlers: A. White....Contemp. R.
 Story of a New England Town: J. Fiske...Atlan.
 Struggle on the Peking Wall: W. N. Pethick..Cent.
 War Operators in South Africa.....Blackwood.
 Zanzibar: A. Sangree.....Ainslee.

Religious and Philosophic.

Australian Bush Priest: B. Aylmer.....Cath. W.
 *Buddhism and Christianity: M. Müller.Nine. Cent.
 Development of Dogma: T. L. Healy....Cath. W.
 Freedom and "Free Will": Fullerton..Pop. Sci. M.
 Four-Fold Christ: J. Watson.....McClure.
 †Icelandic Folk Lore: O. Davidson....Scottish R.
 Law of Luck: J. E. Purdon.....Mind.
 Metaphysics of Character: A. E. Gibson....Mind.
 Missionary Movement in Anglican Church.Cath. W.
 Protestant Missionaries in the East.....Cath. W.
 *Reform Within Catholic Church.....Contemp. R.
 *Religio Laici: H. C. Beeching.....Monthly R.
 Significant Knowledge of the Bible.....Cent.
 Tendency to Good, The: S. K. Davis.....Mind.
 Three Planes of Development: Patterson..Mind.

Scientific and Industrial.

American Coal for England: G. E. Lockett. Forum.
 Best Isthmian Canal, The: H. L. Abbott...Atlan.
 Bottom of the Sea: R. S. Baker.....McClure.

Caoutchouc: J. A. Barry.....Strand.
 Chinese Commerce: W. B. Parsons...Pop. Sci. M.
 Chinese System of Banking: C. Denby....Forum.
 Chinese Trade: W. Starling.....Engineering.
 Consequences of Railway Prosperity.....Guntton.
 Curing Animals by Electricity: Fyfe....Pearson.
 Development of British Shipping: Taylor..Forum.
 English Electric Central Stations.....Engineering.
 *Evolution of a Wheat Crop: Bindloss.Macmillan.
 *Gas Light: Ex Fumo Lucem.....Contemp. R.
 Greatest Bank in America: J. M. Oxley...Canad.
 Iron Ores of British Columbia.....Engineering.
 †Malaria and the Mosquito.....Quarterly R.
 Microbes in Cheese Making: Conn....Pop. Sci. M.
 Motive Power from High-Furnace Gases.Engineer.
 Municipal Water Works Laboratories.Pop. Sci. M.
 Opticians and Their Trade.....Chambers.
 Pie: Harvey Sutherland.....Ainslee.
 Submarine Navigation: W. P. Bradley.Pop. Sci. M.
 Tapping the Sun's Strength: McGovern..Pearson.
 *Tariff Information: A. Warren.....Westm. R.
 †Theory of Railway Charges: Newcomb....Yale R.
 *Trans-Siberian Railway: Colquhoun..Monthly R.
 What is Lloyd's?: S. A. Wood.....Ainslee.

Sociologic.

†Anthracite Coal Strike, The.....Yale R.
 *Casualties of War and of Industries..Nine. Cent.
 City Council of Berlin: E. J. James....Am. J. Soc.
 Courts and Factory Legislation: Alger.Am. J. Soc.
 Labor Experiment in Illinois, A.....Cent.
 Labor Legislation in Illinois.....Am. J. Soc.
 †Machinists' Strike, 1900: E. L. Bogart....Yale R.
 Making a Way Out of the Slum....Am. R. of R.
 Paths of Hope for the Negro: J. Dowd....Cent.
 *Philanthropy versus Legislation.....Westm. R.
 Prison Laboratories: C. R. Henderson.Am. J. Soc.
 Progress in Penology: S. J. Barrows....Forum.
 Saloon in Chicago: R. L. Melendy....Am. J. Soc.
 Science and Citizenship: H. Davies.....Cent.
 *Street-Trading Children of Liverpool.Contemp. R.
 Town and Country Club: L. W. Betts.Am. R. of R.
 Trusts and Industrial Combinations....Am. J. Soc.
 Wages in Copenhagen.....Yale R.
 What More Than Wages?: W. H. Tolman..Cent.
 Women's Wages in Manual Work.....Am. J. Soc.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

After-Dinner Sports: T. Morton.....Pearson.
 Alone in Arctic Wilderness: Stone....Everybody.
 Autumn's Day's Sport near Peking....Blackwood.
 Big Game in America: G. B. Grinnell....Outing.
 Breeding Thoroughbred Ponies.....Outing.
 Canada's Scenic Wonders.....Canad.
 Christmas-tide in Mexico: E. C. Terry..M. Culture.
 Country Fair, The: J. Montzen.....Cosmop.
 Down the Rhine: A. Birrell.....Cent.
 Drifting on the Mediterranean: Horne.M. Culture.
 †Elizabethan Sport.....Quarterly R.
 Farther North Than Nansen.....Strand.
 Golf Don'ts: H. L. Fitz Patrick.....Everybody.
 Homes of the Randolphs: Rowland....House B.
 Irish Country Wedding: C. Dorgan....Donahoe.
 Life and Art in Warsaw: Van Norman...Cosmop.
 Modern Golf Clubs: H. Hutchinson....Outing.
 Mountain Game of Europe: Grohman....Outing.
 Our Horses and Jockeys Abroad: Kelly..Cosmop.
 Outlook for Fox Hunting: D. Gray.....Outing.
 Stag and Wolf Hunting in France.....Outing.
 Truffle Hunting with Pigs and Dogs.....Strand.
 Washington: The City of Leisure: Low...Atlan.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Benjamin Franklin: Paul Elmer More: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	\$ 75
Eccentricities of Genius: Major J. B. Pond: N. Y., G. W. Dillingham & Co.	3 50
James B. Eads: Louis How: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	75
John Brown: William Elsey Connelley: Topeka, Crane & Co.	1 00
Life of Edward Fitzgerald, The: John Glyde: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co.	2 00
Life of Mrs. Booth: W. T. Stead: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co.	1 25
Literary Friends and Acquaintance: W. D. Howells: N. Y., Harper & Bros.	2 50
Thomas Jefferson, Life and Writings: S. E. Forman: Indianapolis, Bowen-Merrill Co.	3 00
Women of the American Revolution, The: Elizabeth E. Ellett: Phila., G. W. Jacobs & Co., 2 v.	4 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

American Wit and Humor: Phila., Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., 2 v.	1 00
Attwood's Pictures: Francis Gilbert Attwood: N. Y., Life Pub. Co.	1 00
Chefs d'Œuvre of the Exposition Universelle: V. Champier, A. Saglio and M. Walton: Phil., Geo. Barrie & Son, 25 parts.	25 00
Fore! Life's Book for Golfers: N. Y., Life Pub. Co.	1 00
Hamlet: Ed. by Edward Dowden: Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Co.	1 25
Hints for Home Reading: Ed. with an introd. by Lyman Abbott: N. Y., L. Bowman.	1 25
How to Succeed: Austin Bierbower: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co.	1 00
I Go a-Marketing: Henrietta Sowle: Bost., Little, Brown & Co.	1 50
In Nature's Realm: Charles C. Abbott: Trenton, Albert Brandt.	2 50
Lucid Intervals: Edward Sandford Martin: N. Y., Harper & Bros.	1 50
Maude Adams in L'Aiglon: A Pictorial Souvenir: N. Y., R. H. Russell.	25
Nature's Miracles: Elisha Gray: N. Y., Fords, Howard & Hulbert.	60
Old Christmas: Washington Irving: N. Y., H. M. Caldwell Co.	75
Old Wine in New Bottles: Blanche Catharine Carr: N. Y., The Neely Co.	
Short History of American Literature: W. C. Bronson: Bost., D. C. Heath & Co.	80
365 Desserts: Marion Harland, Mrs. Lincoln and others: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co.	50
Winsome Womanhood: Margaret E. Sangster: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co.	1 25
Witmark Amateur Minstrel Guide, The: Frank Dumont: N. Y., M. Witmark & Sons.	1 00

Fiction of the Month.

Alice of Old Vincennes: Maurice Thompson: Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Co.	1 50
April's Soling: Gertrude Hall: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.	1 50

Archbishop and the Lady, The: Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.	1 50
Captive of War, A: Solon Hyde: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.	1 00
Child of the Sun, A: Charles E. Banks: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co.	1 50
Conscience of Coralie, The: F. Frankfort Moore: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co.	1 50
Crittenden: A Kentucky Story of Love and War: John Fox, Jr.: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.	1 25
Cupid's Garden: Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.	1 50
David Harum: Edward N. Westcott: New edition: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.	2 00
Day of Wrath, The: Maurus Jokai: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.	1 25
Donegal Fairy Stories: Seumas MacManus: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.	1 00
Duke, The: J. Storer Clouston: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co.	1 25
Eagle's Heart, The: Hamlin Garland: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.	1 50
Engrafted Rose, The: Emma Brooke: Chic., Herbert S. Stone & Co.	1 25
Food of Love, The: N. Y., Town Topics Pub. Co.	50
Fortune of a Day, The: Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co.	1 25
Half Portions: N. Y., Life Pub. Co.	
Heirs of Yesterday: Emma Wolf: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co.	1 00
Hosts of the Lord, The: Flora Annie Steel: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.	1 50
Lessons in Love: Katrina Trask: N. Y., Harper & Bros.	1 25
Little Lords of Creation: H. A. Keays: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co.	1 25
Looking Through the Mists: L. Norton Thomson: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely.	
Lord Linlithgow: Morley Roberts, N. Y., Harper & Bros.	1 50
Love of Landry, The: Paul Laurence Dunbar: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.	1 25
Mantle of Elijah, The: I. Zangwill: N. Y., Harper & Bros.	1 50

Historical, National and Political.

Awakening of the East, The: Pierre Leroy Beaulieu: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.	1 50
China's Only Hope: Samuel I. Woodbridge: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co.	75
Conquest of the Sioux, The: S. C. Gilman: Indianapolis, Bowen-Merrill Co.	1 00
Great Boer War, The: A. Conan Doyle: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.	1 50
History of the Scandinavians in the U. S.: Edited by O. N. Nelson, Minneapolis.	
Outbreak in China, The: F. L. Hawks Pott: N. Y., James Pott & Co.	75
Winning of the West, The: Theodore Roosevelt: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.	2 50

Juvenile.

Alice and Tom: Kate Louise Brown: Bost., D. C. Heath & Co.	
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- Summer Journey to Brazil: Alice R. Humphrey: N. Y., Bonnell, Silver & Co. 1 25

Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

674. I have been searching through your book list, "What to Read and Where to Find It," for some time to find some articles, or magazines, on the subject of training schools for nurses, trained nurses, or nurses in and out of hospitals. Can you put me on track of any such literature.—Mrs. L. E. Wickens, Pasadena, Cal.

[D. Appleton & Co., New York City, published Florence Nightingale's Notes on Nursing, at 75 cents. Also a Textbook of Nursing, by C. S. Weeks. The Macmillan Co., this city, issues many medical books and no doubt their list includes something on this subject; and W. Wood & Co., New York, are publishers of works of this character exclusively.]

675. Will you please inform me of the name and also the author of the poem beginning:

They sailed away in a gallant barge,
Roy Neil and his fair young bride.

—J. L., Tyler, Texas.

676. (1) Please let me know where I may obtain some publication pointing out a route of systematic reading? (2) Can you inform me as to whether there is some club in existence that one might join and thereby acquire by purchase a library at reduced prices?—Gus. Brown, Vicksburg, Miss.

[Order through your bookseller a copy of The Chautauquan, which magazine is the organ of the Chautauquan Reading Circle, and may prove to be what you wish. (2.) We have seen advertisements of this nature, but cannot vouch for their reliability.]

677. Will you have the kindness to tell me through your page of "Open Questions" where I can find a hymn of which I can recall only these lines:

"There's a wideness in his mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

and the name of the author? If you will do so I shall be very grateful for I have been a long time looking in vain to find it among my available resources.—Mrs. J. M. Stevens, Jacksonville, Fla.

678. *Tsar Nicholas II.*: Can you direct me to any good authentic magazine article on Tsar Nicholas II., reigning Emperor of Russia—his family, home life, social and political life, etc.? Also any articles on the nobles, court officials or highest social class of Russia. * * * Enclosed find stamped envelope for reply.—(Miss) Olive McGregor, Springfield, O.

[In the English Illustrated Magazine for July, 1898, an article on Nicholas II. of Russia, appeared at the monthly installment of a series entitled Monarchs at Home, by M. S. Warren. The Review of Reviews printed something of the sort in January, 1899; and it is our impression that Cassell's had such an article last year, what month we have forgotten. There are several good books on Russia, but we do not recall any other magazine articles, though doubtless many more have been printed. With regard to the request for a personal reply, we again take occasion to remind correspondents that answers are made through the medium of this page only.]

679. *Leah to Jacob*: Will you please tell me the author of a poem entitled Leah to Jacob, and where I can get it?—Tracy Gray, Yonkers, N. Y.

680. Is Susan Coolidge a "pen name"? If so, how is she called in real life? Also what is Sophie May's private name?—M. V. S., Elizabeth, N. J.

["Susan Coolidge" is Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. "Sophie May" is Rebecca Sophia Clarke.]

681.—*Introspection*: Perhaps you or some of your readers will kindly assist me in finding an anonymous poem entitled Introspection. It was printed in a Richmond (Va.) paper (the Dispatch, I believe) some time between 1884 and 1886. I can recall only a few lines:

"Experience, indeed, is bitter; but its teachings we retain;

It has taught me this—who once has loved—
Loves never on earth again."

—M. M. G., Washington, D. C.

682. Will not one of your numerous readers be good enough to quote the humorous little poem, ending with the lines, "It's purty near to that 6:10 train, and the drummer's dream was o'er"? It was the tale of a traveling man who, in a little country hotel, dreamt that he was made a member of the firm, but awoke to find the landlord rapping at his door, and his thoughts of prosperity naught but a vision. I read it in a newspaper a few months ago.—C. E. Walter, Newton, Ia.

683. I have seen it stated that the celebrated Paul Jones was at one time an admiral in the Russian Navy. Can you tell me whether this was before or after his gallant service in the American Navy?—E. V., Boston.

[The actual sea service of Paul Jones, in the United States Navy ended in 1781. He was appointed a Rear Admiral in the Russian Navy by the Empress Catherine, in 1788. He remained in the Russian service for about 16 months, dur-

ing which time he practically destroyed the Turkish Navy. We have obtained this information from Buell's recent *Life of Paul Jones*, published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, 2 vols., \$3.00.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

641. *Thou and I*:

[This is a note of apology for the scant courtesy with which the correspondent who answered this query last month was treated and here follows a transcript of what should have followed the answer, but was omitted in a too-hurried "cutting" as the magazine went to press: Thank you. The verses are held for Mr. Dutcher, whose address we have mislaid. And thank you again. We should like to see the other verses mentioned. No doubt our correspondent will be interested in the "Answers" immediately preceding this, as they refer to Miss Hunt's poem.]

643. *The Yaller Dog's Love For a Nigger*: Will the Current Literature Publishing Company kindly forward the enclosed letter to Mr. Dwyer's local address (643, Open Questions) and oblige one of your readers?—Leroy Oldham, Baltimore, Md.

[We hold the verses, subject to Mr. Dwyer's pleasure, as we have no address. Thanks to Mr. Oldham for his courtesy.]

646. *Dreaming of Home*: Following is the poem called for by W. E. Grundy, Sydney, Australia (646, Current Literature for October):

It comes to me often in silence.
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That fills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain.
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems the hands of angels
On a mystic harp at play
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.

Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

I cannot give the author's name.—H. Z. Morgan, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

[Very many thanks. But can no one supply its author's name?]

658. *On the Rappahannock*: I enclose copy of *On the Rappahannock*, which, I think, is the poem asked for by Harry Cazier, Logan, Utah, No. 658 in November Current Literature. Have also sent copy to him. Poem is written by Chas. H. Tiffany, and is in *The Peerless Reciter*, published by Monarch Book Co., of Chicago. Have also seen the poem with music accompaniment, but do not know in what volume.—(Miss) Myrtle Clover, Paducah, Ky.

659. *Author of Paistin Fionn*: The poem *Paistin Fionn* is the work of Ethna Carbery, a young Irish poetess, who is favorably known in the world of letters abroad and is becoming well known here through the medium of Harper's and the Century. With Miss Alice Milligan she was joint editor of the *Shan Van Vacht*. Miss Carbery's address is "Lisnaveane," Antrim Road, Belfast.—Leila A. Devere, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[Many thanks. This is interesting information. We used a selection from Miss Carbery's work in *Choice Verse*, last month. See *The Love-Talker*, page 669, Current Literature for December.]

660. *I Am Content*: In Open Questions, No. 660, in the November number of Current Literature, there is an inquiry for a poem entitled *I Am Contented*, said to be a translation from the German, each stanza of which concludes with "Then said the soldier from his deep grave, I am contented." I think the poem meant is one which is a translation by Carmen Sylva from the Roumanian. It is quoted at length in *The Art of Optimism* by William De Witt Hyde (T. Y. Crowell & Co., 1900). The title there given is *I Am Content*, and the refrain is "Then the soldier spake from the deep, dark grave: 'I am content'."—Fred L. Oaks, South Framingham, Mass.

The poem asked for is from "The Bard of the Dimbovitza." "Roumanian Folk Songs, collected from the peasants by Hélène Vacarisco. Translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell." James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., 45 Albemarle street, London, W. It is in the first series.—M. T. E., Boston, Mass.

[This question is also answered by Dr. Stanley M. Ward, Hampton, N. H. Thanks to all these.]

662. Answering the query of your correspondent, Dollie Freeman, Elizabeth City, N. C., in the November number of Current Literature, the author of the verses beginning: "Is it but the idle fancy of a mocking necromancy," etc., is Charles J. Bayne, and entitled "Trovato."—Mary Dowling Sutton, New York City.

IN THIS NUMBER: Borderland Between Electricity and Light; Love Letters;
Explorations in Crete; Bankruptcy of Socialism; Choice Verse and Prose.

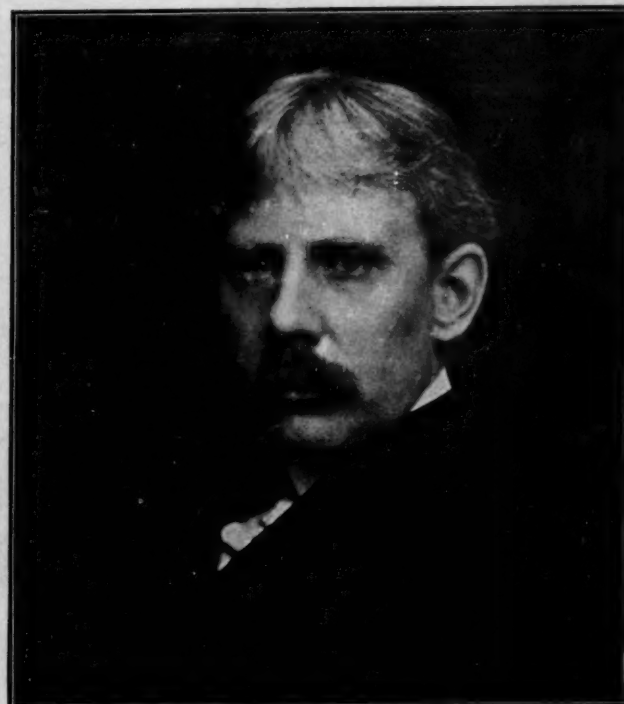
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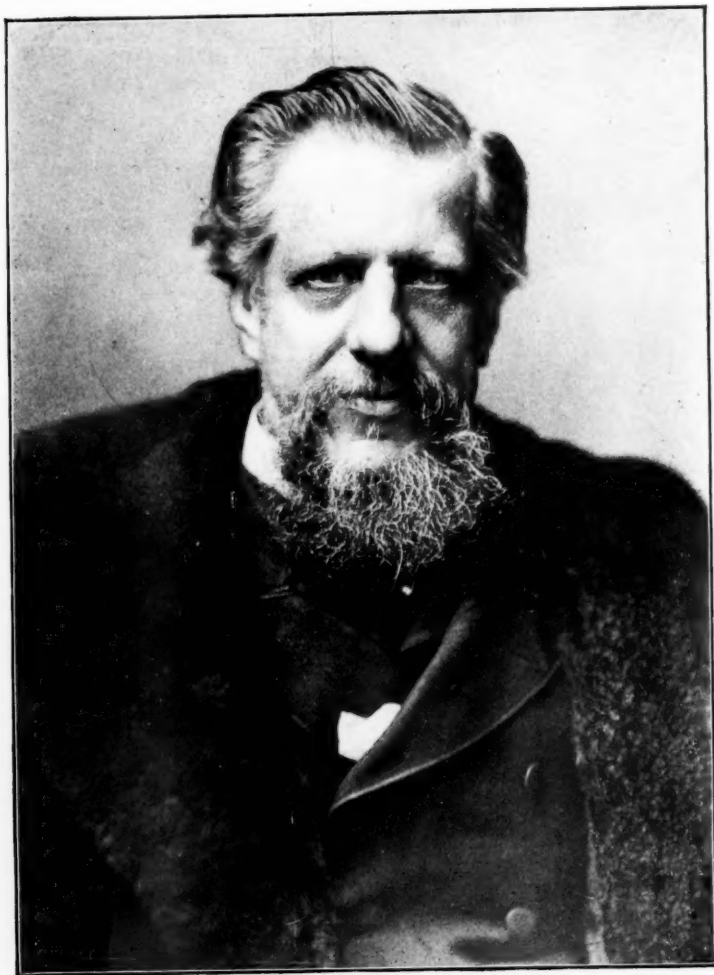


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